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The TOWER LIGHT

October 1928

A. STEIN

The Tower Light

Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

Towson, Md.

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The Tower Light

Vol. 2 October 1928 No. I

The Message of the Seniors to the Juniors

"THROUGHOUT BALTIMORE, throughout Maryland, and throughout the United States you will see signs that read, "Join the Army." Did you ever realize that when you entered this school you have joined one of the most influential armies in the world? You have joined an army that fights against ignorance and illiteracy, an army that does not shed blood, but builds for peace and universal understanding, an army of artists who work not with clay and marble, but with human beings in molding, in a large measure, the character of our future generations. You have joined this great army and this school is your training camp. The faculty gives you the instruction, but it depends entirely upon you as to whether you are going to get full benefit of it." The above passage was taken from the introductory speech of the President of the Senior Class to the Junior Class. It was probably the most important thing said during the entire talk which was very brief. The Junior Class is composed of individuals gathered from the four corners of the State of Maryland and even beyond her boundaries. Why have you come? This is the reason why the Senior Class first wishes to impress on the Junior Class the responsibility resting upon its shoulders upon entering this School.

Secondly, the Senior Class wishes to again extend the right hand of friendship to every Junior in the School. We hope that we can make your experience in school life really worthwhile. At the opening of school many of the Seniors expressed a feeling of loneliness for the old Seniors of last year. We Seniors hope that next year, when you succeed us, that you may be able to say that you really miss us, because this year was made worthwhile through our friendship.

AUGUSTUS HACKMANN,

President of the Class of 1929

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The New Year Dawns

A NEW YEAR begins for our school. On Monday, September 10, when the fall program for everybody was put into operation, it quite seemed as if there had been no break since our last school day in June. To the students, particularly to the Seniors, we must pay a tribute for the intelligence and attack which went into making smooth the running of the machinery of registration days. Through the Big Sister and Big Brother movement, Seniors were able to prepare the new students for what lay ahead of them; by their own happy and insistent attack upon each individual's financial affairs, they have shown that the Class of 1929 is an able business group. To the president of the Student Council, to the president of the Senior Class, to the president of the Day Student Council, and to the president of the Dormitory Student Council, we extend congratulations. To the high schools from whence came the Juniors we also extend congratulations for the spirit of joyfulness and co-operation their students brought to us.

To the Juniors, all the members of the staff were new; but to the Seniors, all the former members of the faculty were greeted as close friends, and the new instructors were received with interest and a warm welcome. The faculty changes follow:

Miss Helen Irene Cowan, who has had her education at Toronto University, with a Master's degree from Columbia University, came to succeed Miss Eckford in the History Department. Miss Eckford is this year studying at Columbia University.

Miss Minnie Medwedeff came back after a year's study, having won the Master's degree at Columbia University.

Miss Deborah Weisel, having been a member of our staff eight years ago, came from the Springfield Missouri State Teachers College, to take charge of our Industrial Arts work, and brought with her a graduate of the State Teachers College there, to assist in the department.

Miss Florence Snyder, who has given such loyal service to the State for the last thirty-five years, is now retired. We feel she deserves the rest after her many years of service.

Miss Gertrude Woolsey is this year studying at Teachers College, Columbia University.

Miss Hazel Woodward has been added to the Department of Supervision of the City Practice Centers, being full-time assistant to Miss Agnes Snyder this year.

Miss Edna McEachern has left us to study for her Doctor's degree in Music at Columbia University.

In the Elementary School, Miss Lillian Richardson, after a year of study at Columbia, has come from Kansas to take the First Grade. She succeeds Miss Harriet Smith, who is this year teaching at Rye, New York.

Miss Louise Grove, last year in charge of the Third Grade, has the Second Grade, succeeding Miss Ona Frum, who has left us to study at Teachers College, Columbia University. Miss Grove spent her summer in Vienna, Austria, studying at one of the new art schools.

In the Third Grade, Miss Ruth Youngblood, who for the last two years has been helping teacher in Prince Georges County, takes Miss Grove's place. Miss Youngblood is a graduate of the State Normal School at Milledgeville, Georgia.

Miss Alvina Treut, one of our own graduates of 1923, after a year of study at Teachers College, Columbia University, takes the Fifth Grade, succeeding Miss Luella Dowell, who was married in June, and who is now teaching in Cecil County.

Miss Ursula Eichenberger, who has a diploma from the Western State Teachers College, Kalamazoo, Michigan, is in charge of the Sixth Grade, succeeding Miss Charlotte Vaughan, who has gone to Teachers College, Columbia University, to study.

The Elementary School has made a beginning in establishing duplicate classes. This year, Mrs. Mary Norris Lynch has a combined First and Second Grade, in which there will be no practice students. She will give the observation and demonstration lessons for that grade. Miss Richardson, in the other First Grade, will carry the work with the students in practice. Mrs. Lynch was helping teacher in Carroll County, Maryland, before coming to us.

In the Library, Miss Bienemann left to be married last April, and Miss Furn Stitzel and Miss Marie Yoder have become fully recognized members of the library group. Miss Isabel Parrish has been made a full-time assistant. Miss Stitzel and Miss Yoder are graduates of our own Normal; Miss Parrish is a graduate of Goucher College.

Miss Helen Rudd in the dormitory has a new assistant, who succeeds Miss Gunn. She is Miss Flora Harriman and comes to us from Simmons College. Miss Gunn is this year studying at Columbia University.

A changing personnel brings new challenge. May the new instructors and new students find us worthy of their metal. May we be able to find their strength and use it well.

LIDA LEE TALL

"Resume of Dr. McMurry's Speech"

THE STUDENTS of Maryland State Normal School were more than delighted when Dr. McMurry talked to them during an assembly on September 28, 1928. His talk was full of his personal experiences applied to the problems of all humanity. He congratulated us at the Normal, indeed everybody in the United States because of our luxuries which leave us free from anxiety and able to work joyously at whatever tasks we set for ourselves. He drew a contrast with Mexico, telling of a visit to a Mexico City Normal School. They were greatly handicapped by lack of facilities, inasmuch as they had to do their own cleaning and cooking and their buildings were the remnant of an old estate. The purpose of this Normal School was to remedy the prevalent conditions among the Indians and half-breeds. These people were accustomed to living almost solely on corn and beans. The members of the training school raised cabbages, carrots and other vegetables. When the cabbage was mature, the whole village was invited to a cabbage feast, for the purpose of inculcating in these people a liking for some food other than corn and beans. Forty of the training school from the Mexican Normal had gone out to the Federal Elementary Schools and attempts at the teaching of modern sanitation were evident. On the wall of one of these schoolrooms, Dr. McMurry noticed a row of seventy or eighty toothbrushes. Above these were arranged implements for combing and cutting the hair.

In one of the homes of a Mexican family a woman was sitting flat on the floor of the kitchen; in her lap was a rolling pin, board and dough, in a corner of the room was a fire. In no part of the house was any furniture evident, except the rolled mats which were used for beds. The floor was earth and there were no windows. A pile of horse manure in the front yard was being used as a source of fuel. In this house a family of seven probably lived on $25.00 a year. Eighty or ninety per cent of the Mexican population probably lives in this way. The conditions in India are probably worse and China is no better. In Germany Dr. McMurry has a friend who though he was a University professor was in dire need of help right after the World War.

Dr. McMurry said that he had various questions in mind concerning us. We should realize the full extent of our privileges and advantages. "What are your plans?" "How often do you become discouraged and distressed?" "Is commencement time the beginning of much, or the end of much trouble?" Dr. McMurry then told us that in his experience he had had more doubt and indecision in his mind when he was about our age than at any other time. He thinks of life as a stream, such as the Mississippi River, with a small, narrow beginning, tumultuous and rapid, later on, more settled and quiet near its mouth. "Before you can do much in this world you must find yourself!" The thing that

makes this such a tremendous task is that all our qualities are so specific. Dr. McMurry illustrated what he meant from his own experiences. He says that he can easily talk for ten or fifteen minutes but when he has to meet the problem of talking forty or fifty without any responsive resistance he feels completely lost. We must therefore take advantage of our strong points. We are liable to surprise ourselves and to over or under estimate our abilities. When Dr. McMurry was twenty-five he had done nothing but teaching. He had heard many discussions between his brother, the shining light of the family, and his friends. At that age his only positive conclusion about his future was that he would never be very enthusiastic about discussions. He thought that they were "a lot of hot air." In spite of this fact he has since that time spent most of his life in most entertaining discussions.

"To what extent do we feel sorry for ourselves?" A lot of people are only happy when they are miserable. They love to keep their minds on things that worry them. Every one has his faults. Every human being does a good many things that he is thoroughly ashamed of. "What shall be your attitude toward failures and disappointments?" "Does one feel sorry for himself or put his failures out of mind?" One's mental power should overcome misfortunes. When Dr. McMurry was twenty-six years old he wanted to go to Europe to study education. He asked the advice of many of his teachers and professors. At that time they all seemed to think that such an investment would not be a very good one. In spite of this discouragement, he went to Europe and began his study of education. We should learn to depend upon ourselves. The advice of many people is only valuable inasmuch as it helps us to use our own judgments. Lack of ability isn't the greatest lack in the world. Mental ability is usually over estimated. The greatest need among normal people today is the power to feel and do, having purpose and motive. How many people have studied the forming of friendships? Companionship is the greatest thing in life. It is a vital necessity. We must know how to deal with people. Dr. McMurry concluded: "You ought to find yourself and develop what you have found. How ambitious ought you to be? Never work toward one specific goal. Get at the thing you like, do that well and if you want promotion it will be sure to follow. "Each one of us has a lot of capital invested in him. Have force enough to use it. Progress can only come as a result of real work."

A. Schuddeboom, H. Kestner,
Senior 10

Ideas In History Teaching

LIVE LEARN LIKE HISTORY

Recipes for carrying out slogans.

1. Saturate a fair portion of brain with an abundance of subject-matter. Prepare one class with interest and pour into it the saturated solution. Think, when pouring, of the receptacle and the manner of pouring and the solution will take care of itself.

2. Take a class of children. Add 100% interest, plus effort, combined with surrounding environment. Mix well with accuracy and facts, add play, and season with variety, to get history.

3. Carefully plan subject matter that is worthwhile, purposeful and accurate. Build on the experience and interests of the children. Supplement with illustrative material. Add a sense of humor for seasoning.

ONE OF OURS

A Family History

WHEN David Blumberg was grown he became chief Rabbi of Parcroir which is now Lithuania. He had a long golden beard, blue eyes, a strong chin, beautiful golden hair, and was about five feet, ten inches tall.

When he was sixteen years old, his father decided that it was time for David to be married. Immediately he began to make his visits to the neighbors who had marriageable daughters. As was the custom, the parents chose the mates for their children. The girl's father promised to pay a certain amount of money as a dowry for the young husband. To the girl who could pay the most money went the man—physical charm, loveliness of character, and love meant nothing in those days. The bride never saw her mate until they were pronounced man and wife. Then she was shorn of her beautiful locks, (because she must be attractive to no other man) and forced to become the wife of a man whom she might loathe. In the above mentioned way, when David was sixteen years old, he was married to Jean Abrams, the daughter of the village merchants, Joseph and Helen Abrams.

After the marriage the young husband, according to custom, continued his rabinical studies, while his wife, Jean, supported the family from the proceeds of a small store in which were sold dry goods, bread and flour. When David was nineteen years old, he was appointed the chief rabbi. One year later, on December 16, 1873, their first son, Herman, was born. All went well with the little family until August

2, 1875, when David became ill and died before the day was over. Then began a hard time for Jean. She tried very hard to raise her son well, and to give him the benefits of a good home and education; but when Herman was eleven years old, his mother died and he was left all alone.

Up to this time Herman had been given a good Hebrew education and was now ready to be an instructor of languages. He got his education in the back room of some kind lady's home which she let the students use free of charge. There he and the rest of the "Yeshiva Bochres", as the young students were called, studied by poor light and with little heat. Often they were very poor and had little to eat. Books were so expensive that after their purchase little was left for food or many other necessities of life. While preparing himself for the rabbihood, he taught Hebrew, Russian, German to the children of his neighbors and those who lived in nearby small towns.

When Herman was sixteen years old, Russia was under the strict regime of the Czar, Nicholas II, who was very cruel. At the age of eighteen all young men were conscripted to serve in the army for four years. There they were maltreated, and very unhappy. Having heard about and read stories of the free country across the ocean that held forth freedom and protection to human sufferers, Herman decided to leave for America, the land of freedom.

The trip across the ocean cost one hundred ten rubles, and Herman had in his possession one hundred fifteen rubles, when he determined to set out. The journey to the German frontier which must be made in order to get to the starting point was forty miles. From there he planned to start out and at the end of his trip to arrive at Baltimore, Maryland, where his cousin, Harry Schlossburg, lived. The way to the frontier was a very difficult one, and must be made at a great risk. Realizing that many young men would try to flee from the country, Nicholas had placed guards along all the borders—no one was allowed to leave or enter without a passport.

Herman started out on horseback in the Spring. Traveling could only be done at night, because in the daytime anyone might be taken as a suspect. The air was cold and he had to travel through water, over barbed wire fences, which had been put up to stop the flight of escaping men. After three days and three nights he arrived at the German frontier. From there he took a train to Berlin. When he arrived there he met three rich Russian men whose destination was also America—they were millionaires traveling incognito. They made friends with him and decided to take care of him on the journey over. From Berlin they traveled to Hamburg. There they stayed for eight days and then went on to Bremen, where they remained five days. From Bremen they took a boat to Glasgow, Scotland, where they stayed eight days. From there they went to London. At London they boarded a

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three-deck steam ship and set sail for Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in America.

With him on the journey Herman took many books, (which were stolen before he reached his destination), two shirts, a large gold watch, one pair of long boots, and one prayer shawl. In a box he carried some jelly and sugar which he thought would make fine presents for his cousin in America. The trip as a whole was uneventful. He and his other three friends played cards, read books, and discussed their plans for the future.

One night, however, a terriffic wind-storm arose which shook the boat so much that everyone feared it would be wrecked. All the people became very much alarmed and rushed to the top deck; women screamed —some fainted—everyone was completely disarmed, and panic reigned on board. The storm lasted for about twelve hours and no one was hurt, and no harm done, except for the emotional upset. On the way Herman had plenty to eat and a very comfortable cabin in which to sleep. In fourteen days the boat came to Philadelphia. There he was to wait for the immigration train which was to take him to Baltimore. He had to wait from 4 P. M. to 12 o'clock. This happened to be a Jewish holiday, "Shevuos", so some Jewish societies brought food and drink to the immigrants who were waiting. At 12 o'clock he boarded the train and arrived in Baltimore at 8 A. M. He could speak only a little bit of English, but he knew where his cousin lived, so he had little difficulty in locating him at 110 Hanover Street. He was given a front room in his cousin's three-story house.

Then Herman discovered that even in America to live one must work. He began, therefore, to peddle tin ware in the country. He made very little money, the weather was hot, his bundle was too heavy for him to carry, and the people could not easily understand what he had to say. Finally, after three months he gave that up. Then he went to work for a farmer in Baltimore County. This kind of work suited him even less than his previous occupation, so he came back to Baltimore and worked in a cigarette factory. When business became dull, he lost his job and went to New York to work at the same trade.

Herman rented a room at 336 Cherry Street in New York City. For amusement in the evenings he used to read a great deal, and go for occasional walks in the park. On East Broadway there was a Hebrew Educational Alliance where musical programs were given. After a while he went to a night school to learn to become an American.

While he was living on Cherry Street, he met Rebecca Rudnick, who had come from Europe to visit her uncle, Solomon Sugarman, who was a principal in the New York Rabinical College, and who owned the house in which Herman was living. They, Rebecca and Herman, fell

in love with each other and were married in 1892, and lived on Suffolk Street in New York City for six months.

Then they moved to Baltimore. Herman opened a fruit store on South Charles Street, then they moved to Albemarle Street, from there to Pratt Street, where they lived for fourteen years. Then they moved from there to Exeter Street, and from there to Oakfield Avenue where he is living now. Herman is now engaged in the Commission business. To him and Rebecca have been born twelve children—eight girls and four boys—namely: Benjamin, Sophia, Rose, Minerva, Evah, Charles, Dorothy, William, Leon, Helen, Elsie and Marie.

A REVOLUTIONARY LETTER

Philadelphia, Pa., October 21, 1783.

DEAR TOM:

Independence at last. Shall we use it in the right way? How is practice, Tom? It should be good. There are many opportunities up here at Philly. Glad I left the old homestead. It was hard at first but—a man's work is his life; hence—I'm a doctor in Philadelphia.

Now that the war is over I hope interests will be turned to making life more pleasant for us. Already there are improvements. Why only three weeks ago I was in Pittsburg. Imagine that, and back here already and writing you this missive, which, I hope will be in your hands before three more weeks have passed. Realizing though that all the post-riders will read it you will allow for the absence of personal touches. The road to Pittsburg is fine. There is no danger of spending a night stuck in the mud. Quite a highway I would say, one the country can and does boast of. Of course time alone can give the real test. It rained yesterday. I was surprised how the stone and clay mixture drained. It seems funny that just when the coaches have perfected their springs to make riding smooth, the roads are also smoothed. "It never rains that it doesn't pour." This rain applies to both good and evil.

One doesn't realize how extensive farming is until one travels. Every two or three miles you come to a clear space. I hope to see the day when our farm implements will allow us to clear our fields thoroughly.

I visited a shop not long ago. When I turned over the goods and saw the foreign labels, I felt and saw what the war did for our manufacturing. And how much cheaper the foreign cloth is! I paid only $1.25 for a real Scotch flannel muffler. It will keep that chilly breeze out from under my collar when I ride out or call after midnight.

Have you by chance heard that Philadelphia expects to put out a daily newspaper next year? I have already subscribed to it. It will un-

doubtedly keep me informed. I feel a serious need for scientific knowledge about my profession. Of course it doesn't matter so much for you for your father, with all that land, will soon need help—perhaps a successor. Here a man has to keep up with the changes and be the best in his line. This is the land of the job. Everyone is employed.

I envy you Southern gentlemen that lazy life you lead, a life of luxury and peace, of overseeing and sporting. Yet, I'm happy. Say, Tom, these Yankee girls make fine wives—really.

Remember how we studied at Harvard, those were happy days! After we knew about one-sixteenth of the science we should have known we practiced, first as apprentices, then as doctors. Your interests were always divided. I never did think you wanted to be a doctor, so happily for you you've combined a little practice with a Southern gentleman's life.

Instead of dancing the reel these days I get much pleasure following politics. You with all your leisure time should enter politics and be a real Southern gentleman. Southern gentlemen and politics go hand in hand, Tom.

In ending this letter may I pray that Providence will bless you and yours and our wonderful liberty. I expect either a letter or a call from you as soon as possible.

Sincerely yours,

J. Karl Schwartz

SANCHO'S HERO

There was great excitement in the streets of Lisbon. Someone said Diaz had just returned. Little Sancho knew that there was a great man named Bartholomew Diaz, but he didn't know much about him. "Mother," he asked, "What are all the people talking about?" "Wait till we get home, my dear," she answered. "Now I am trying to hear all the latest news I can."

That evening at the supper table, Sancho again asked what the news was. His mother told him that Diaz had returned from his trip down the coast of Africa, and that another man by the name of Vasco da Gama was very interested, so much so, that his friends thought he might make the same voyage and maybe pass the treacherous cape.

It was not until ten years after this, in 1497, that Gama really made up his mind to go; especially after King Manuel of Portugal asked him to command the new trade quest he had planned as a result of Gama's voyage.

One day while Sancho was sitting in front of his home, he saw a great many people running down to the big ships which had just been built. He was anxious to see what was going on, so he called his mother

and together they followed the crowd down to the port. There, throngs of spice and slave men, ship wrights, sailors, grandees and hangers on were bidding farewell to their bold Gama. Some cheered, but others wailed, for the sea, to them, was a darkness filled with boiling water and steaming geysers. Many thought the sun beat on parched floors like whirlwinds of flame. This meant sure death for their loved ones. Little Sancho had even seen huge drawings of monsters on the maps his father borrowed. Now the crowd parted and Sancho saw some rough-looking men coming toward the ships. "Mother," he asked, "Who are they?" "Son, they are convicts who have been lying in some of Lisbon's darkest dungeons for years. See how they are blinking their eyes! They are not yet used to the sunlight." Next, came the expedition leaders, bearing lighted candles, while priests and friars chanted as they marched behind. Gama was a good Christian and had prayed all that night in the crude mariner's chapel Prince Henry had built. Again the people cheered when the "Royal Standard was run up at the stout mainmast, one hundred feet above the deck of the blunt bowed S. Gabriel." A "roar greeted the unfurling of the commander's scarlet flag at the crow's nest." Paulo da Gama, Vasco's brother, commanded the flag ship S. Gabriel and its sister ship S. Raphael. These two ships had been built by Bartholomew Diaz especially for this trip. He had already rounded the cape which he called "Tempestuous", but which his king had named "Good Hope." The fourth vessel, the "Berrio" was commanded by Nicolau Coelho. This was a small, swift vessel, used mainly for carrying stores. All of the ships were square-rigged and flat bottomed. They appeared top heavy but were built this way to enable the sailors to climb up and hurl grenades, javelins, and powder pots against boarding pirates or attacking savages. Of course, Gama's sailors had no firearms, but they did have cross-bows, swords, boarding pikes, axes, and spears. A few had steel armor but most of them used breast-plate jerkins. They slept between the low-lying planks between castles.

The goldsmiths, spice merchants, and cloth sellers gossiped as Gama went aboard his ship. Once Sancho overheard a conversation between two cloth sellers. They thought the king was very foolish to spend so much money for ships for Gama. One knew his father, for he was telling the other how, as chief magistrate of Sines, he had been picked for the command but had died. Next, they said, Paulo was to go, but finally, the king, who liked Vasco's appearance, chose him to go. Both gossipers agreed that he was too young, since he was only thirty-seven and not married. Evidently, thought Sancho, you have forgotten how Vasco defeated the French pirates and the African infidels. With all the gossiping and cheering, at last the ships pulled out and left Sancho and his dear mother on the shore waving good-bye.

In the days that followed Sancho wondered more and more about Gama's expedition. In the evening he would climb up in his father's lap and listen to stories of the sea,—how the first sailors dared to venture out and how soon, regular trips were made. Lately Sancho's father had been telling him of the need for a new trade route to the Indies. "How I wish Gama would find a way," Sancho exclaimed, "then we could sell some of our scarlet cloth to the people there and we would be able to buy a better home than the rough one we now have." The father's eyes filled with tears of joy, for he knew what it would mean if Gama was successful. He heard his son as if he were in a dream. "Yes, little one," was all he could say.

Time rolled on, weeks, months, and years. Scarcely did anyone speak of Gama now. "I know he has been swallowed by a sea dragon," was a common remark often heard in the streets and markets. "He'll never come back," another would say. At first such sayings would excite Sancho, and he would run home and ask his parents if it were really true. But, alas! They could not tell him, for they themselves did not know the truth. With all this, our little Sancho kept faith that his sailor friends would come back, even if they had failed to find a new way.

One day as Sancho was sitting idly on the edge of the wharf, he caught sight of two black specks out on the horizon. His heart leaped! Were they returning after all, he asked himself! But, he thought, Gama left with four ships and there are only two out there. Who are they? Is it Gama or some pirates, traders, or what? Maybe it is Gama and he has lost two of his ships. He could hardly keep from shouting "Gama has come back," but he was not sure enough yet. The ships that left were very pretty and two were brand new. These ships looked very dark and worn, even at a great distance. Sancho strained his eyes to see, but he had to wait until they were closer so that he could recognize the flag which one ship bore. At last the thrill of it almost bounced Sancho into the water. He could see now! It was Gama returning. He wanted to stay, but that would be very selfish, so he ran up the main street and shouted with all his might, "Gama has come back! Gama has come back!" Soon, people of all ages and classes could be seen running in the direction of the port. Others took up the cry and before long a throng of people had gathered. Some small boats even went out to welcome him home. When Gama and his men alighted from their ships they were worn, fatigued, half-fed, disheartened creatures. However, they brightened up at the hearty welcome of their countrymen. They were surrounded by friends and relatives who flung question after question at them. Even little Sancho managed to get near enough to ask him if he had found "the way." When Gama answered that he had, the people fairly shrieked for joy.

IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE

Recipe 1.

THE WELCOME SMILE

1. Lift head slightly
2. Look directly at the Junior
3. Pull tongue far back in the mouth
4. Relax the jaws
5. Grin as widely as possible.

This recipe is one of the things that have to be learned at Normal during Junior week. True, it finally does become a mechanical smile; but after all, it is a smile.

Now this is the system I used over in the dormitories in directing traffic and a few other things on September 5. First, I sat at a little table (one of those general utility affairs in our rooms), and as a Junior came in, I gave my welcome smile. Then with the practiced dignity and gracefulness befitting a Senior, I rose from the chair.

"How do you do? I imagine you're tired after going down the lines over in the Administration building, so let me carry your baggage. Now, I'll take you to get your post office and door keys." (No word as yet from the newcomer.) Maybe, she couldn't get the chance to say it. "Just deposit a dollar here." Ah! at last a sound from the weary one—was it a groan? No, I believe it was just an expression of surprise, for what is a mere dollar when one has just paid out a hundred and five of them. "I'll show you to your room now"—six flights of stairs later—"I hope you'll like it" (meaning the room, of course) I loved mine last year. Now we'll go down to get your linen." In the meantime, several forget their names and room numbers, but what was I there for but to promptly supply the knowledge? So supply it I did. Then away again up the six flights of stairs, and, "Well, goodbye. Someone will be up to take you to lunch. I hope you'll like the room. Goodbye."

After serving in the capacity of baggage carrier and all-around maid, I literally jumped from those offices to that of hostess. "May I ask your name?" Then followed five rather indistinct replies, and three courses later I was dancing out in the foyer. When I say dancing, I mean dancing. Probably some wouldn't call it by just that name, but I had a good time, anyhow.

Then came the most pleasurable time of the day, visiting the Juniors' rooms and getting acquainted. They (I mean the Juniors) are a good all-around class, and that's that. Thus,—I reached the conclusion that Normal education, education in more ways than one, is a really good thing after all.

CAMILLA JOHNSON

OTHER PEOPLE

Nothing interests people more than other people. There is a fascination in the knowledge that from their viewpoint we are the other people. The crowd incites one's imagination. Snatches of conversation, expressions, posture, and the different reactions to happenings supply more comedy in life than anything else. While making our way along the crowded thoroughfare, meaningless prattle, such as this, reaches our ears: "So I said, 'Well, I'm not going!' "; "Daddy, why does that man—"; "Oh, What'd he say?", and so forth.

There is the deeply interested expression on the face of Junior's father as he carefully investigates the workings of the mechanical toy, and the triumphant attitude the housewife masters, after her supposedly successful attempt to discourage the trailing instincts of the shaggy little dog, she so blissfully ignorant of his presence several respectful paces behind her. Then, too, there is the fat lady who tries so unsuccessfully to regain her balance in the revolving barrel at the amusement park, and the dignified old gentleman who finds himself forced into a trot, in a vain attempt to catch the street car.

Among other ridiculous inclinations of our fellowmen is their unfailing curiosity. Two mischievous boys, by simply gazing intently skyward, cause any number of puzzled humans to follow their glances with the most inquisitive expressions. The crowd with animated faces, and prying questions, follows every excitement on the public highway. Thus it goes, and thus do we, as persons, sometimes amuse and sometimes seek amusement at the expense of others.

MARY E. HANLEY,
Junior 7

Big and Little Sisters

"They're off"! That was the exclamation uttered as the last envelope containing a letter to a "big sister" was licked! However, that was not the last letter to be written—far from it. As one mail brought applications to Normal, so the next mail carried letters to "sisters" far and wide—even to Europe where one found its way to Spain. We were all very interested and excited when we came back and learned that one of our Seniors had received an answer from her "little sister" from Spain. We are sure you are equally interested and so we are publishing the letter for every one to read.

Publicity Chairman,
Y. W. C. A.

A Little Sister in Spain

Madrid, Spain, August 9, 1928.

Dear Anne:

I'm sorry it will be so long from the time you wrote to me until the time you hear from me, the fault is the distance between you and me, it takes two weeks for a letter each way so it will be nearly a month.

Two months ago today I landed in Spain, without any knowledge whatsoever of what I would do this coming fall. I had every hope of joining friends and acquaintances at the Maryland State Normal School, but, I have been informed of my visit here lasting for two months more, which would be a little late for entrance. Also through correspondence with my people my plans have been changed.

I appreciate your offering to be my "Big Sister" at Normal School, and would love to follow in your footsteps, and as long as I'm not coming to Normal School don't you think it would be nice if we could become acquainted anyway, possibly through correspondence, then on my return we could somehow see each other! As to a photograph, I'd love to send you one but I'm afraid it's out of the question at present, but will try to have a presentable picture made, meanwhile I'd love to hear from you concerning our friendship, and perhaps you might have a picture to spare for me.

Would you like to hear a little about Spain? This country is frequented by so few travelers compared to England, France, etc., that when someone does come they should record all they see and learn, for there is so much that we do not find any other place.

The people are very poor yet very happy, if they have a crust of bread to chew on and a few "centimos" for a drink of wine. They don't need a house to sleep in they'll stretch out on the ground, or sleep on the benches, which are "ever-so-often" along the street.

The weather here is quite strange; sometimes it doesn't rain from the first of June until September, then nearly every day during September and October. The mornings are quite pleasant, but the afternoons are nearly unbearable, the working men stop and sleep, between two and four, then work until eight when it's much cooler. The nights are wonderful. About nine or ten o'clock a cool breeze comes up and makes it very comfortable for pleasures and for sleeping. When you go out you can be sure no rain will spoil your evening clothes, and when the moon is full it is almost as bright as day—no wonder they say "Romantic Spain."

The girls and boys do not have "dates" here. When a young man takes his sweetheart out he takes her "Mama" or some elderly woman also, but there's really no use doing this for they absolutely ignore her in their conversation and regardless of where they are, make love. The

Retiro is a grand promenade for both pedestrians and automobilists, the mothers will take their daughters there to "show them off", if a man is attracted he will ask her father for her hand. Wouldn't you like to be sold in this manner?

If you are interested in art come to Spain; you have without doubt wonderful material to work on, both day and night. From my balcony I can see the mountains in the distance with the clouds crowning them and at sunset the reflection of crimson, pink, lavender, grey on these clouds is the delicate touch of God. Then, too, there's the Prado (art museum), the few who have visited both the Louvre, France, and the Prado claim that the Prado is as wonderful as the Louvre, although not as well known.

Due to lack of more time I must close, hoping to hear from you.

Friendly,

VARELLA HESS

"The Old Order Changeth"

A Way of Life

WHISTLES blow; a truck thunders along the hard street; streaks of light make their way around the edges of drawn shades. The day has begun. In rapid succession the anticipated events of the day come to mind,—an early appointment and the extra half hour's work that must be crowded into already full hours. Then there is just a breath of fresh air when the cool wind strikes one's face and one finds pleasure in the rhythm of walking, but that is all too quickly passed. Heavy doors close one in.

Eons ago primitive man awoke when his sleep was done,—as the sunlight made patterns over him through leafy trees, or in the close confines of his cave where he felt a sense of safety and warmth. If he were hungry, he began his search for food which brought with it running and leaping and the cool air against his skin. When he was weary or had eaten his "fill", he lay down to rest. For him tomorrow cast no shadow over today. His only fear was of the beast in the forest when he heard the breaking of twigs or saw a dark form pass among the trees.

In structure man is much the same today as was primitive man, but his environment is vastly different. Today man has the same need of abundant cool air that primitive man had, but he spends much of his day in overheated houses. He has need of physical activity but modern machinery reduces such activity to a minimum. Coarse food is an essential to a healthy digestive system yet it takes definite planning to include such food in the menus of today. Primitive man's eye was adjusted to the slow and far-distant panorama of the stars, but man

today, with the same delicate mechanism for seeing, reads fine print and watches reels of pictures that flash before him at the rate of 16 per second. Thus the environment is rapidly changing.

How can man best adjust to the artificial surroundings that he himself has created? This is the question that each individual must solve for himself if he wishes to spend his life wisely and well. He has, too, certain aids. Through years of experimentation scientists have formulated a few laws of living that have been proved to be good. We call these Laws of Health. The practice of these laws and an understanding of himself and his environment makes it possible for a person to live at his best, for

This is an ordered world
And man, each man, must find the order out,
How the old order changes and the new
Devises dangers even more malign,
And man, amid the shifting orders that he makes
More and more loses in his fight with Chance.
Shall we choose Chance,
Or visioning farther, staunch the bleeding stroke
Take knowledge for our guide and give the race
Far in the future, deeper potencies?

From "Adventure," by T. W. Stevens.

ANITA S. DOWELL

REGISTRATION WEEK

THE 1928 Registration of Maryland State Normal School was the most successful one in its history. Every detail of the program had a part in the result of the whole.

The Juniors of 1927-28, in an effort to improve upon the registration of that year, made many suggestions. When these were put into practice by the Seniors, who came back to help with the registration, they greatly facilitated the work of reestablishing the Seniors and establishing the Juniors. One could not possibly have been confused on the M. S. N. S. Campus during that first week of school. There were arrows at every doubtful point, for the purpose of more plainly directing the entering Juniors. A committee at the car station was ready to answer any questions which might be in the minds of those who came from Baltimore on the trolley car.

The moment that the student entered the front door of the Administration Building, he was confronted by numbered tables and several guides, who were glad to tell him just exactly what to do.

On Tuesday, September 4, the City Seniors and Juniors registered. Only a few of these were boarding students so most of them went home

again. They did not leave, however, until many of the big sisters and brothers had found their little sisters and brothers. The Juniors were thus, at once thrown into contact with the friendly spirit of the Senior Class.

The County Juniors began to arrive almost simultaneously with the next day. They were relieved of their baggage by an admirable checking system. After they were registered, they were ushered to the dormitories by some of the Seniors, and were shown to their rooms by still other seniors. So, as the day grew old the Junior's rooms were filled one by one and each Junior was made happy with the realization that he was welcome.

Thursday marked the coming of the County Seniors. Many were the happy reunions with friends and room-mates, and it was not always pleasant to stop talking and move to the next desk.

Not satisfied with merely having a smoothly functioning machine of registration, Miss Sperry and the Staff, together with some of the Seniors inaugurated several social affairs. This part of the program helped big sisters and brothers to find their little sisters and brothers.

ANNA SCUDDEBOOM

SATIS EST

I write no poem men's hearts to thrill,
No song I sing to lift men's souls,
To battle's front no soldiers lead,
In halls of state I boast no skill,
I just teach school.

I just teach school, but poet's thrill,
And singer's joy and soldier's fire,
And statesman's power, all, all are mine.
For in this little group where still
I just teach school.

Are poets, soldiers, statesmen, all.
I see them in the speaking eye,
In face aglow with purpose strong
In straightened bodies, tense and tall,
While I teach school.

And they, uplifted, gaze intent
On cherished heights they soon shall reach,
And mine the hand that led them on!
And I, inspired! Therefore, content,
I still teach school.

PROF. E. S. GILSON,
Submitted by E. L. Weinbach

THINGS THAT MAKE LIFE HAPPY

It seems to me that the president of any organization, always has to write or tell of the particular work of his group, so, I, as president of the Boarding Student Council will attempt to tell you briefly of some of our good times as planned for this year.

We began the year by trying to make the Junior Week in the dormitories as home like and happy as possible. I must mention here that this was accomplished only by the most grateful assistance of the Y. W. C. A. and other members of the Senior Class. Whether we were successful in our trials, I cannot say; but, for the answer, I will refer you to any boarding Junior; and let him give you his opinion.

Our monthly birthday party marked the second stepping stone in our year's work, a means by which we hope to spend many happy evenings.

Soon a most important time for the Juniors will come; Juniors' Mothers Week End. This is when the mothers come and eat, sleep and play just as their daughters do. Sometimes it happens that the mothers are Alumnae, and thus they again renew their Normal Days. The dates are October 26, 27, 28.

Next comes the time of interest to the Seniors—Home Coming! You know that's when last year's graduates come back to their Alma Mater. Can't you just picture the various meetings and the words of greeting of two who have not met since last June. My, that will be a great day.

Here's something that will interest only the Juniors, because it's understood that the Seniors do not care for elaborate meals, but we eat just the same; that thing is the Olde English Christmas Dinner, a time when Newell Hall Dining Room becomes the banquet hall of a wealthy English noble. The Student Council make up the royal table, while the student body represent the common folk. It is a time to eat, drink and make merry, for the next day we go home.

The final program put on by the Student Council is the entertaining of the State Volley Ball teams. Of course the Juniors have gone home, and cannot enjoy these days with the Seniors, but it is most enjoyable seeing the visiting girls become acquainted with the life at Normal. They may go to bed at ten o'clock, but they "sure" rise at an early hour; I remember last year by 6:15 A. M. there was a complete volley ball team on the front campus, having a delightful time. Normalites can you imagine that? I can't, but it truly happened.

A. G. Shepperd,

Senior 10

THE TOWER LIGHT

Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson

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Price: One dollar and fifty cents per year
Single copies: Twenty cents

Dreamers of Two Kinds

EVERYBODY dreams day dreams. It is a splendid habit. But like other habits it can be either used or abused.

"I'd like to be a great man," one boy dreams, "and have the power to pass laws that would help the country and give the poor people better houses to live in and better food to eat and places outdoors for children to play. I wish something would happen to make me great and powerful."

Here's another dreamer: "I'd like to be a great man and have the power to pass laws that would help the country and give the poor people better houses to live in and better food to eat and places outdoors for children to play. Other men who had no better chances than I have done these things. I can do them. I will do them!"

The only difference between these dreamers is that one says "I wish," and the other says "I will."

The boy who says "I wish" goes on wishing to the end of his days.

The boy who says "I will" begins to do.

Which kind of a dreamer are you? JANSEN

The Juniors Explode a Theory

ON EVERY HAND we hear that this is the Age of Science. Startling inventions, new discoveries, splendid explorations are brought to our attention almost daily. And the Juniors, not to fall behind the times, have contributed something of their own.

We had always been enthusiastic about coming to Normal School. There is something so weighty, so important, something so do-or-die about reaching the last lap of preparation for one's career. This enthusiasm showed itself in our speech, our manner, our gay and cocky spirits, but our cynical elders looked on with wry smiles. "Not so jolly my dear," they would say. "Anticipation is more than realization. You may not like the school after all." And more because they liked its sound than anything else they would repeat, "Anticipation is more than realization. Ahem!" Such was their time-honored theory.

We have been a part of Normal now for a month. Our ball-bearing registration, our interesting new subjects, our familiar subjects studied from the teacher's view-point, the social life, the entire atmosphere of the professional school leaves us still gay, still happy, still enthusiastic. The fine theory didn't work. We have proved it a popular fallacy. The Juniors, Scientists, cast another false idea on the ash-heap.

ESTHER MILLER,
Junior 2

The Janitor

YOU WALK into a clean building and neat well-kept school every morning and never give a thought to how it happens to be in this condition. There is a reason—sometimes a dark one—for this. It's the janitor who is on the job.

With his bucket, broom, dusting brush, and floor mop, he doesn't have any trouble finding enough to do to keep him busy. He comes along before, during, and after one day's battle of ink and paper and scraps and cleans up the wreckage,—often unnecessary wreckage.

If there's a locker to be opened—call the janitor. Is the heat in the radiator dying down? Call the janitor. Does the auditorium need lights or special seating arrangement? Call the janitor. He will answer.

So it goes all day long. He does not add much to the conversation, but he certainly contributes his bit to the efficiency of our school and its people. Some of them appreciate it and show it by keeping their surroundings as neat as they can. Others just forget.

JANSEN

A JUNIOR'S IMPRESSION OF NORMAL

September the fourth, nineteen twenty-eight,
Was to me the end of a long summer's wait.
For I was to go to Normal you see,
This interesting fact proved thrilling to me.
I arrived at Normal all safe and sound,
And an enthusiastic group of girls I found.
Registration was holding full sway,
And this important work took up most of the day.
Directions and schedules, we were furnished withal,
And we were to report next day at Newell Hall.
That first week of school, will I ever forget,
The dances, and teas, and people I met?
The examinations were quite a thrill,
With Mr. Woelfel conducting with a will.
What a delightful impression Normal made on me,
With it's fun, it's friendliness, and jollity.
Such freedom of action was never mine,
To enjoy in such an unlimited time.
Since the first day of school I have begun to feel,
An affection for Normal, which I know is real.

The second week of school was different indeed.
Assignments were given with many references to read.
But what did we care, we were ready for work,
We had had our play, and work would not shirk.
In the future many things Normal plans to have,
Including Campus Day, and initiations which are quite the fad.
So heed all ye Juniors and do as you're told,
When initiations begin, or you'll have to pay toll.
What glorious times are in store for us all!
How could you help but feel State Normal's call?
So here's to Normal and the White and the Gold,
I solemnly pledge its aims to uphold,
To work, and strive, and do my best,
And Normal, Our Normal, will do the rest.

LILLIAN ROBINSON,
Junior 2

RAIN

Rain
Grey rain and chill.
Continuous
Like dull, running footsteps
Far off.
The sea and sky are one.
The water is in little circles from the drops of rain.
In the orchard the apple trees cry,
The pines by the shore sob in the wind.

Why weep, grey sky, grey sea?
Why weep?
I laugh! I love! I live!
And yet—
Who knows?
Tomorrow I, too, may mourn—
Then you shall laugh, no doubt.

MARY LOUISE ZSCHIESCHE,
Junior 2

A PLEA TO MYRNA

A gypsy in her happiness
And moods of gayety
An Indian in her openness
And love of all that's free
A child in her playfulness
As she roams o'er the field
A tyrant monarch of her ground
What magic does she wield?
A cowgirl with her prancing steer
A rounding up the mob.
A Spaniard with her temper
To round that up's a job.
A pygmy from Africa
A hopping all around
A sun-god from the Incas
A bronzed, a golden brown.

But sometimes I just think she is
Not great as one of these.
But just a human like the rest
Who'll take my love—Oh! please?

O. SUDLER

A SAD TALE

Oh, list to this sad story,
This tale of grief and woe
Of a nineteen sixteen model Ford
That once started, had to go.

It was a gay young college boy
Who went to take a ride
In a red and green striped flivver
With Sally by his side.

It had a jolly cut out
And a siren whistle blowing.
But it hadn't any bumper
Or brakes to stop its going.

Now Jimmy was an expert
At driving with one hand.
And be it said for Sally—
That girl was full of sand.

They went right through the village
At sixty miles an hour
But a Chevy's close behind them
And trying to show its power.

They passed the ice cream parlor
A hitting sixty-four,
And right around another turn
They struck the river shore.

Across the sand they quickly speed
And next the wharf they take
Alas for college Lizzie!
She hasn't any brake.

Into the deep blue river
With a splash they quickly go.
With a splash and shower of water
Thus ends my tale of woe.

But oft on a summer evening
When the moon o'er the river is high
'Tis said a ghostly Flivver
Goes rattling and shrieking by.

And oft in the cold gray winter
When the beach is white with snow
You can hear the ghostly echoes
Of college songs below.

But all young lads and lassies,
Who would a joy ride take,
Don't try it in an ancient Ford
That hasn't any brake.

VIRGINIA CHEW

MY LAND OF DREAMS

IMAGINE, you all have heard of Lutherland, which is in the Pocono Pines, Pennsylvania. There were two students from Maryland State Normal School, who went to Lutherland as waitresses. Esther Weinbach, from whom you have all heard, and myself. If you want to study Psychology first hand get yourself a position as a waitress. I could almost read the expressions on the peoples' faces.

I happened to have a table of three people which represented three generations. One particular morning, they came to breakfast all at one time, which was indeed a calamity. The youngest generation complained of having a headache, in a few minutes, the middle generation developed a fainting spell and then the oldest generation began to cry. What was I going to do? For a moment I felt like giggling, but I soon composed myself, and took the middle generation to her room, and allowed the other two to solve their own problem. In the meantime I realized I had two other tables to be served. What do you think you would have done in such a case? I will leave that for you to ponder over since you will have similar problems with children to solve, when you are a teacher. You know, I only spilled two things, the whole time I was serving, but the night I spilled cream over a girl's new dress I wanted to leave. Another thing! Whatever you do, cultivate the habit of not forgetting. One night a lady asked for some sliced peaches for her little daughter, but I forgot all about them. The next morning, she asked if she could have the peaches she had ordered last night. However this was not sarcasm.

I almost forgot to tell you about our head waiter. He was a Greek, and I declare, I could hardly understand what he was talking about, nevertheless, I managed to get along with him. In fact, I found out you would get along with him, or be out of luck, so to speak.

When the morning came to say good-bye we all looked as though we had lost our best friend. I think Esther and I were the first ones to leave. A friend called for us in a car, at "Peach Cottage," for that is where we lived. We said our last farewells bravely so no tears were shed until we got on the train. I still have another summer to look forward to, so, I can dream of my "Land of Dreams" until next summer when it becomes my "Land of Realization."

Athletics

AT THIS EARLY DATE very little can be reported from the Athletic Department. However, plans are under way for a banner year. Various signs on the campus lead us to believe that action is about to begin, in some instances has begun.

Already the North campus is the scene of trials and tryouts for the soccer team. Coach Minnegan has been having his workouts every day for the last week. The material is practically "green" since most of last year's letter men are lost through graduation. But where there is effort and determination much can be accomplished. It will not be very long before Coach Minnegan and his versatile assistant, Coach John Seamon, will make a complete metamorphosis.

The girls' department has also swung into action. The layout of the hockey field is completed due to the efforts of Miss White, hockey manager and her assistant.

Next week the tennis courts will get into action. We'll see what results the Junior men can produce as an outcome of Bill of Right Rules. Big Brother get your Little Brother working. A tennis tournament is to be played off in a few weeks. We need the courts.

The Athletic Board at its first meeting made preparations for the year. On October 9th the Athletic Association will hold its first Assembly when the Juniors will learn of our purpose, our officers, and our plan of work.

The first play off of the season was the Towson High Normal Game. We regret victory was not with us. However, one cannot judge the entire season by its initial tryout. Defeat must be encountered before we can say "we're winning." So, Normal Team, just try harder. Success is rapping at the door. Win, boys, win!

MAY COFFAY,
Senior 10

SOCCER NEWS

The soccer team is hard at work on the North Campus every afternoon from 3:15 to 5:15. The schedule this year is with college teams as far as possible and promises to be a hard but interesting grind. Coach Minnegan has Barlow, Bull, Stull, P. Goldstein, Burton, Huff and Jansen back from last year's team. He is well pleased however with the turnout of the new men and with the help of Assistant Coach J. Seamon will surely whip a commendable team into shape. The new men are as follows:

Peach, Wachter, Kapler, Peregoy, Ness, Stekel, Kinnersley, Henry, Chayt, and E. Goldstein.

The coach and team both hope that the student body will support the games at home by their attendance and cheering. All home games will be played at 3:30. Following is a schedule of the games to be played:

Franklin High, at home, September 28; Western Maryland College, at home, October 5; Beacom College, at home, October 12; Towson High at home, October 16; Towson High, at Towson, October 24; Western Maryland College, at Westminster, November 2; Beacom College, at Wilmington, Del., November 6; Calvert Hall, at Patterson Park, November 16; Calvert Hall, at home, November 21; Naval Academy Plebes, at Annapolis, November 29; Tome, at Port Deposit, December 12. Games with City, Poly and Blue Ridge College are pending.

SOCCER GAME

September 28, at State Normal

Franklin High vs. State Normal

Franklin High	*Position*	*Normal*
Armstrong	G.	Goldstein
Burkholder	L.F.B.	Stekler
Owings, R.	R.F.B.	Ness
Owings, M.	L.H.	Stull
Stevenson	R.H.	Wachter
Hobbs	C.	Barlow
Kelly	O.S.R.	Weider
Layman	I.S.R.	Kepler
Stadler	C.F.	Jansen
Johnson	O.S.L.	Bull
Horsey	I.S.L.	Peach

Score by halves: First, 2-0; Second, 2-0.

Final Score: Franklin 4, Normal 0.

Goals kicked by Horsey and Stadler. Substitutes: Normal—Huff, Clayt, Peregoy, Burton.

SCHOOL NOTES

The Dramatic Club

YOU REMEMBER this concerning the dramatic club being said in the assembly on the Club Day—"Last year we were successful, but this year we are going to do more things and do them better. But this all depends on you." We have a fine start toward the peak which was designated as success, and the Juniors have evidently been convinced that success does partially depend on them, for the response from the Juniors anxious to join us has been exceptionally fine. When we hold try-outs on Campus Day we expect to find revealed some splendid talent already developed, and some latent though capable of development. So far, several things have been accomplished which aid in getting started properly.

Officers have been elected with the following results:

Faculty Adviser.....MRS. STAPLETON
President .....SAMUEL GOLDBERG
Vice-President .....MARY BUTTS
Secretary .....H. B. KAMINKOW
Treasurer .....AARON ROSEN

We have also extended invitations to several members of the faculty to join us. You know it is said, that young ideas are often bright ones. For that reason we are as yet unnamed, because we are awaiting the results of the tryouts to give us some Juniors who in turn may give us some inspiration.

Since a good beginning is half the job, I can safely predict that ere long you will see us blossom forth with some exceptional performance in the way of an entertaining play. At least I hope so.

S. W. G.

Cultural Recreation

A committee of the Faculty has been appointed to gather data on opportunities to see and hear and enjoy good things of an artistic nature which come to Baltimore.

The committee will maintain for students and faculty a special bulletin board advertising events of a cultural and recreational nature in the fields of drama, music, moving pictures, lectures, art exhibits, etc. If you are going to have an occasional evening off for enjoyment this year, be sure to consult the Cultural Recreation Bulletin Board—it may help you decide where to go.

Others Like Us

512 West 122nd Street,
New York, N. Y.
Sept. 26, 1928.

Miss Ruth C. Sperry,
Towson, Md.

Dear Miss Sperry:

May I express my appreciation for your courtesy to my mother and myself on our recent visit to your school? We enjoyed our visit very much. You have a splendid school. I told Dr. Evenden and Dr. Bagley of my visit and they said you had a splendid school. I think it gives one courage to keep on when you know that the rest of the world is watching your efforts. So it gives me pleasure to pass on their kind words.

We stopped at West Chester and found it quite interesting. I hope you will have the opportunity to do so, it is very worthwhile.

Very truly,

M'LEDGE MOFFETT,
Dean of Women, East Radford State Teachers College, Virginia.

Volley Ball Tournament One of the Features of June Week

June 12, 1928.

Principal of Maryland State Normal,
Towson, Maryland.

Dear Miss Tall:

I take pleasure in writing to you, that I may thank you for making it convenient for us to be entertained and comfortably fed and sheltered while we were in Baltimore.

The whole Worcester (Berlin) team join with me in thanking you. Never have we enjoyed ourselves more. I sincerely hope some of us will be students sometime.

Yours truly,

RUTH SCOTT,
Captain of Volley Team.

Dormitory Happenings

Our First Birthday Party

The birthdays for July, August and September were celebrated in a most original and unique way. Newell Hall was decorated very prettily with Jack o'lanterns and Japanese parasols. Everyone received colored balloons which added to the festivity of the evening and to the dance which followed the grand march.

Reception for Pastors

The Y. W. C. A. had a reception for the local pastors Monday afternoon in Richmond Hall Parlor. This gave the new students an opportunity to meet the pastors of their respective churches. Delightful refreshments were served. Miss Theresa Florestano played a piano solo, "Romance."

School Happenings

Miss Elizabeth Bowman, one of our 1922 graduates, an outstanding student and teacher, on September eighteenth was married to Mr. Ray Fox, U. S. Consul to Canada. Mr. and Mrs. Fox will reside in Winnipeg.

New Books

AMONG the new fiction added recently are several titles which will be of interest to many students. One is the "Greene Murder Case," another Van Dine detective story which ran as a serial in Scribners' Magazine last winter. Another is the latest effort of P. C. Wren to make the terrors of the desert and of the Foreign Legion known to voracious fiction readers. Those who read or saw in the "movies" the fortunes of *Beau Geste* and *Beau Sabreur* will want to follow up John Geste in *Beau Ideal.*

A number of old favorites and a few new ones have come out in the Grosset reprints. These are: Temple Bailey, *Tin Soldier* and *Trumpeter Swan;* Johan Bojer, *Emigrants;* Thomas Burke, *Twinkletoes;* J. O. Curwood, *Baree, Son of Kazan;* Alexander Dumas, *Camille;* Zane Grey, *Vanishing American;* Charles Klein, *Music Master;* Virgil Markham, *The Scamp;* Kathleen Norris, *Saturday's Child* and *Sisters;* G. S. Porter, *Keeper of the Bees;* Ruth Suckow, *Bonney Family;* H. L. Wilson, *Merton of the Movies.*

The librarian especially recommends the book "The Bonney Family" for its faithful realism and sympathetic portrayal of the small Western towns that the author knows so well.

For use in teaching there is a lovely new "Picture Book of Travel" by Berta and Elmer Hader. This has gay, colorful pictures of different means of transportation under the headings *Walking and Carrying, Animals who help, The Drag, The Wheel and Some American Carriers.*

M. L. O.

Notes from Our Music Department

CHARLES W. LANDON once said, "Music is God's best gift to man, the only art of heaven given to earth, the only art of earth that we take to heaven. But music, like all our gifts is given us in the germ. It is for us to unfold and develop it by instruction and cultivation." That is one reason why we have a Glee Club and Orchestra in the Maryland State Normal School—in order that we may bud into singers and musicians under the careful guidance of our able directors, Miss Weyforth and Miss Prickett. We are not so ungrateful, however, as to receive all this instruction and not reciprocate this privilege afforded by the school, so the Music Department furnishes many delightful entertainments and assemblies.

Every Tuesday and Thursday at three fifteen o'clock music can be heard issuing from the southern end of the school building, these are the days of practice.

This year the Music Department has devised some very novel plans. During the Bill of Rights season, as one of the entertainments, there is going to be a musical contest, between our Junior and Senior Classes. This contest is for the purpose of finding some hidden talent. It is the first one of its kind in the history of the school.

During the Supervisors of Maryland Convention, September twenty-seventh and twenty-eight, special music was rendered at dinner by the Glee Club and Orchestra.

The affair for which the department is now preparing to perform is the Junior Mothers' Week-end. Mothers from far and near will be here and what could be a better plan with which to entertain them than by music? On this occasion a music unit entitled "Songs of the Family" which one of your Senior members, Sarah Palace, constructed, will be put to very good use. A number of songs from this unit will be sung by the members of the Glee Club. What could be more appropriate on this Mothers' Day occasion than for our mothers to hear songs that they no doubt have sung to us!

The Music Department will furnish special music during our Christmas festivities.

ESTHER LOUISE WEINBACH

JOKES

AUTO-SUGGESTION

"What shall I do to keep from falling in love?"
Try pricing apartments.—*Montreal Star.*

SO CARELESS

Lives of great men all remind us,
As their pages o'er we turn,
That we're apt to leave behind us
Letters that we ought to burn.

—*London Opinion.*

TWO HANDS FREE

Girl—"Let's drive in the park."
Boy—"Naw, let's park in the drive.—*Ghost.*

"It's so difficult to do what's right all the time."
"Cheer up—the first ten commandments are the hardest."—*M. I. T. Voo Doo.*

Asked to pray for warm weather so that her grandma's rheumatism might pass away, a five-year-old girl knelt and said:
"Oh. Lord, please make it hot for grandma."—*Drexerd.*

Wife—"Fancy, Robert, in a few years we shall be able to fly to London in half an hour."

Husband—"But you will still need two hours to get ready."—*Weekly Scotsman.*

Little girl (to mother)—"Ma, I'm afraid baby will have seven years of hard luck. He's swallowed a piece of mirror."—*Life.*

NOTES FROM THE SHEIK'S (thinks he is, of Normal) DIARY

If she wears white shoes, she's black,
If she wears black shoes, she's white,
If she wears cotton stockings, she's green.
If she looks young, she's old,
If she looks old, she's young,
If she looks back—well, follow.

Teacher—"Who was George Washington?"
Reds—"He's the guy whose wife makes candy."

Senior—"Who is your big sister?"
Junior—"I haven't any. I'm the oldest."

Senior to Mary Smith, a Junior—"Who is your big sister?"
Mary Smith—"Jane Smith."

Ann—"Oh! Not so bad. He built us a house.
Mary—"How nice, how nice."
Ann—"Oh! Not so nice. The house burned down."
Mary—"Too bad, too bad."
Ann—"Oh! Not so bad. He burned with it."

Pupil in one of the student teacher's classes, summarizing lesson on milk. You take the milk to the city in cans and there it is paralyzed. (pasteurized)

Mary—"Why Ann! I haven't seen you in a long time."
Ann—"Well you see, I'm married."
Mary—"How nice, how nice."
Ann—"Oh! Not so nice. My husband doesn't love me."
Mary—"Too bad, too bad."
Ann—"Oh! Not so bad. He has plenty of money."
Mary—"How nice, how nice."
Ann—"Oh! Not so nice. He doesn't give me any."
Mary—"Too bad, too bad."

If you care to crack a good joke, one that's never been cracked before, then verily I say unto you, "Fall on your face."

"You look like a sensible girl. Let's get married."
"Nothing doing. I'm as sensible as I look."

Big Sister—"Oh dear, why doesn't the baby stop crying. I don't know what to do with her."
Little Sister—"Why? Didn't the directions come with her?"

The longest possible sentence in the English language is—Life imprisonment.

Teacher reprimanding a bad boy. Grabs the student's shoulders and begins shaking them violently, saying.

"The devil sure has got a hold on you, Joseph."

"Yes'm. I guess you're about right."

Smile and the world smiles with you,
Kick and you kick alone,
For the cheerful grin will let you in
Where the kicker is never known.

Joe—"You sure have a typewriter neck."
She—"Typewriter neck? I don't understand."
Joe—"Underwood." (Under wood)

Miss Hooper—"What is the plural of mouse, Elwood?"
Elwood—"Mice."
Miss Hooper—"Correct. Now the plural of spouse."
Elwood—"Spice."

They met on the bridge at midnight,
Never to meet again.
For one was a north bound flivver,
And one was a south bound train.

Mildred (Icily)—"And shall I return the engagement ring?"
Frank—"Oh, no, don't bother; I'll just have the notice of the next installment sent to you."

Daughter—"Say, go easy with that duster."
Mother—"I'm trying to blow smoke rings."

ORIGINAL DEFINITIONS FOUND IN ENTRANCE TESTS

A plane figure having six sides and six angles is a *sexagon, triangle, obtuse.*

An unmarried woman no longer young is called a *bachelor-girl, sinister mistress.*

An agreeable succession of sounds is a *noise.*

One who stands guard at a camp is called a *guard.*

Exercise is the gradual recovery of health and strength after sickness or disease.

Psychology is the so-called science of determining traits of character by the conformation of the skull.

A LARGE EDITION

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" I asked;
She nodded her sweet permission;
So we went to press, and I rather guess
We printed a large edition.

PUT HIM ON STILTS

"So you're lost, little man? Why didn't you hang on to your mother's skirt?"

Youngster—"Couldn't reach it, sir."—*Texas Ranger.*

Salesman—Where is your husband?
Housewife—He has gone up to the cemetery.
Salesman—When will he be back?
Housewife—Never, I hope.

There was once a Scotchman who got a pair of spats for Christmas. The next step he took was to have them half-soled and heeled.

Once there was a Scotchman who wouldn't send his son to school because he had to pay attention.

A Scotchman appeared on the golf course and called for a caddy. When the caddy appeared, he looked him over and said,

"You're a likely looking lad, but are you good at finding balls?"

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Then go and find one and we'll start."

MacIntosh awakened one morning, to find that his wife had died during the night.

"Hey, cook," he yelled as he jumped out of bed, "Ye dinna need poach but one egg this morning."

The wife of a Scotch farmer was on her death bed. It came time to feed the chickens and cattle. The farmer tip-toed to the bedside.

"I'm gaen down to feed the cattle," he whispered, "O'ye feel yoursel' gaeing, blow out the candle."

A Scotchman and his wife wanted to go up in an aeroplane. The price was $20.00 and the husband demurred.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," offered the pilot. "I'll take you up for nothing, providing you don't make a sound all the time you're up."

They agreed. The plane nose-dived, looped the loop and banked. The pilot gave them the works. Not a sound from behind.

When they landed the pilot said, "Well I guess you win. I didn't hear a sound."

"Weel man, I must say, you nearly got me when the wife fell out."

1*st Bandit*—"What'ye think of that?"
2*nd Bandit*—"What'samatter?"
1*st Bandit*—"While we were busy inside robbing this bank, some dirty crook stole our car."

A Scotchman with a handbag climbed onto a street-car and handed the conductor a nickel for fare. The conductor insisted the fare was a dime and when the Scotchman refused to pay a dime, he threw him, bag and baggage off the car.

The handbag rolled into a lake at the roadside and disappeared. The indignant Scotchman chased after the trolley, finally overtook it and began berating the conductor.

"I'm going to sue you," he shouted. "You threw me off the street-car, you lost my handbag and you drowned my boy."

Husband—"Isn't it appalling. My wife insists on taking those——cats everywhere we travel."

Fellow Traveler—"Does she make you put them out at night?"

Husband—"Invariably."

Fellow Traveler—"Take her to Venice."

Junior—"I don't see why we should pay $1.50 a year to keep the TOWER LIGHT going."

Second Junior—"No, neither do I. I should think a good electric bulb would be sufficient."—*O. Svendsen.*

She—"My, your arm is developed wonderfully. What causes that?"

Gob—"Oh, that's from playing baseball. By the way, were you ever on a track team?"

HEARD IN HISTORY OF ED.

Mr. Shaw—"Who invented the idea of illustrating text-books instead of printing them?"

Voice from back of room (thought to be Bull's)—"Oh hum, two Scotchmen trying to save ink."

DETERMINATION

A Scotchman in a penny arcade came across a punching bag machine with a notice on it to the effect that if one hit the bag hard enough the penny would be returned.

Friends found him two hours later, lying under the machine, unconscious with both arms and legs broken.

John—"Do you believe in the hereafter?"

Joe—"Sure, I do."

John—"Well, give me the two dollars you owe me cause that's what I'm here after."

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The Tower Light

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THANKSGIVING

ONLY A THINKER can be a thanker. Hence, Thanksgiving Day is not a time to vent gratitude kept in cold storage for outpouring on this one day in the year, but it is a time for meditating on God's favors and our duty of giving thanks to Almighty God for all His benefits. For him that is either wholly ignorant of his obligations, or mistakes them, or passes them over with a slight and superficial view, can nowise be grateful. Thanksgiving does not only signify to give, render, or declare thanks, but also to be thankfully disposed, to entertain a grateful affection, sense, or memory. "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord." Ps. 107, 43.

When people are sensible of a special favor bestowed they are grateful, for the moment at least. The Jews questionless were so. When Almighty God, by His wonderful power in extraordinary ways, delivered them from the tyranny and oppression of their prevalent enemies; when He caused streams to gush forth from the bowels of a hard rock to refresh their thirst; when bread descended from heaven in showers, and the winds were winged with flesh to satisfy their greedy desires; then, surely, they were not altogether insensible to the divine goodness. But the mischief was immediately after, as the Psalmist complains, "They forgot his works, and the wonders he had shewed them." Ps. 78, 11.

However, the thinking thanker does not merely feel a passing sense of obligation when some extraordinary favor has been conferred by Providence, but is always thankfully disposed, not only for extraordinary benefits, but also for the ordinary. No time is unseasonable: every moment we receive favors, and therefore every minute we owe thanks. We should be like those trees that bear fruit continually, but more abundantly when more powerfully cherished by the heavenly warmth.

It were like launching into the immense ocean if one attempted minutely to compute the incomprehensible sum of the divine benefits. All things that happen to us are ingredients thereof. It is a general fault that the most common and the most obvious and the most conspicuous favors, though in themselves most admirable, are least admired.

The constant rising of the sun upon us, the descent of fruitful showers, the recourse of temperate seasons, the continuance of our life, the enjoyment of health, the providential dispensation of wealth, the compent means of livelihood, the daily protection from incidental dangers, and such like most excellent benefits, we commonly little mind or regard, and consequently seldom return the thanks due for them.

But God not only loves a cheerful giver, He loves a cheerful receiver. No holocaust is so acceptable to God as a heart inflamed with a sense of His goodness. If the busy heavens are always at leisure, and the stupid earth is perpetually active in manifesting the wisdom, power, and goodness of their Creator; how shameful is it that we, the flower of His creation, the most obliged, and most capable of doing it, should be either too busy or too idle to do it!

Yea, even beasts, and not only the most gentle and sociable of them, the officious dog, the tractable horse, the dour elephant, but the wildest also and fiercest of them, the untamable lion, the cruel tiger, the ravenous bear, as stories tell us, and experience attests, bear some kindness, show some grateful affection to those that provide for them. Let us not lag behind.

REV. E. F. ENGLEBERT.

MY PRAYER

With the great trees swaying 'round me,
In a wind that boldly blows,
I kneel and pray for the future,
The future—that no one knows.
And here in the heart of Nature
I pray God to deserve
To be 'mid the army of teachers,
That goes forth to teach—and serve.

WORLD FELLOWSHIP THROUGH EDUCATION

LAST SUMMER a group of eight instructors and graduates of our school visited some of the new schools of England and Germany. A single summer was all too short a time to spend in fields so significant in the development of a new world order. At best, there were but glimpses into classrooms, brief contacts with groups of children, and passing acquaintance with teachers. Vivid personalities in colorful, old-world settings crowded upon one another so fast that one feared that the impression of yesterday might be blotted out by that of today and neither assimilated. So strong, however, was the pulse-beat of the struggling new life one felt in the schools, that, rapid though the survey was, the varied expressions of that life in school environment, in the spirit of the children, and in the devotion and zeal of the teachers could never be forgotten. In England and in Germany, in small private school, in simple village volk schule, there was always the spirit of that new life. In that life was felt faith in and reverence for childhood, courage to rise above the blunders of yesterday and build for a better future, and the conviction that if the way could be found to educate children into unity of spirit and fellowship, then—and then only—woud the way be found to bring the dream of world-fellowship into being.

In England, I would have you go to Frensham Heights, to Bedales, to St. Christopher, and to the Marlborough Infant School. I would have you linger on the way in quaint old Chelsea, in gardens, in fragrant country lanes, and in the chapels and halls of tradition-haunted Rugby, Cambridge, and Oxford. In Germany, I would have you go to the Aufbauschule at Weimar, to the Aufbauschule and to the Lebensgemeinschaft schule in Neukolln, to the Montessori Kinderhaus in Wilmersdorf, to the Pestalozzi-Froebel House in Lutzow, and to the Dorfschule in Bornim bei Potsdam. I would have you stand on the portico of the Cathedral at Regensburg and look down at the market scene in the street below, or climb the hill to Walhalla and view the broad expanse of German farm land; I would have you attend the meeting of the Auslander at Jena; I would even have you sit on the deck of the Karlsruhe on the homeward passage and hear the bewildered note in the talk of those German-Americans returning home after a visit to the Vaterland. These and many more things would I have you see and hear, for only as the new schools are seen against the background of the tradition, the life, and the thought of the English and German nations can there be appreciation of the breadth of view, the magnanimity, and the stalwart courage of those little groups of teachers

who, in both countries, are working through the children toward a finer civilization.

We went first to Frensham Heights in Surrey. We travelled by train from London to Franham, and by motor bus through four miles of lovely English lanes to Rowledge. From Rowledge, we walked a mile to Frensham Heights. Everywhere about us were signs of peaceful, well-ordered English country life. We walked through a sweet-scented world of canterbury bells, delphinium, and roses. The school is on a high hill with a wide view to the south. The estate, comprising seventy acres, was originally a country home. There is little to suggest school in the appearance of the house. One has the feeling, rather, that he has come upon the scene of a huge house-party. There are children reading in a living-room, a group is having eurythmics in the ball-room, in the basement two girls are firing a bit of pottery, in an attic room a group is busy at easels making illustrations for the school magazine. Outside, there is a group busy with chickens, the sound of sawing is heard in the woods, and over on a big field a cricket game is in progress.

Seventy children are living here together. They range in age from three to sixteen; they are boys and girls; they are English in the main but there are children representative of other nationalities—there are several Americans—in short, a mixed group. Until ten, the training is dominated by the Montessori method with its emphasis upon freedom, individual development, and systematic training of the senses and muscles. From the age of ten, children carry individual time tables, progressing in their work at their own speed. Every morning from 9:30 to 11:25 they are free, except for a half hour of French, to consult any instructor they wish, the children going after the instructor instead of the other way around. From 11:40 to 12:40, classes in the humanities and mathematics may be claimed by instructors as they feel that there is need for group instruction. The afternoons are given over to science, games, and study.

It was a pleasant thing to chat with Mrs. Ensor and Miss King, the two principals of the school.

"You may have sensed," said Mrs. Ensor, "that we believe in beauty here, beauty in all the little things of life."

At that moment Miss King showed us the carnations that she had transplanted from her home garden to the Frensham garden. Yes, they believe in beauty and live it in all the little details of living. We felt it in the oak-panelled dining-room with its bare tables and simple service. The beauty that is at Frensham is the beauty of the natural and the simple. The children are led into its appreciation through the simple, democratic life that they live, for, spacious and almost grand as are their surroundings, the children care for their own rooms, make their own beds, and serve their own meals. They do it well, too. They

must do it well. Miss King, for example, told us how the children had come to her with the grand plan of giving all the help a holiday every Sunday afternoon, the children taking their places, even in the entire preparation of the evening meal. Miss King said dryly, "I told them that was a fine idea, provided they gave me a good meal." She laughed, and the fine spirit of good-humor that is so evident in the school showed in her laugh.

It was at Frensham that our American educational complacency had its first of many shocks. We found that the little children made their beginnings in reading through the alphabet method! The teacher did say that she was beginning to think that, perhaps, it might be better to begin with words and sentences. We were amazed. Surely if the English had not of themselves come in all these years to other methods of teaching reading, something of the stir of our huge laboratory output in the scientific study of the beginnings of reading must have been felt across the Atlantic. Not at all. Here, as elsewhere in England and in Germany, children were led from the phonetic symbol to the building of words, and thence to reading. Of experience reading, of the building up of a vocabulary before phonetic analysis is begun, there was scarcely a trace. Nor was there much concern about it. Busy with the broader problems of education, details of method are left to the future. One cannot help but wish that the two might advance side by side, but minds are finite, and the best of us can hold but few dominating ideas at a time. In the meantime, the effort to achieve the broader aims is moving forward with the conviction expressed in these words of Mrs. Ensor: "These young folk will go out into the world an A1 population, spontaneously changing the bad conditions still existing by their attitude towards life. What will this attitude be? It will be humanitarian and spiritual, with a realization of the brotherhood of man. There will be no sex or class consciousness, no creed or color bias. They will recognize the god in their brother man, and will help to give that god room to grow freely and fully to his maximum strength."

Bedales is on the side of a hill. On one side, stretch the rolling South Downs; on the other, the North Downs. Strong-limbed boys and girls were playing cricket as we mounted the hill. The pure air from the Downs filled us with a sense of well-being. We paused to watch the play. An instructor standing near said this very significant thing: "Much hard work went into the making of these fields. That was years ago in the beginning of the school. The boys did the labor. There is not so much digging any more. There is no need for it. So we do other things." Not so much need for it—so we do other things. Perhaps, it is in the big educational principle implied in those simple words that is found the inspiration of Bedales and all other schools whose programs are based on sincere needs. For, after all, there is not any particular virtue in making a cricket field, or painting a room, or mak-

ing a map of the polar expeditions, or preparing a Sunday evening meal. These varied activities take upon themselves value only when they are carried out in response to a genuine need in a particular spot at a particular time.

Always when I think of Bedales, I think first of the library. No library that I have ever seen has gripped me as has this little library at Bedales. One enters through a little, low door-way, a rather long, narrow room. The walls are built of rough, red brick; the roof is beamed with white oak hand-hewn timber; the floor is of broad white oak boards; the semi-circular windows along both of the long sides of the room are also framed in hand-hewn white oak. In each window is a seat cushioned in soft blue denim. Over each window, in plain black letters on the white oak, are the names of the men of Bedales who fell in the war. The books are arranged on two rows of shelves running the length of the room with a central aisle between. In the middle of this aisle is a big, red brick double fireplace. Above the fireplace is the bronze figure of a boy, life-size, head uplifted, arms extended, looking into wide spaces, reaching toward something illusive but real. I like to think of the boy in bronze at Bedales as symbolic of the aspiration and faith of youth on which such schools are built.

We happened to arrive at St. Christopher at Lentchworth on the day —there is one such day a year—on which the faculty is given a vacation by the children. All the faculty except Mr. Harris disappear—go off somewhere for a holiday. Mr. Harris stays in his office to be on hand in case of some real emergency. "Like a fire," the head boy explained. The head boy and the head girl—Jack Austen and Marie Evans—took us around. Their understanding of the school and their loyalty were superb. They took us to classrooms of the little children taught by the older ones, or to classes of the older children taught by one of themselves. They took us to the print shop where the beautiful magazine of St. Christopher is printed. They took us also to the theatre where, instead of the children, we found a group of the townspeople rehearsing a play. Here Jack looked quite grave. "We used to give a great deal of time to plays," he explained, "but to give a good play required so much time that the inroads on our regular work became quite serious. And, of course, we couldn't put out a rotten play and expect people to sit through it. So now we rent the theatre whenever we can."

Lunch was a delightful time. We were scattered among the children. I happened to be at the table with Helen, the editor of the magazine. She discussed the problems of editorship with the same intelligence and responsibility that Marie and Jack had shown as they took us about. The magazine is an unusually interesting one. The art and literature are of a high order. I will quote my favorite poem from last year's Christmas number:

Small Jesus watched the shadows creep
About the stable beams,
And waited sleepily for sleep
To bring Him baby dreams.

Maid Mary, from her couch of hay,
With words of warning mild,
Bade anxious cattle stand away
To see the new-born child.

He curled a lazy, rosebud toe
In warm sublimity.
He was not old enough to know
Of His divinity.

J. T.

Again, as at Bedales, the library is unique. A library should be the heart of a school as well as the mind, and these libraries at St. Christopher and at Bedales are truly both. The one at St. Christopher typifies the passion for unity and the deep spirituality which are the ruling motives of the school. The library is organized around the contributions of the various civilizations. Thus the books representative of the Greek civilization include the various achievements of the Greeks —history, art, literature, and philosophy. The final section contains books on the problems raised and the solutions offered in religion, philosophy, and theosophy. These are organized, in turn, on the basis of the problems that grow out of the relation of man to nature, man to man, and man to God.

I asked Mr. Harris what he did about religious instruction. His reply was characteristic. Teaching is given in comparative religion, emphasis being laid on certain great fundamental truths common to all the Great World Faiths. The religious instruction is based largely on the Bible, since the Bible is the great religious heritage of the West. The attitude inculcated is that no one sect or creed has a monoply of truth and that sympathetic tolerance and respect should be felt and shown for all beliefs which help man to live the highest they can see."

The great adventures in education are found in England mainly in such private schools as Frensham Heights, Bedales, and St. Christopher, but even in the crowded London city schools of the people, the spark has been kindled. One such school is the Marlborough Infant School. From the bus, our way led us through narrow streets, old curiosity shops, artist studios—the London of Carlyle, of Whistler, of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the London also of the poor. The immediate neighborhood about the school was of the poorest. We entered a large hall-like room into which the classrooms opened on either side. It was a shabby old room as was the rest of the building, but there were gay

orange curtains, lovely pictures, and flowers. The children were at recess when we arrived. While waiting their return, we were served tea. The children entered while we drank it. Some walked; some skipped; some came in on skooters. They were miserably poor, but they were free and happy, though they were much quieter in their happiness than are our American children.

Miss Row, the headmistress, took us through the various rooms beginning with the three-year olds and on up to the seven-year olds. She had all the classes engage in the occupations in order that we might see the progressive use of the materials. These materials are of the sense-training type, home made for the most part. Colored beads, colored blocks, little barrel tops to be fitted to barrels, picture puzzles, button molds, and spools were the main materials. With these the work advances by orderly stages through a series of carefully graded tasks, each of which the child attacks at his own rate of speed, advancing to the next as soon as he is able. Of work-benches or tools, there were none. Nor was there evidence of constructive activity—no play cities, no circus, no representation of farm, or city, or river life. Instead, we saw a carefully devised system of sense-training with emphasis upon the principle of advance at one's own individual rate.

Again, as at Frensham Heights, we saw reading taught by the alphabet method. Children are taught phonetic sounds up to the point where they can work out words for themselves. Then they are given books to read. I asked what was done if a child had difficulty when given a book. I was assured that that rarely happened. The method is purely individual. No class readers are used. Instead, children's classics are bound separately in inexpensive paper-covered books, one story to a book. These the children enjoy silently, reading as many as they are able.

Here, in this crowded city school, with the most meagre equipment, and that prepared after school hours by the teachers, is found the determination on the part of the teachers, that each child should be developed according to the needs which will develop his greatest possibilities. The material is formal, but the spirit is not. The building is ugly, but beauty has been brought into it. It is different from those other schools which we have described in so far as external appearances are concerned, but it is like them in its belief in childhood.

Deeply as we sensed the spirit of these new schools, we should have missed much of their real significance had we not had the visits to Rugby, to Cambridge, and to Oxford. The visit to Rugby was most illuminating. We were shown the boys' quarters, rich in memories of Tom Brown. The secretary, himself a most loyal Rugbyan, told us anecdote after anecdote of Tom Brown, and tale after tale of honors won by famous Rugbyans. He led us to the chapel and showed us the memorial wing to the 682—approximately the present enrollment—of

Rugbyans who fell in the war. He showed us a book containing the pictures and biographical sketches of the 682. On the wall hung an exquisite white marble bas-relief of Rupert Brooke. Everywhere was the challenge to the present generation to perpetuate the illustrious past of one's own group.

Again at Cambridge and at Oxford we felt the hold that a past such as is evidenced there must have on the present. A noble heritage is handed down from father to son as successive generations pass through the same college. There are inspiring records of the past here, but a past confined, for the most part, to one little group within one nation. Such, for the most part, is the heritage of the little group that has struck out for an education that shall be wider and more inclusive in its effects. The old schools, looking back upon a stalwart history, will pass on and be true to the fine traditions of their own little group. The new schools, looking forward to a better future, are groping toward a wider, more inclusive human sympathy and a deeper spirituality. It is a tremendous thing that this little group of leaders in the new education in England is doing. It is simple, even natural, to be an innovator if one has little behind him; it is a highly courageous thing, a magnanimous thing, to strike out for an ideal that will affect greater and greater numbers of men, when the traditions of one's own group are so fine.

For three hundred years, upon the foundations laid by Englishmen, we have been struggling to produce a civilization that will provide for individual freedom, responsibility, and opportunity for development. The establishment of our public school system is evidence that, in general, we early grasped the truth that the way lay through education. The process of providing in that public school system an education that will through the daily life of the classroom make for individual freedom, responsibility, and opportunity has, however, been a slow one. Only little by little have we come into the realization that a new civilization demands a new education, an education which in the most minute details of the classroom embodies the aims of that civilization. Today, such education is found here in America, as in England, in an increasing number of classrooms. Wherever it is found, there is that sense of fellowship that can only exist where workers are striving for a common ideal. It seemed this summer as we met those fine teachers of the new schools that the fellowship that we felt with them was a forecast of the world fellowship toward which our common ideals of education must surely lead.

(*To be continued*)

AGNES SNYDER.

A Sailor's View of Education

Do You Agree?

FROM THE TIME you begin Normal you read constantly about theories of education, hear your instructors preach about the aims of education, and prepare for exams in the methods of education, so that the theories of Dewey and Thorndike, the aims of Kilpatrick, and the methods of others whose names I have forgotten, are kept always before you as a guiding light.

It would be refreshing, perhaps, for you who are so influenced by the ideas of educational experts, to have the viewpoint of one who is not an educator, but who has gone through the "university of hard knocks," has read widely, observed and thought much upon this subject of education. This man, an officer of the merchant marine, pointed out to me what he thought were defects of our present educational system, and suggested radical remedies.

As he sees it, the aim of education is to prepare the child to make a living. Economics must be considered before everything else. Subjects which are of no value in attaining that aim are of no value in the curriculum of the average boy and girl. Each year we turn out of our educational mills thousands of young people with their heads full of ancient history, fine arts, elementary science, etc., but with no notion of the world as it is or of how to make a living. And so they fritter away several of the most valuable years of life trying to find their vocation and perhaps never finding it.

The people who make our curriculum are scholars, interested in literature, ancient history, and the arts, but unable to understand the needs of the masses of people. Scholars, constituting only a small percentage of the people, are not qualified either by experience or training to decide how the masses must be educated. Their interests are not the essential interests of the man in the street, who must know how to adapt himself to the world in which he lives. To know the history of ancient Rome, for instance, is very interesting for some people, but of no practical value to the average person. The children of all the people are made to take this dose of literature, art, and fine arts, which is of interest to only a few people. Therefore we find all over the country boys and girls who "trot" through their Latin, copy notes, and cheat in exams, because they realize the uselessness of it all.

The present educational system should be scrapped for a variety of vocational schools. By the time a child is six years old his parents should have decided, at least in a general way, his future occupation. They may decide to have him enter commerce, one of the professions, or to learn a trade. Naturally, the average child will follow in the

footsteps of his father. Provision must be made for the exceptional child who shows aptitude for one of the arts, literature, music, etc. If, for example, it is decided that a child shall enter commerce, he should not go into it with a head crammed full of Latin, Caesar's Gallic Wars, and literary allusions, but beginning at the earliest years of school should be trained in every branch of his calling. His education in commerce would include the history of commerce, steamship operation, navigation, principles of trade, etc., so that by the time he is 18 or 20 he would be ready to specialize in some particular branch of commerce.

With some such system as the above, much wasted time would be saved, ill-directed energy would be directed into useful channels, and above all the children would work and study, not for the artificial rewards of good marks, and the commendation of the teacher, but because they would see the value of their studies in relation to their everyday life.

Let those who like history, art, and literature have all they want of it. But don't allow them to force their ideas of what is worthwhile on others who are interested in machinery, manual labor, or business.

Tuesday, October 9, 1928.

Dear Miss Munn:

I will mail this, A Sailor's Views on Education, from Para. At the present moment we are just about "crossing the line." Early in the morning we shall take aboard a pilot to take us a hundred miles up the Amazon to our first stop in South America.

I hope the enclosed article will be all right. The chief mate looked it over after I had written it and said that I had gotten his idea. It was during my turn at the wheel one evening, that he gave me the idea for the article. He is a Norwegian by birth but an American citizen. Since the age of fourteen he has been a sailor and is, therefore, largely self-educated. From his views upon education one would think that he has no use for the study of history, art and literature; but on the contrary he is very much interested in history (ancient and modern) and is a very well read man.

There are several ideas partly written and in part still in a chaotic state which I will try to complete and mail to you from Pernambuco or Bahia. Due to the uncertainty of the mails in this country it is quite possible that you would receive a letter from those places before you received this one from Para.

October 12—We are at Para. I steered the ship as we came to the city early this morning. Luckily I missed everything in our path. Today is Columbus Day, and Brazilian dockmen do not work. We shall remain until tomorrow.

GLENN ALGIRE, '26.

STUDENT TEACHING

Centers assigned! Such a hubbub and chatter!
The students who've been there, suddenly matter.
From right and from left the questions they come
Like recruits coming in at the sound of a drum.
"What's she like? Is she kind—easy or hard?
Do you have to play games in a crowded school yard?
Are the children good? Do they respond to your teaching?
Is the critic human or always preaching?"

The first day arrives! Best smiles and dresses!
Remember psychology—the first look impresses.
Beneath, are uneasiness, vagueness and wonder,
Fervently hoping there'll not be a blunder.
With units, more units, pitch pipe and a whistle,
They come floating in like the "down of a thistle";
Though really and truly were the truth to be known
They're feelings resemble the moving of stone.

The first conference over—"Good, gracious me!
Are we coming or going? We're entirely at sea!
Units! Roll books! Habits and plans!
Our time and our talent this teaching demands!"
The children respond and their confidence won
We'll enjoy with our classmates choice bits of fun—
"A cat smells with whiskers"—"Seven legs on a cricket"—
"A bright little canary hops from a thicket."

Each task becomes lighter with planning and working,
By taking suggestions—never grumbling or shirking;
Till slowly from out of the jumble and maze
The facts of good teaching emerges from the haze.
And then at the close, to those who have won
The peace and the joy of a task well done,
Is reward in itself! But the joy you give
Makes you long in your critic's memory live.

October, 1928.

M. Louise Moon,
Teacher of Practice,
Second Grade, Fullerton School.

A JUNIOR'S PLEDGE TO NORMAL

I pledge to thee, dear Normal School,
And to thy colors of White and Gold,
My strict obedience to every rule,
My mind for thee to mold.

To thee I pledge, my service true,
I'll ne'er forsake thy name.
I'll try to do what you would have me do,
And bring thee joy and fame.

To thee I pledge this heart of mine,
May it be of use to you;
And wherever you will seek, you'll find,
One heart that is true blue.

My future hopes I pledge to thee,
Of joy and success.
All life offers that is dear to me,
I pledge with all the rest.

So thus, I pledge my faith and heart,
My future hopes and service true.
All these I give in whole, not part,
What more could I pledge to you?

LILLIAN ROBINSON, *Junior* 2.

THE SCHOOL BOY

By THELMA SEWELL

I wish I were a teacher
So I could hold the book,
If I didn't know how to spell a word
I'd drop my eyes and look.

If I didn't know how to work a sum
The answer I could see,
And make the whole thing "figger out."
Jes' like it ought to be.

A teacher has an easy time,
Don't have to hoe or cook;
And when she hears your lessons
It's she who holds the book.

Submitted to the TOWER LIGHT by
MILDRED H. MICHAEL, Sr. 12.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BALLAD

GREAT MEN have said that literature is the history of the human soul. Be it so. But the ballad is an expression, "a story telling itself," of the primitive emotions in man relating to the expression of those same emotions in rhythm and song.

Thus it is, that in speaking of the evolution of the ballad we must think of early man in his geographical setting and environment. There he was, in the wilds of Africa, on the desert sands, or hidden in mountain recesses or valleys, secluded as much as possible from warlike and unfriendly tribes. He could not read, neither could he write; consequently bodily motion and voiced accents were his chief means of expression. In that way did it happen that after a battle, or a wedding, or some religious festival the primitives gathered together and expressed their emotions through the medium of dance and muttering or guttural sounds much as a catchy song goes the rounds today.

But as man gradually developed, likewise did his means of self-expression. It is true that the people still gathered from miles around to take part in weddings, festivals, and celebrations; but now they sang in simple, unvaried language, and danced the simple folk dances which we still have on festive occasions. Then when they returned home, they carried with them the stories to which they had danced and sung, retelling them over and over again through the ages. And as they retold, choruses and refrains were repeated at regular intervals through the tales. In the course of time as the story passed from mouth to mouth and generation to generation, it became quite changed, so that now the records can give no definite origin of old traditional ballad.

At a later time though, in the fashioning of the song and narrative, the people gave more and more time and prominence to the individual singer. He who could make the tale most thrilling and exciting was acclaimed the town ballad singer. He did not keep to a definite wording and tune, but often each time in the "story telling itself," there was a new tune and added exaggerations to the tale. Thus it was that it was not the best singer but the man who had most originality who was given the honor of the highly desirable term "town ballad singer."

In the time of these earliest singers there was no social difference in amusements—everyone enjoyed singing and dancing, and they all joined in. This happened many, many years ago, not in just one country, but universally. Like all good literature, the ballad knew no nationality.

Then in the course of evolution, the town ballad singers and the most able chanters began to travel from town to town alone or in groups. They developed into the traveling minstrels who still later became the troubadours. There were lords, knights, and poor men, all held together by a common interest and profession. The term "trou-

badour" brings us down to the mediaeval times. These minstrels became affected by the lofty airs of aristocracy until the old traditional ballad became a romantic metre song—no longer the old folk song of yore. Therefore this last accounts for the fact that the new narrative songs were neither as interesting nor as lasting as the old.

Just as the first type of ballad gave way to the type sung by troubadours, so did that give way to two new types. One, that was called "the broadside." Because of the advent of printing and because the wandering minstrels had gradually become of the beggar type, these new songs were of an inferior nature. Written by beggars and hucksters they lost the charm of the old style ballad. At the same time these made their appearance, the journalistic ballads came in. Instead of being communal affairs, they were written hurriedly for a newspaper whose business it was to relate conspiracies, fires, battles, etc. They had practically the same subject matter, but gone was the impersonality, the chorus or refrain which had given way to epic introduction and ending, and finally to practically pure narrative.

These old traditional ballads as we know them have never been reproduced because of the ever-changing civilization, but collections of them have been made by interested persons. Sir Walter Scott almost reached the goal in rewriting and collecting the old traditions—he had the spirit within him just as did his predecessors of years ago.

Thus it happens that now we have two types of ballads, the early oral, traditional, and the later literary ballads of Scott's type. The two are alike in many ways, but the literary ballads, while having oftentimes more beautiful expressions, less repetition and a decidedly more "dressed up style" lack that subtle charm, the impersonality of the early ones.

The latest or most modern ballads are written by individual authors. The subject matter is taken from events of our present life rather than that of tradition. It seems that they are written by people living in remote parts of the country such as cowboys and lumbermen. That may seem reasonable because living comparatively alone as they do, their amusements must be self-amusement, and singing is a great source of pleasure. Hence, their songs are of everyday life, their joys and sorrows, their attitudes and how they live. They lack, of course, the literary style of Scott, and are written in simple form with a chorus usually, and a simple rhyme scheme. Many times these ballads are sung by one person with a chorus joining in somewhat like the ballads of yore or by a group around a campfire.

Entirely different from the cowboy and shanty ballad, is the negro spiritual. They are probably composed in the same manner, that is, by a religious laborer in the fields or at a religious or social meeting. The subject matter and the tone or mood are different from our old productions. Many deal with religion and sin, and are consequently

sung, not in the boisterous cowboy method, but in a melancholy refrain. Many others deal with the hopes and blessings of a future life in heaven. These ballads are sung both individually and in groups.

Besides these, there are other ballads by individual authors who write for their own pleasure and satisfaction and for those who care to read and enjoy such literature.

But all these ballads are different from the old type of ballad. If we cannot write the old type we can know, appreciate, and conserve them. We must not let them die for nothing gives us so well the spirit of olden times. As one mother said to Scott, "They were made for singing an' no' for reading, but ye have broken the charm now and they'll never be sung mair."

CAMILLA JOHNSON.

ON LOOKING OUT

The leaves are so prettily tinted
With red, orange, and gold,
And they all say, as plainly as day,
The warm weather will soon turn to cold.

The leaves from the now swaying branches
To the earth lightly fall,
Are crunched underfoot at the side of the brook,
And there await winter's call.

The dewy grass is slowly turning
From green to newly brown,
Yet trees may still remain on the hill
And retain their original gown.

The birds to a warm clime are winging,
They, too, feel winter's chill,
And not fore'er will they be there
Alighting on window sill.

We, too, should not merely be dreaming
Of summer chimes so fair.
But work today that we may play
In warmth where we may safely dare.

EDITH OWINGS, Sr. 10.

Surprise Packages

THE SUN had gone down in a blaze of glory sending upward rays of flame that blended radiantly with the purpling twilight. But the dawn presented a gray, uncompromising sky. Yet, between the three hundred and sixty-five setting suns there are bound to be surprise packages.

The Santleys had retired cheerfully and unsuspectingly. But in the gray morning, the plans and habits of a lifetime were instantly dispersed to the four winds.

Craneville, where the family lived, was a sleepy college town, awakened from its easy-going stride only when several hundred students swarmed in from the college on the hill. Early that morning, however, Dr. Martin's flivver rushed madly through the quiet streets and stopped with a tremendous bound before the neat white cottage nearest the college. The doctor soon disappeared behind the pillars leaving the door of his machine sagging open forlornly.

"O, Dr. Martin," choked Mrs. Santley miserably, as she greeted him at the head of the stairs. Her face was white and wan. But when she opened the door of the room where her husband lay, there was no sign of tears in her stricken face.

"Rest absolute and complete," was the doctor's verdict. "A year at least, possibly several years."

And what that meant to the Santleys! A year at the least! No salary coming in, four children in school and out in the work shop stood a model, over which father had labored unceasingly, hoping some day it would bring him fame and fortune.

But this story does not concern this half finished model or Mrs. Santley's solitary management. It is the story of Pat and Mike, christened Richard and Jean for some unearthly reason.

On the evening of Mr. Santley's breakdown, Pat called the family together. At Pat's suggestion, Mrs. Santley set down figures on a sheet of paper, calculating the amount of interest coming in and the rent from a small house. Opposite came the living expenses, taxes, insurance, bills and other items. They did not need to subtract. Mike broke the silence with startling news, "To-morrow I'm going to get a job."

"What kind, Mike," Felix wanted to know with a wisdom beyond his years.

"We'll know by tomorrow," his sister answered serenely.

But Mrs. Santley demurred: "Now education comes first and—"

"Must I remind you that I am taking father's place," assumed Pat? "Mike is right, mother. She and I will work, and Felix and Ellen must stay in school."

Blithely Pat and Mike set out next morning in search of a job. It was not without a sharp stab of momentary regret that they passed their school fellows trudging along in the opposite direction. Just before they boarded the street car, they stole a swift glance after the gay colored, campus coats that dotted the sidewalks.

Felix and Ellen were the first to spy the twins coming down the road shortly after four. "Here they come," shouted the children in glee and ran down to meet them.

"How is father?" the twins asked immediately.

"Better, I think," replied mother. "And what did you do?"

"I got it," Pat announced. "Twelve dollars a week."

"What is it?"

"Delivering at a wholesale grocery in town."

"I didn't get anything to-day," chimed Mike, less sincerely, "but I'm sure I shall to-morrow."

Three weeks later the Santleys moved into the tiny house closer to town, sacrificing their large home. When they had settled down in their new home, Pat once again called the family together. Pat was working hard at his grocery job, Mike found work in a dry goods store and studied shorthand at night. It was Pat's idea to help Mike with a commercial course and when she had finished she would in turn help Pat to apprentice himself with some commercial artists, since he was exceedingly clever at sketching. Thus Mike's salary would equal the sum of their salaries as unskilled laborers.

Mrs. Santley approved of Pat's plan and gave her sanction. Sometime later Mike obtained through the school a position with Tilden and Hyde. Her work was on the advertising department, where as general stenographer she earned eighteen a week.

Mike felt new and strange the first morning of her work. The unconscious movements of old hands made her feel awkward. She particularly watched Madge Walsh with whom she had made acquaintance in the rest room that morning.

"Don't overwork yourself," Madge cautioned authoritatively. "They expect you to work yourself to death."

"But I think the wages are pretty good," Mike ventured timidly.

"Pretty good? For giving all your time? Everything is good for the firm, so it will prosper. Who profits by our labors? The bosses. You may be sure we don't."

Mike had scarcely sat down again when a low pleasant voice whispered, "The old boss wants you to attend to some extra correspondence." Blindly Mike reached for her notebook and pencil. She crossed the hall to Mr. Tilden's office. Hesitatingly she opened the door. The large, slightly gray haired man at the desk did not look up.

"Good morning!" The words sounded more like a bark than a salutation.

"Good morning," replied Mike in a clear, even voice.

She sat down in the vacant chair beside his desk. Mr. Tilden soon began. "T. A. Simons. Your letter of the eighteenth has been received." After some hesitancy, Mike's fingers began awkwardly to form the signs. The employer's voice drove on clearly and distinctly and all the while Mike gained more confidence.

"Please have these letters ready by eleven, Miss——." He now looked up for the first time.

"Yes, Mr. Tilden. The name is Santley, Jean Santley."

She returned to her department with a different impression of the boss. The volume of correspondence he attended to without a pause was little in comparison to the bulk of money involved in such quick decisions.

In the second month of her employment the firm put its mark of approval upon her. This month meant more than this to Mike. Her father's condition was not improving. Little hope was left, any minute his strength might snap. However, a month later he picked up physically but not mentally. His plans for the future as he had desired, lay before him—a failure. The education of his four children was a total failure after fifteen years of effort. The failure of his hopes for his invention to materialize downed and saddened him, as his eyes fastened on the door of his workshop, where lay the dreams of some day.

"Some day," said Pat, "the pay will be larger."

A vacancy on the staff occurred and Mike moved forward a step. Mike felt no delight in getting into what she thought rightly belonged to Madge. To her surprise Madge felt sorry for her. "They knew better than to put me up. You'll do extra work, but I'm willing to wager your pay will contain no extra dollar."

Mike did not measure her work in dollars and cents. Yet it was with keen disappointment that she found there was no increase in pay. The work was harder and there was plenty of it. She worked early and late. After six weeks of continual grind she and Madge lunched in the rest room together. Mike was both tired and cross. The smoldering flame that had been barely alive within her, leaped into sudden action. "I don't care," she said hotly, "I'm going to quit."

That night her mother repeated the doctor's advice of a change in climate for their father.

"O mother, I'm a beast," Mike cried heartfully. "Of course, I won't quit just because I'm discouraged. We'll have to do something about father."

Mike sat down on the edge of the bed and sipped the hot tea, just

(*Continued on Page* 24)

THE TOWER LIGHT

Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson

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Single copies: Twenty cents

OUR LOSS

In the death of Dora Wilder a great loss is sustained to our school. She was an outstanding student. Dora was one of those courageous souls who could face pain and suffering with a smile on her countenance and a cheerful word on her lips. Optimism was her greatest asset. Dora was elected a member of the Chi Alpha Sigma Society and was elected treasurer of the same. She was appointed associate editor of the TOWER LIGHT last spring. We have lost one of our best, but hers is the gain.

ESTHER LOUISE WEINBACH

and

BLANCHE JACHMAN.

CHEERFULNESS

MUCH has been said about cheerfulness, but yet we find many people who go through life acting as though cheerfulness and smiles were the most expensive things in the world, and they, paupers.

Queer, isn't it, what a valuable quality cheerfulness is, even though it is within the reach of the poorest person on earth? What a means it is for lightening life's burdens, for smoothing out the irregularities of the road. It fosters good will, creates friendships, brings rest to the weary; it is the secret of eternal youth.

Analyze popularity and you find as one of its primary characteristics, cheerfulness; we can scarcely imagine a really likable person who does not have that characteristic. However, cheerfulness, when confined within one's self, is practically wasted. Make your optimism available to all your associates, for it is highly contagious. The germ which spreads it is the smile.

A smile is nature's best antidote for trouble; it takes but a moment, but the memory of it lingers forever. Be generous with your smiles and cheering words, for, as in the story of the miraculous pitcher, the more one gives away, the more he has left for himself. Don't wait to receive before you give; for many people have lost the ability to be cheerful. Remember that no one needs a smile so much as he who has no more to give.

JOHN H. FISCHER.

A FLYING CLOUD

In the far distance there came a floating object which looked like a silvery-grayish cloud. As it came into clearer view we saw the long waited for airliner. A mild breeze carried the humming of the motors to our ears. Slowly it drifted behind the Autumn trees and out of view. It was the Graf Zeppelin, the largest air craft ever in the sky. We were proud to be the observers of this air-monster. Parkville School, 6th and 7th Grades. THEODORE LAWLIS, *Teacher.*

SURPRISE PACKAGE

(*Continued from Page* 21)

made by her mother. "Mike," she said, "you are terribly upset, but I don't want you to do more than you are physically able. You know each year every concern has a rush season, and perhaps the sudden rush of work is only temporary. There are as many kinds of employers as there are men and women," she continued, all the while watching her bewildered, tired, sweet young daughter. "There are those who treat their employes like machines. But, remember, child, you cannot measure your service in dollars and cents."

Mike shivered. Snuggling the warm covers about her, she settled down to her own thoughts that were whirling endlessly about her. "Father must have a change, I won't quit."

The next morning she was awakened by her mother's voice. "Wake up, Mike! The boss telephoned for you to be at the office at eight."

"Mother," she was suspicious of her mother's tone, "do you know what he wants?"

"I know, but I won't tell," she teased her.

Mike reported at eight. "A year ago," the boss began immediately, "I planned to go abroad to do some research work and told Mann I'd give him a year to get ready to go with me. Mann is going with me and I want you to take his place, at the head of the advertising department. Take his job, now, and get all the experience you can, you will need it."

"Mann's job!"

"I'll tell you why I chose you," he went on. "Natural ability is the basis, but hard work is the building material. Personal habits and attitudes are what the eye catches first."

Somehow she thanked him. Somehow she got out of the office. Her father's change was assured. Her thoughts were not on the rise in salary or on the advancement, but on what the boss had said.

Her heart beat with extra rapidity and her eyes shone like stars as she picked up the receiver. "Mother—the advancement—the salary! You will be amazed! And what that means for father!"

Mrs. Santley's work was pleasure. It was a gorgeous spring day. The sun was shining with the kind of warmth that creeps into budding trees. The night before the sun had set behind deep black clouds, yet, between three hundred and sixty-five setting suns there are bound to be surprise packages.

MAE COFFAY.

SANCHO'S HERO

(Continued from October issue)

Sancho managed to sit on the floor near the great hero and this is what he heard:

"As you know it has been over two years since we left this good home of ours. The winds were so strong we found it necessary to stop at the Canary Islands. Here part of the crew strengthened the sails while the rest fished. Next we made for Cape Verde. We left there on August 3, and this began the most exciting and daring adventure I or any of my men ever experienced. We cruised for 4,500 miles through uncharted seas, a voyage of ninety-six days without a glimpse of land. I took a bold course to avoid the dangerous calms and currents Diaz met nearer the African coast. Of course, this also helped to shorten the distance. My pilot struck out on an arc to the west, which carried us across the equator at nineteen degrees West and within six hundred miles of South America. My crew was overjoyed when we succeeded in doing this. We used the wooden astrolabe which Prince Henry designed. This helped us find the latitude. We calculated the longitude as best we could by our compass. The only way we had to measure our progress, was to wait until we were in a calm sea. Someone would spit over the bow and calculate the rate by timing its speed in passing this point. But we did not have calm weather often. As we went further south, we met some pretty bad storms, and a strong west wind, which kept driving us toward the southern shore. Late in October, we saw a sea fowl, next a whale, and then some seals and sea wolves. However, they did not swallow us or our ships as we were afraid of had we not been used to the sea. I felt very hopeful when I saw some weeds growing in the water. These weeds are very plentiful in South America. On November 7, we landed to get shelter from the frequent storms. I named the place St. Helena Bay. We weren't there long when one of the sailors spied a lone Hottentot gathering honey among the bushes. We gave him something to eat and then told him to bring his tribesmen to us. It made us happy to hear dogs bark and the birds we recognized sing, such as, the sea gulls, turtle doves, and crested larks. The Hottentots came to us decorated with shells and copper in their ears. They also carried spears. We showed them some of our gold, pearls, spices, rings, and bells. The tiny bells and tin rings tempted them, and they enjoyed them like children would. It was a funny sight. Finally, we set sail. It was on Thursday, November sixteenth. We headed for the cape but didn't sight it until Saturday. We came across a terrible wind storm which forced us to stop at Mossel Bay for a few days. Here, more Hottentots welcomed us, this time with a band composed of wood winds, which made all kinds of noises. They even danced for us and so we danced for them; even I, stepped around and enjoyed myself. We

gave them red caps and bells, and received ivory bracelets. They made saddles of twigs, which they placed on their hornless oxen to carry them, even short distances. As I have said, we stayed a few days, and then resumed our journey. No sooner did we round the cape, than we met a terrific storm. Everything grew as black as night. We made everything on the ship as secure as possible, but even so the wind almost tore our little sails to pieces. We hung lamps out, so each ship could keep in sight of each other. The lightning dimmed these, so it was hard to keep track of each other. My poor sailors had to work the pumps at highest speed. The showers fairly flooded our ships, so that at times we could not even see each other. The men pleaded to turn back, but I could not think of that. Every hour more men became sick. Some died of exhaustion. The men were becoming wild They clamored and wailed, prayed and cursed, and wished most terrible things to happen to my dear family at home. The only thing left for me to do, was to tell them to go down below and sign a document, proving to the king that it was impossible to go on. Here was my chance. I trapped them here, chained them and threw all of their instruments overboard. I vowed that I would let God alone guide us to India's shores. After the storm, our food supply was so low that our daily ration was less than a pint, and food had to be cooked in brine. The ships were so badly damaged, we anchored in the mouth of a river to escape meeting a dangerous current, which threatened to destroy our ships entirely. Here, some natives thronged the beach to look at us. We gave their chief, a jacket, red pantaloons, a cap, and a bracelet. He was overjoyed and strutted about crying something as if to say, "Look what has been given me!" His followers wore a great deal of copper and tin. Again we pressed northward. This time it was January, 1498. The next place at which we stopped was Kilimane. Here, I met two gentlemen who did not accept my gifts to them. One wore a fringed headgear of embroidered silk, the other wore a cap of green satin. It was at this port, that my men were attacked by a terrible disease, called scurvy. Many died from it. My brother Paulo ministered to the sick day and night, and even gave them all of his private medicine. At the next port, Mozambique, we saw many well-dressed natives (Mohammedans). They wore elaborate and costly garments and jewels. We also saw four Arab vessels lying in the harbor, laden with gold, silver, jewels, and spices. We captured four of the natives to guide us, but they proved to be so treacherous, we were forced to watch them closely. Next we stopped at Malindi. We were received with pomp and splendor here, and I managed to get the Rajah to pledge lifelong fealty to the king of Portugal. They presented us with many gifts and we exchanged meals. From here we cut straight across this sea for twenty-three days. Soon a look out, spied a range of mountains. I released all of the prisoners, so that no one on deck would be sorrowful. I can still see my men rush to the deck in wildest joy. After a sudden and heavy downpour of

rain, we anchored off the shores of India (Calicut), in May, 1498, ten months and a half after we had set sail from Lisbon. From the visitors who came out to our ships, I learned that their king lived in a stone palace outside the city. He was a Hindu and led a great and powerful people. I realized that spices are very valuable and so to prevent any treachery from jealous traders, I sailed fifteen miles north to a cove and then rode back to the city in a palaquin. The king is paid a fee on these. They are made of a mattress suspended by cloth from poles with silver mounted ends. The mattress was made of silks threaded with gold and silver, and ornamented by heavy fringes. Silk cushions were provided for the passenger. The palaquin was carried by six men. First of all we visited some Hindu temples. We were put through some simple ceremonies here, such as having holy water thrown at us, and giving us "white earth." We proceeded through the streets, followed by the ship's trumpeters in red and white liveries, with their burnished trumpets decorated with silken streamers. I guess the natives were amazed at us, for they kept crowding the streets and even peered down from the roof tops. They almost blocked us as we walked along. The next day I wrapped up the king's gifts, from King Manuel, and presented them to him. Meanwhile, I had a feeling of treachery and sure enough, the natives were doing everything possible to keep my goods from being exchanged and bought. Immediately, I reported this to the king of Calicut, the Zamorin. He showed his good faith to us by making up weights, a counter, and a system of money, so that we could sell our goods here. However, the natives gradually tried to cheat us by not giving us fair deals in our trade, so that I decided to leave. Being ready to depart, I sent a request to Zamorin for some gifts to take back to my king, Manuel. Instead of the gifts, I received a bill for one thousand dollars to pay the duty on the goods I had landed and also a warning that it must be paid before my ships could sail away. To make sure that we would not escape, Zamorin's agents guarded our warehouse and held us as hostages. It was August when Diaz made his second visit to Zamorin. Diaz convinced him that his aides had been bribed. Zamorin pretended he knew nothing about it, sent me a letter to take back to your majesty, and ordered my men and goods released. I sailed away at last, on August 29, 1498, sailing northward to Goa and stopped at the Anjidiva Islands to repair the ships a little, before starting for home. I struck out over the Arabian Sea. Again, storms buffeted the ships, and calms spread death among the crews. It took nearly three months to cross. Scurvy broke out, killed thirty sailors and laid the rest so low, that at times only seven or eight men could work each vessel. We stopped at Mogadishu for relief, only to find the natives hostile. We battered the city and sank vessels in the harbor in return for the unjust treatment we had received. As I sailed southward, I sank eight more ships. Again we put in at Malindi. Here the Rajah treated us royally and supplied us with fresh

fruits and vegetables. As we sailed on, we abandoned the S. Raphael. There were not enough men left to handle her. The store had previously been broken up. The last two ships doubled the cape again on March twentieth. Late in April we parted. Coelho took the Berrio to Lisbon while I made for the Azores in the S. Gabriel because of the severe illness of my brother. I won the race but Paulo died at the Island of Terceira. About the first of September, I stopped at Belem where I spent ten days in mourning. After that, I came here to Lisbon. I had lost my brother, half of my ships, and two-thirds of my men, but my two year voyage had accomplished its purpose, I found Christians and spices, and Portugal is now mistress of the sea route to India."

There was a hush over that emotional, listening throng as Gama stood, then dropped to one knee, and hung his head before his great king. Then, gratefully, King Manuel arose and bestowed the reward upon Gama. He affixed a Don to Gama's name, granted him a pension, and later made him "Admiral of India," which title conferred certain valuable trading rights.

Once again seated in his home on father's lap, Sancho asked for a story, "but," added Sancho, "only tell me about Vasco da Gama, for he will always be my hero."

GEORGIA MISSEL, Senior 6.

NEGRO SPIRITUALS

Old Black and Unknown Bards

Century Magazine

Oh black and unknown bards of long ago
How came your lips to touch the sacred fire?
How, in your darkness, did you come to know
The power and beauty of the minstrel's lyre?
Who first from midst his bonds lifted his eyes?
Who first from out the still watch, lone and long,
Feeling the ancient faith of prophets rise
Within his dark-kept soul, burst of song?

What merely living clod, what captive thing
Could up toward God through all its darkness grope,
And find within its deadened heart to sing
These songs of sorrow, love, and faith, and hope?
How did it catch that subtle undertone,
That note in music heard not with the ears?
How sound the elusive reed so seldom blown
Which stirs the soul or melts the heart to tears?

In 1619 a Dutch vessel landed twenty African natives at Jamestown, Virginia. This was the beginning of the African slave trade in the American Colonies. Because these natives came from all parts of Africa, they did not all speak the same language. They had to adjust themselves to a completely alien civilization, learn a new language, endure the hardships of a harsh system of slavery; yet it was from these people that a noble mass of music sprang. This music is America's only folk music.

The Spirituals have been accredited to the Negro, but there are some critics who deny this, and a considerable number of people have accepted their view. The opinion of these people can be traced to a prejudiced attitude of mind. The Spirituals are distinct from other folk-songs. To say they are imitations of other folk-songs is absurd. What music did the Negro hear? Some have gone as far as to say that they caught snatches of airs from the French Opera at New Orleans, but these airs are a distinct type from the Spirituals. It was in localities far from New Orleans that the great body of Spirituals were created and sung. The Negro's title as originator of this music was not questioned until its beauty and value were demonstrated.

The Spirituals were first introduced to the public by the Jubilee Singers of Fiske University. From 1871 to 1875 they gave many concerts in the United States, and made two tours of Europe. If the Spirituals had been imitations of other folk-songs this success would not have been possible.

The Negro, the inventor of rhythms, brought from Africa his native musical instinct and talent. The Spirituals were literally forged of sorrow and in the heart of religious fervor, because of the Negro's refuge in Christianity. Booker T. Washington said, "The Spirituals are the spontaneous outbursts of intense religious fervor and had their origin chiefly in the camp-meetings, the revivals and other religious exercises. They breathe a childlike faith in a personal Father, and glow with the hope that the children of bondage will ultimately pass out of the wilderness of slavery into the land of freedom. The music of these songs goes to the heart because it comes from the heart."

There are two theories as to how the Spirituals were composed—whether they were the spontaneous outbursts of the group or chiefly the works of talented individuals. James Weldon Johnson says that it is his opinion that the greater part of them was the work of talented individuals influenced by the pressure and reaction of the group.

There is a certain "swing" inherent to the Spirituals. It is impossible to sing these songs sitting or standing coldly still and at the same time capture the "swing," which is their very essence. The swaying of the body marks the regular beat or surge (it is something stronger than a beat).

Some people think the making of Spirituals stopped long ago. On the contrary it is quite probable that more Spirituals are being made to-

day than during the days of slavery. Sometimes in the process of constant change there appear variations which are so unlike the parent songs as to constitute virtually new songs. In this way Spirituals have been the inspiration for untold numbers of new religious songs. Slavery has passed, six decades of liberty for the slave people have signalized the better civilization, and there still remains among the Negroes the same emotional nature, the same sad, plaintive, beautiful, rhythmic feeling of sorrow in their songs.

These Spirituals are practically valuable as an expression of the character and life of the race which is playing such a conspicuous part in our history.

MARY MACKENZIE.

The Negro and His Songs—Odum and Johnson.
Book of American Negro Spirituals—Johnson.

WINTER AND SUMMER

Winter and Summer,
How different they seem.
Winter's Old Age,
And Summer's Sixteen.

Winter's crisp air
Shines down on gray,
Summer decks out
In a bright green array.

Winter is solemn
And wears a harsh frown.
As she thinks how summer,
Has trifled around.

Winter says hurry,
I've my work to do.
And that's why the sun
Must rush right through.

Summer says, "Shaw!
Keep candle aglow.
I rest all winter,
Now isn't that so?"

Winter and Summer,
How different they seem.
Winter's Old Age,
And Summer's Sixteen.

OLIVE SUDLER.

LIFE

Through the tall grass he slinks
With stealthy tread.
Low held his head—
His amber eyes he slyly blinks,
And crouches low.
The grasses blow
And wave above his quiet form.
Intent, the busy bird
Has not him heard,
And, all unconscious of the threat'ning storm
Delicious worm
He watches squirm,
While blithely chirps a gay, contented song.
A cruel face—
With agile grace
The sinuous body clears the grassy screen.
The velvet paws
Hide steel-blue claws—
The bird too soon the cat has seen.
Atop the tree,
In scornful melody
He mocks his furious, furry foe,
With open jaw
And cheated paw
Back to the grass I see him go.
The reader's glad.
The beast is mad—
The bird his uncontrolled joy sings.
Now should this end.
But your attention lend—
I still would tell of other things.
Do not rejoice yet.
One bird is free,
Others won't be,
What's one defeat?
Patience is a virtue
And—a cat must eat.

ELEANORA BOWLING '28.

THE SKY

I stroll along the brown beach
Looking out to sea.
Wondering how the blue sky
Could golden-spotted be.

Perhaps, I've sometimes pondered,
Far eons in the past;
It might have been the palette
To hold God's colors fast.

He took the greens and goldens
To sprinkle all around,
But the greens were all so heavy
That most fell to the ground.

The yellows and the purples
He placed with tender care,
On tall and slender green stalks
That left the flowers there.

Perhaps when all was over
A soft and runny blue,
A great splash of golden,
A shade of pink or two,

Were left upon the palette
To stay—but that can't be;
For water then was cold white
And not the blue of sea.

So God just sent some raindrops
To wash the mottled sky,
And after gold and blue merged
He thought He'd let it dry.

But blue was wet with using
And gold was still intact;
So blue rolled in the waters
And let the gold stay back.

That's why the sky is speckled,
With white, and blue, and gold.
I think they are the colors
That the vast, rough sea can't hold.

OLIVE W. SUDLER.

SCHOOL NOTES

STUDENT ENROLLMENT FACTS OF 1928-1929

Total Students, 661. Total Juniors, 339. Total Seniors, 322

Every county of the state is represented. There are sixty-three men. Eighteen religious denominations are represented.

Inquiring Reporter

Should a girl smoke?

1. W. Valentine, Sr. 7—Yes, if she cares to and uses common sense about the time and place of smoking.
2. K. Kennedy, Jr. 1—I don't know. That's up to her. It's up to the girl entirely. I don't think I would do it. I never have.
3. Mrs. Stapleton—It depends upon her own feeling for what is fine. If she has certain ideals she won't, if she has others she will. If we want to be the kindest judges in the world we have to judge people by their own light.
4. M. L. Zschiesche, Jr. 2—That's up to her. Personally, I would not do it, not because I would care what people would say about me, but because I don't like to do it. I don't want to ruin my teeth and I think it is injurious to my health.
5. P. Goldstein, Sr. 7—Certainly! Men do it! Woman suffrage. Nine-tenths of the people approve of it.
6. E. M. Silberman, Jr. 4—If she wants to. If she really enjoys smoking there isn't any reason why she should not indulge. On the other hand, she should never go in for smoking just because it is the fad. She should always remember there is a time and place for everything.

The First Dance

Our first dance was held October thirteenth in the Auditorium. It was attended by a large number of students, who danced to the rhythm of a good orchestra. The dance was a great success. It is hoped all the dances will be attended as well as our first one.

October Birthdays

Newell Hall was the scene of a "football" game. Juniors vs. Seniors. The contestants were seated on benches on each side of the field. Seniors in their green and white caps, Juniors in their yellow and white caps with green and white bows tied neatly around their necks. All players had megaphones. The decorations were pennants and footballs. There was a nurse and a water boy who were ready to do their duty in reviving exhausted players. After much cheering, the game began only it was not a football game after all. It was a bean bag contest. Both teams were well supported by rooters on the side lines. The Seniors won the hard fought battle, the final score being two to one. The contestants were served doughnuts and coffee while their staunch supporters went off to study.

Outing for M. E. Girls

The Normal School girls who attend the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School recently were furnished cars by the men belonging to this church for the purpose of visiting the Vincent Dahlia Farm, nationally well known. Upon arriving, we were at once shown around. We went into the building to see the many beautiful cut flowers, then through the flower houses where we saw some beautiful ferns, rubber plants and even an orange tree with small green oranges on it. We made a tour of the field where the dahlias and cannas were growing. The dahlias range in price from fifteen cents to five dollars apiece. After returning from the fields we went to the lunch counter and were served cake and ice cream. We returned to school with a knowledge of flowers that we had not had before.

Senior Court—As It Was

Court Crier: "Hear ye, hear ye most worthy Seniors and unworthy Juniors—to-day is the day of judgment for all those Juniors who did not rightfully respect and revere the mighty and noble Seniors. Our stern judges will serve sentences, which they deem fit, upon the heads of the worst offenders. The Court is—

Chief Judge—MARY CATHERINE WILSON
Associate Judge—VIRGINIA MAHON
Prosecuting Attorney—AUGUSTUS HACKMAN
Defending Attorney—ESTHER LOUISE WEINBACH
Court Crier—MAYSIE ARMSTRONG
Bailiffs—ELIZABETH GILPIN and SAMUEL GOLDBERG.

All Juniors shall now rise and pay homage to our Court."

(The Juniors very dutifully obey.)

Judge: We will have silence in the courtroom! All Juniors who have their hair up in any way will take it down now. Bailiffs, go around the room and see that this is done. (Knock! Knock! Silence wanted!)

The Court Crier read the list of accused Juniors, who were called to sit up front.

Judge: Junior, I believe all the Junior girls were told to put their hair down.

Junior: I'm sorry, but I can't take it down.

Voice in the Audience: Oh! She has a wig.

Judge: Bailiff, kindly help the lady! Take her hair down.

Court Crier: When I call your name, you are to come up on the platform.

First case called.

Blah! Blah! Laughter! Giggles!

Judge: Si—lence. Junior, is the wave in your hair natural?

Junior: I believe it is innate. (She must be studying Psychology.)

Judge: Junior, have you ever been excited over anything or anyone?

Junior: Plenty...

Judge: Well, suppose you tell us about some. We'd be delighted to hear them.

Junior: Well! I was once excited about a worm that got on me.

Judge: Goodness! How interesting! Tell us more.

Junior: There's much more, but I don't want to tell it.

Judge: That's enough. Go on back.

Next case called.

Prosecuting Attorney: I charge this person with picking up people on the road and taking them home.

Defending Attorney: I object! I object!

Judge: Objection overruled. Junior, give us an interpretation of any great musician playing his own composition. Hurry about it.

Junior: I'll have to concentrate.

Judge: Juniors are not allowed to do that.

Junior tripped heavily to the piano and played the composition —do-me-so-do.

Judge: Will you tell us what that *composition* was?

Junior: I believe it was Miss Weyforth's.

Judge: All right. Now demonstrate Brutus and Caesar fighting. You may be both persons.

The battle was tremendously exciting.

Another case called.

Prosecuting Attorney: This person is accused of being a brute. She knocks all the girls down on the hockey field.

Judge: So I noticed. Now, you may give a two-minute talk on "What People Think of a Person Who Always Wants to be in Evidence."

Junior: I don't know what you mean and I think you don't know what you mean.
Judge (angrily): Will some Junior tell her what that means?
Accused Junior to be tried next: It illustrates what the Seniors are.
Junior who is to make the speech: I can't think.
Judge: Well, that's too bad. We'll have to keep you here till you can.

Fourth case brought before the Court.

Judge: What have you against *this*?
Prosecuting Attorney: This person is charged with contempt of Court and not giving the correct definition of the preceding topic.
Judge: Junior, suppose *you* give us a two-minute talk on a person always trying to be in evidence.
Junior (following statement dittoed several times): I do not know what people think of a person who is always trying to be in evidence.
Judge: You are so contemptible you may leave Court at once. Bailiff, see that she gets out.

New case brought before the Court.

Judge: What have you against this girl?
Prosecuting Attorney: She sings all night.
Voice in the Audience: How does he know?
Defending Attorney (enraged at such a charge): I object!
Judge: Never mind the objection. (Turns to accused one.) Since you sing so well, you may sing the scale ascending and descending.
Junior: What scale?
Judge: The minor.

Junior squeak-squeaks up the scale only.

Judge: That's enough, in fact, it was too much.

Another disobedient Junior is called.

Prosecuting Attorney: This Junior is the missing link of Normal School.
Judge: I see. We'll let you propose to one of the Junior men.
Accused Girl to One of Junior Men, after careful choice: Since the first day I saw you, I knew you were the man I was to marry, etc.
Junior Man Student: That's too bad.

Next case announced to the public.

Judge: What are you here for? I suppose on general principles. Bow to all the Seniors for not bowing when you were told during "rat rules."
What some Seniors were thinking: Ah, made to bow at last!

Still another case on record.

Judge: Impersonate Sophie Tucker in "One of These Days."
Junior: Don't know it.
Judge: You wouldn't. Then sing "That's My Weakness Now."
Junior (singing—at least making a desperate effort to do so): She's got eyes of blue, I never cared for eyes of blue.

Judge: That suffices.

Last eleventeen cases called before the Court.

Judge: All of you give an impersonation of how you would eat watermelon when there was no one around.

It was too bad that the watermelon was missing—it would have helped greatly with the boisterousness.

Judge: All the Juniors give the Seniors a yell.

Juniors: Yea! Seniors!

Judge: Court is dismissed.

BLANCHE JACHMAN, *Senior* 2.

Ye Bill of Rights

ON MONDAY, October 1, 1928, ye olde Maryland State Normal School at Towson was in a new state of affairs. Where once peace and quietness reigned supreme, great unrest now prevailed. The reason? "Ye Bill of Rights," more correctly termed "Ye Bill of Wrongs" had been presented by ye Stately Seniors to ye more Jubilant Juniors. Many and great were the green and white ribbons, designating subservience, which adorned the swan-like necks of ye victimized Juniors. Loud were the lamentations and cries of ye cosmetic manufacturers when yon pale faced Junior lassies no longer were permitted to patronize their wares.

Ye Campus Day was celebrated midst much noise and turmoil. Yon Junior lassies, now lessened by some facial weight did feel ye difference so keenly that easy was their victory over ye stately seniors in yon game of hockey. Yon Junior lads unwilling to allow yon lassies to be the only triumpherers of ye day did present many comely antics. Ye antics did win such great admiration that yon performers did seriously think of changing from teaching profession to the profession of the circus. Campus Day did close with the finding of hidden talent in lines of music, amid great jubilation in the hall of assembly.

On Tuesday ye yellow and white skull caps did arrive. Many were the opinions of ye Big Brothers and Sisters as on which part of the head ye caps did look best. At assembly ye Juniors did compete against ye Seniors with voice and instruments.

By Friday a great opportunity did present itself for an inventor to invent springs for Junior lassies' backs, in order to assist to bring them back in their natural positions from bowing so often to Seniors.

On Monday, October 8, preliminary court was called for ye many offenders for charges against walking by more than two, failing to wear cards with their names and many other charges too numerous to enumerate. Great were ye penalties—not only to offenders but to ye whole school, especially when alarm clocks around necks did appear. Many and great were ye different pitches of ye clocks—heard at end of every period. Many and great also were ye large signs designating disobedience to ye Bill of Rights.

Ye two weeks of servitude did finally come to a close with only one more stipulation, pertaining to ye offenders of ye Bill of Rights. It read thusly,

To Whom It May Concern:

You are hereby summoned to appear at the High and Noble Senior Court. Failure to appear will be dealt with by the Law.

Signed THE SENIOR CLASS.

(Seal)

Session: Tuesday, October 16, 1928, at 4 P. M.

ESTHER LOUISE WEINBACH.

What the Junior Class Is Doing

The Junior Class, since its entrance here at Normal, has held two class meetings. At the first of these, we nominated the various officers of the class and elected the following:

JOHN H. FISCHER.....*President*
ANNA CAMPBELL .....*Vice-President*
ANNA M. KAISER.....*Secretary*
ELEANOR HARBAUGH .....*Treasurer*
LOUISE DUER .....*Social Chairman*
ETHEL M. SILBERMAN.....*Vice-Social Chairman*

Mr. Fischer has already proved his efficiency in the presidential office by presiding very satisfactorily at these two meetings. The other officers have, as yet, had very little time and practice to indicate their capability, but we are confident that they will contribute their best for the satisfactory fulfillment of their respective offices.

The second meeting was held on Tuesday, October 23, 1927, in the auditorium during the regular assembly period. The two principal accomplishments here were the selection of a suitable faculty adviser, and of desirable class colors.

For our adviser, Mr. Walther was decided upon, and much to our satisfaction he accepted the office, and the responsibility of the management of the Junior Class. We acknowledge the enormity of the task, but under the guidance and supervision of Mr. Walther we are confident that we shall be safely directed, and that our undertakings will meet with success.

In regard to our class colors, there were innumerable suggestions and various color combinations offered; however, the final decision was blue and gold. In the future we hope to support these colors—with "the gold of our love," and "the blue of our truth."

ANNA KAISER.

NORMAL VS. BEACOM COLLEGE

Friday, October 12, meant defeat for Beacom College of Wilmington and gave Normal its first victory over a college team. The game was a fast, hard kicking game from start to finish. Goldstein, our goal-keeper, outclassed the opposing "goalie." His defense of our goal spurred the team on to well-earned victory. Kepler and Peregoy starred for our team.

The line-up was as follows:

Beacom College	*Position*	*Normal*
Beachchamp	G	Goldstein
Steel	L.F.B.	Stekel
Logan	R.F.B.	Ness
Timmons	L.H.	Burton
Shelcrost	R.H.	Huff
Croll	C.	Barlow
Townsend	O.S.L.	Bull
Whailey	I.S.L.	Kepler
Wright	C.F.	Wachter
Sentman	O.S.R.	Weider
Pruitt	I.S.R.	Peregoy

Score by halves—First 0-0; Second 0-1.

Final score—Beacom College 0; Normal 1.

Goal kicked by Kepler. Substitutions—Jansen-Goldstein. Referee—Meddleton.

NORMAL VS. WESTERN MARYLAND

Western Maryland College Soccer Team was the guest at Normal School on October 5, 1928. This game was the first of a series of college games our team is to have. The Western Maryland team was heavy, fast and tricky. Our boys were not to be outdone in tricks and soon pushed the ball through the goal. Western Maryland, not to be outplayed, pushed the ball through twice and scored a penalty kick.

The final score was Normal 1; Western Maryland 3.

The line-up was as follows:

Western Maryland	*Pos.*	*Normal*
Howard	G	Goldstein
Hastings	L.F.B.	Stekel
Smith	R.F.B.	Ness
Trice	L.H.	Stull
Willis	R.H.	Huff
Keller	C.	Wackter
Benson	O.S.R.	Weider
Nohle	I.S.R.	Barlow
Beauchamp	C.F.	Peregoy
Trunda	I.S.L.	Kepler
Holland	O.S.L.	Bull

Substitutions—Normal: Jansen for Kepler; Kinnersley for Bull; Goldstein for Jansen.

Goals kicked by Beauchamp, Kepler, and Nohle. Referee—Robins.

NORMAL VS. BLUE RIDGE COLLEGE

The best game of the season was played Friday, October 19, on the north campus. The game was very exciting from start to finish. The ball swayed up and down the field, each team trying its hardest to score. Both goal-keepers played brilliant soccer, neither allowing a goal to be made. At the end of the game, the score still in a deadlock, it was decided to play extra periods. Both teams made final spurts but neither could score.

Blue Ridge College	*Pos.*	*Normal*
Miller	G	Goldstein
Buffenmeyer	L.F.B.	Huff
Hessian	R.F.B.	Barlow
G. Barnes	L.H.	Stull
Engle	R.H.	Kepler
Benedict	C.	Peregoy
R. Barnes	O.S.L.	Bull
Whittow	I.S.L.	Stekel
Henry	C.F.	Wachter
Caunts	O.S.R.	Ness
Kendelberger	I.S.R.	Jansen

Final Score—0-0.

Substitutions—Weider. Referee—Ely.

NORMAL VS. SPARROWS POINT HIGH

On Wednesday, October 10, Normal played Sparrows Point High at Normal. This game was one of the most interesting games played so far this season. The game ended with the score tie, 1-1. It was decided that an extra period be played to play-off the tie. A few minutes before the end of this time Jaeger of Sparrows Point headed one through our goal.

The line-up was as follows:

Sparrows Point High	*Pos.*	*Normal*
Ross	G	Goldstein
Wooduef	L.F.B.	Huff
Brooks	R.F.B.	Stekel
Royston	L.H.	Stull
Burkhart	R.H.	Wackter
Finley	C.	Barlow
Haggerty	O.S.L.	Bull
Jackson	I.S.L.	Kepler
Franks	C.F.	Jansen
Strausbaugh	O.S.R.	Peregoy
Jaeger	I.S.R.	Weider

Score by halves—First 0-1; Second 1-0; Extra Period 1-0.

Final score—Sparrows Point 2; Normal 1.

Penalties kicked by Goldstein and Finley. Goals kicked by Jaeger Substitutions—Kinnersley. Referee—Seamon.

JOKES

Please Teacher!

She was still rather new at driving a car and a little bit confused in traffic. Down Broadway she forgot to stop soon enough at the signal and shot out into the middle of the street.

Pompously the traffic officer bore down upon her.

"Didn't you see me hold up my hand?" he shouted fiercely.

The culprit gasped—"Yes."

"Didn't you know that when I held up my hand it meant 'Stop'?"

"No, sir; I'm just a school teacher," she said in a timid, mouselike voice, "and when you raised your hand like that I thought you wanted to ask a question."

What's In a Name

Uncle Eli raised the crust of the restaurant-made chicken pie and sat looking at the nether contents intently for a while. Then he called the waiter. "Look here," he said, "What did I order?"

"Chicken pie, Sir."

"And what have you brought me?"

"Chicken pie, Sir."

"Chicken pie! Why, there's not a piece of chicken in it, and never was."

"That's right, Sir. There ain't no chicken in it."

"Then why do you call it chicken pie? I never heard of such a thing."

"That's all right. There don't have to be chicken in a chicken pie. There ain't no cottage in a cottage puddin' as I know of. Chicken pie—that's just the name of it."

One—Say, did you know that I was a magician?

Two—No, how come?

One—Yea, I can turn a car into a driveway!—*Tawney Kat.*

Traffic Cop—Come on. What's the matter with you?

Truck Driver—I'm well, thanks, but my engine's dead.—*Detroit Motor News.*

What we'd like to know is this—do the movie title-writers crib the wisecracks from the college boys' cars that drift through Hollywood or do the college boys patronize the movies a lot?—*Motor Land.*

McGuinnes had been posted to keep guard over the entrance of a road which led to an old and unsafe bridge. Presently a car came along and he held up his hand.

"What's the matter?" growled the driver.

At that moment McGuinness recognized him as the county magistrate.

"Oh, it's yerself, yer Honor," he said genially.

"Yes, it is!" was the snappy answer.

" 'Tis all right, then," said Mac, as he stepped politely out of the way. "I got orders to let no traffic through because of the rotten bridge; but seein' it's you, yer Honor, 'tis a pleasure—go right ahead, sir!"—*American Legion Weekly.*

Wise Remarks of Senior 12

History of Ed.

Mr. Shaw to Miss Ford, who has her hand raised:

"Yes, Miss For—?"

Miss Ford—"I was just thinking—"

Mr. Shaw—"That's perfectly all right."

The night of the Normal School Dance—Dormitory.

Mildred Kirby going next door trying to get some choker beads—excitedly, "Have you any beads that choke?"

English—Miss Munn.

Bright senior telling story of cow boy ballad, "He hadn't been home since he left."

English—Miss Munn.

Miss Munn—"Suppose I should tell you to go to the land of Lotus Eaters. What would it mean?"

Mr. Huff—"I guess it means they want to get rid of me."

G. N., Sr. 12.

Stiff hats are hard to run down but they protect your ears better when you go through the windshield.

"I want some powder."

"Mennen's?"

"No, women's."

"Scented?"

"No, I vill take it mit me."

Miss Wrightson—Did you send in a dollar for that advertised appliance to keep coal bills down?

Mr. Pike—Yes, and they sent me a paper weight.

Teacher—What do you know of the salivary glands?

Student—Not a thing; they're so darn secretive.

Miss Lee—One must never put a singular article before a plural noun, as, "A boys," "A letters," etc.
Mr. John—Our minister always does that.
Miss Lee—He does? What does he say?
Mr. John—"Now, let us all say a-men."

Doctors say that healthy babies should be a delicate pink. The next door neighbor's got one that's a robust yeller.—*Nebraska Awgwan.*

"I conclude that's a fly," said the young and inexperienced trout.
"You are right, my child," said Mother Trout, "but be careful how you jump at conclusions."

Miss Munn—"What is depreciation?"
Student—"If you do anything for a man and he don't thank you for it, that is depreciation."

"I hope they don't give my little boy any nasty nicknames in school."
"Yes, mother, they call me 'Corn.' "
"How dreadful. And why do they call you that?"
" 'Cause I'm always at the foot of the class."

Ads of a Kansas City hotel carry this message. "This hotel is fully equipped with automatic sprinklers. Statistics show loss of life has never occurred in a sprinkled building, in case of fire, you may get wet, but not burned."

So one traveler wrote the following prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
Statistics guard my slumber deep;
If I should die, I'm not concerned,
I may get wet, but won't get burned."

You would not knock
The jokes we use,
Could you but see
Those we refuse.

A little girl, in her first year of high said to her elder sister, "I have to launder my cooking uniform because next Monday we are going to be put on prohibition."

"Mrs. Smith's gas bill was frightful," said Miss Peach to John, her beau. He rose with a delightful smile and turned the gas quite low.

"What is this 'ice jam' I hear so much about?"
"Oh, that's what the Eskimos eat on bread."—*Okla. Whirlwind.*

"I have an honest face."
"Whadaya mean?"
"Honest to goodness it's a face."

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The TOWER LIGHT

December 1928

A. STOHL

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The Tower Light

Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

Towson, Md.

A Madonna

The Tower Light

Vol. II December 1928 No. 3

Christmas Gifts

CHRISTMAS EVE in the Stevens' cabin was spent like any other night in the year since Jim had gone to New York. It was now five years since he had said good bye to his parents and the little shack far off in the Virginia Mountains which had been his home; five long, dreary years of waiting with no word at all from the boy. Pa Stevens feared his son—"that Jim"—as he called him, had met bad companions in far off New York, but Ma said, "No, her boy had been reared right and she knew he wouldn't do nothin' to make his old Ma ashamed."

Can you picture the cabin's interior? The room in which the two older Stevens' were seated was a combination living room, dining room, and kitchen. The furniture was scarce and crude—purely for necessity and not for comfort. The walls were rough, unfinished wood, the one beautiful thing in the overcrowded room, was the immense fireplace, containing two huge logs, which spat out sparks and flames with a crackly sound which was very friendly indeed.

Pa Stevens, a lanky, grizzled mountaineer, was stretched in his favorite home-made chair before the fire—dozing. Ma, a tired, wrinkled old woman, also seated before the fire, was gazing fondly at a small pair of red knitted mittens her Jim had worn when he was small. As she looked at the only remembrance she had, two large tears rolled slowly down her cheeks. She hastily wiped them away—Pa mustn't see her cry—and just in time; for the jingle of approaching sleigh bells, and the crunch of horses' feet in the hard packed snow could be heard outside.

Pa, hearing the sounds which were so unusual, especially at night, jumped from his chair, and yanking the oil lantern from the table, ran to the door and opened it.

"Who's there?" his big voice fairly boomed across the snow.

"Does a Mr. Stevens live here?" inquired a voice from the sleigh.

"I'm Steve Stevens. What's happened? Are you lost?"

"No," said the stranger, "but I have a package for you from New York. I've driven all the way from the village with it because it is marked 'to be delivered Xmas Eve.' "

"Well, now, come right in," Pa said—and turning to his wife—"Did you hear—something from New York?"

"New York?" Ma echoed in surprise. "It must be from our Jim. Hurry and open it!"

The package was brought into the cabin, and when opened, proved to be a fine radio set, Pa and Ma plainly showed their ignorance of radios—in fact they had never seen one before—so the delivery man stayed until he had set it up and tuned in to a station in New York. There was a good program at W E A F, he said.

The radio squeaked and howled, but the two old people dared not touch it. Finally, the static grew less, and then ceased altogether. The announcer's voice, clear as a bell, penetrated even the fartherest corner of the room.

"This is station W E A F at New York. It gives us great pleasure this evening, to present to our radio audience Mr. James Stevens, who was recently awarded the Stanford Music Scholarship. His first song will be Mother o'Mine."

And so that song was sung by the son-who-had-gone-to-the-city and two old people were made happy——

Nineteen hundred years ago the Angels sang a song to the shepherds near Bethlehem. They sang of a marvelous gift which had been given to the world—A Savior—The Son of God. Let us not forget that the shepherds' gift is also our gift, and that we celebrate Christmas in commemoration of the presentation of God's wonderful gift. Too often Christmas is a transient thing with us; let us try to make it lasting, and to see that we, like the Stevens', have received a thing of real value, no matter where our homes may be.

JEAN GIBBONS, *Senior* 3.

Giving

"Go, give to the needy, sweet charity's bread,
For giving is living," the angel said.
"And must I be giving again and again?"
My peevish, petulant answer ran.
"Oh no," said the angel, piercing me through,
"Just give 'til the Master stops giving to you."

—From An Old Scrap Book.

This was clipped from a magazine, written and signed just as above.

Submitted by CATHERINE MCHALE.

Carols for Happiness

LONG BEFORE the birth of Christ, man made songs or carols about the various seasons or special occasions of the year. The birth of Christ was such a wonderful event that people could not suppress their desire to rejoice. Their happiness was manifested, to a large degree by the singing of songs about the coming of Christ; these were called Christmas carols. Today carol singing is as much a part of the Christmas spirit as is the exchanging of gifts, the tree and the prevalent good will.

Carols were not strictly religious in their origin. We find in England, France and Germany, during the thirteenth and fourteenth century, when morality and mystery plays were in vogue, the custom of singing carols between the acts of the plays. At length a rivalry grew up between the groups of carol-singers and the players, because each was striving to gain the favor of the audience. On one occasion the feeling between the two groups became so intense that it culminated in a riot, in which the stage was wrecked, properties and dresses of the performers destroyed and the players beaten by the singers. After this had occurred repeatedly, the carol singers and players were incorporated. From that time on it was necessary for singers to be actors as well as musicians.

We find the English custom of carol singing at Christmas time surviving. In some churches of England carol singing is retained as a part of the Christmas service, the choristers singing a Christmas carol at the door or in some part of the church tower. It is more usual, however, for the elder members of the congregation to parade the streets after midnight singing outside the homes of the more influential parishioners. The former are usually invited in and partake of a feast prepared for them.

When we speak of carols we usually definitely connect the word with Christmas. In America we adhere somewhat to the English custom. On Christmas eve the members of the churches go about singing outside of homes, in hospitals and on church steps. The singers, however, are not rewarded with money. Their reward is the pure pleasure they receive from giving joy to the ill and needy as well as to the more fortunate.

ELIZABETH GILPIN.

House of God

Sunshine dyed and mellowed by tall peaked windows
Joins the myriad-bulbed candelabra in diffusing light,
And pale sconces add their steady yellowness.

Slants of light are shattered on curves of black wood
And here and there one makes a halo for some earthly
Madonna
Beautiful with goodness.

The air is saturated with resonant deep-voiced organ tones
Blends of music and light; blends of beauty and goodness—
—House of God.

M. L. ZSCHIESCHE.

The Mummers

THE MUMMERS occupied a prominent place in the Christmas revels of the olden time in England. Their performances, though gradually going out of existence, are still kept up in some of the remoter districts of England.

The term "mummer" is synonymous with masker, and is derived from the Danish "mumme" or Dutch "momme," meaning to mask or to disguise. The custom of mumming at the present day, the little we have, prevails only at the Christmas season. Formerly, especially in Scotland, mumming was done at Christmas, New Year's Day, Homanag, and Handsel Monday.

These mummers were parties of masqueraders, who disguised themselves in masks, imitating the ancient Romans in their celebration of the Saturnalia. The special performance of the mummers from time immemorial has been the representation of the kind of drama, which includes the time-honored legend of St. George and the dragon with numerous droll additions. St. George, or as he was occasionally called Sir, King, or Prince George, was the central figure of these plays. After a prologue and introduction of the characters a fight usually ensued, after which a doctor arrived to bring the dead back to life. The Mummers' Play was one of the most delightful types of dramatic literature. It terminated in drama during the fifteenth century, and spread through the British Isles. It was never professionalized, but was usually a rural

production. Its actors were chiefly young farmers and small villagers. These people, dressing themselves in the costumes representing the allegorical characters they were to represent, went out on Christmas Eve to begin a round of visits to the houses of the devouring dragon. Music accompanied the procession. The stage was an end of the great hall in the nearest manor-house, its audience the lord of the manor, his family, friends and servants. These players are usually unbidden guests, and entered the house as if they had a perfect right. Sometimes they merely danced, sang and feasted, but commonly performed their rude drama. Those who could not procure masks rubbed their faces with soot or painted them. In Christmas mummeries the chief aim was to surprise by the oddity of the masks and unusualness of the dress. Everything was out of proportion. Often the members, guests and servants of a household would put on masks and then under this disguise would practice rude jests on each other. Father Christmas was added to the cast of characters, and carols were included in the musical program.

Christmas mumming is found in eastern as well as in western Europe. In Greece it takes various forms. At Pharsala there is a sort of play at the Epiphany in which the mummers represent bride, bridegroom and Arab. The plot of the play is the battle between the Arab, who tries to steal the bride, and the bridegroom, who defends her. In Russia mummers went around at Christmas time visiting houses, dancing, and performing all kinds of antics.

The custom of Christmas mumming can be traced at the English court as early as the reign of Edward III.

ESTHER LOUISE WEINBACH.

Curiosities of Popular Customs—W. S. Walsh.
Christmas in Ritual and Traditions—C. A. Miles.
The Story of the Theatre—Glenn Hughes.

"And The Greatest of These is Love"

ZILLAH'S CHEEKS BURNED as she knelt down beside a tree, an unwilling eavesdropper. She had come into the forest to gather the late summer mushrooms when, suddenly she had heard her name spoken in a scornful tone.

"To think," went on the mocking voice, "Our saintly Zillah has lost her cold heart at last, but not even to one of her own race. Her lover is Josef, the officer of the Czar's Cossacks. I don't see what he can find in her. She, with her pale, thin face, and as for a figure, well——," the voice trailed off as the speaker and her companion passed out of hearing distance.

Zillah sat down on the grass trembling with indignation. She had recognized the speaker as Marta, the village gossip. The busybodies, could they not mind their own affairs? So, it was already known to the gossips that she——, but did she really love Josef? She had admired him since she first saw him, swinging along on his white charger, his black eyes flashing like live coals beneath his black brows. The gods had showered their gifts on him without stint.

Josef had been sent down with a company of Cossacks from Petrograd to quell an uprising of the Turks on the border of the Black Sea. That had been five weeks ago and still the Cossacks lingered in the village, waiting to be recalled.

How well Zillah remembered their first meeting! She had been sitting on the grass watching the young men and girls of the village dancing. It was Succoth, the feast of the harvest and everyone was merry. The old fiddler was sawing away on his instrument and tapping the time with his foot.

At the height of the revelry Zillah had seen a rider gallop up to the field which contained the merrymakers. For some unknown reason her heart beat faster and her hand trembled with the piece of linen she was embroidering. The Cossack sat on his horse, watching the dancers. Then his eyes scanned the group of spectators, stopping when they reached Zillah. She could feel her face burning and her hands trembled so, she had to press them down on the grass, but she kept her eyes on the dancers. The rider dismounted and joined the dancers. Zillah's eyes followed his graceful figure as he danced. He went through the motions as if he were a light footed maiden instead of a tall, brawny man. During one of the dances he made a sudden turn and faced Zillah. She lowered her eyes quickly, but not before he had seen that she had been watching him. He stopped dancing and walked up to her.

"Why are you not dancing and making merry?" he demanded in a deep voice, smiling and showing his white teeth.

Zillah's low voice trembled with tears as she replied, "I am in mourning for my departed mother."

The soldier's smile disappeared.

"A great sorrow indeed, for one so young."

He sat down at her side and both watched the dancers in silence. Josef's eyes often strayed to the face of his companion, noting the delicate features and white skin so different from others of her race.

"Do you know," he suddenly exclaimed, "your eyes are like the Madonna's."

"Why mock me by speaking of the Madonna," Zillah spoke bitterly, "Do you know that I am a Jewess?"

"I did not jest. Your eyes seem to carry the sorrow of the world in them. You do not seem to fit in this village. Is it your birth-place?"

"Yes, but my mother came here from Germany before she married my father. He loved her dearly and the shock of her death three years ago left him an invalid.

Josef saw that the subject was very distressing to her and hastily asked, "Have you ever heard of Petrograd?"

Zillah's face changed from sadness to eagerness.

"Yes, I've always wanted to go there. Could you tell me something about it?"

Josef's description of the grand palaces, balls and theatres dazzled Zillah until she forgot her sorrows, the dancers and even Josef himself. She was living in the city of dreams, clothed in satin and furs and dancing with princes.

A voice speaking her name had called her back to earth. She looked up and standing before her was Ivan, the son of the village rabbi. He asked timidly if he could walk home with her. She answered sharply, in the negative, and he turned away.

In answer to Josef's request if he might see her home Zillah had answered, "No."

She could not brave the glances or gossip if her neighbors saw her walking with a Cossack, and a Christian. Then she ran home to her father, old and broken by the great tragedy of his life.

On her daily walks, Zillah had met Josef riding in the woods. He had told her more about Petrograd and she had listened, drinking in his words like a thirsty traveler after a long journey in the desert.

She had gone about like one in a daze, but the scornful words of Marta had awakened her to the real situation.

Zillah put the mushrooms which she had gathered into a small basket and walked toward the place at which she had promised to meet Josef. He was there already and ran up to her with a serious and anxious look on his face.

"What is the matter, Zillah?"

"Oh, Josef, I cannot meet you anymore, the whole village is gossiping about us and if it should come to the ears of my father he——"

"Zillah," he interrupted, "I have just received a notice to return to Petrograd by the evening train. I want you to return to Petrograd with me."

"But——"

"My little Zillah," said Josef tenderly, taking her in his arms, "you have had sorrow enough for more than one. Can you not see that I love you. Come with me to the "magic city." My love shall make a paradise, shall make a paradise for you on this earth. You shall reign in my palace and your spiritual beauty shall captivate all Petrograd. Even the Czar shall pay homage to you. Come, my queen!"

The words were so unexpected to Zillah that she offered no resistance to his plea. It was true that life for her had been most tragic and now a new life spread before her if she chose to take it. What mattered religion? If she called her God one name and Josef another, which was right? No one knew. She knew that her mother's faithful servant would care for her father. But the shock of her leaving would kill him.

She looked up into Josef's face. Love, tenderness and pain were written on his features. How handsome and god-like he was, and he loved her. Zillah was sure that she loved him, now that she knew he was going out of her life.

"Oh, God, please help me," she prayed.

"Josef, I cannot tell you now whether or not I shall go. If I decide to go I shall meet you at the station just before the train goes, and if not, you must go without me. Now I must go."

She kissed him, then ran home, the hot tears had vanished and she was able to speak without her voice trembling. Her father was asleep and she went up to her room. She packed a few articles of clothing, then sat down by the window.

The house was situated on a plateau overlooking the sea. The station was just below the plateau on the outskirts of the village. Zillah saw the wide expanse of blue water through a mist of tears. The sapphire sky shot with clouds of silver looked black to her. How could everything be so peaceful and calm while she was tormented by such fears and doubts. If she went she was sure that her father would not survive the blow, but if she stayed, her youth would die. After the dreams she had of Petrograd, her life in the village would be a drab existence devoid of all that makes life worth living.

Zillah stood up, a determined look on her face. She was going to Josef. She walked out of the house, toward the edge of the plateau instead of going through the village. There was a drop of about forty five feet down to the village and not far from the station. As she looked down, the train was just coming in from Odessa. In order to get down in time she would have to hurry. Zillah had never climbed down this way before, but it did not look dangerous. Feverishly she

descended, holding on to bushes and rocks to keep from slipping. As she was half way down she thought of her father lying asleep, his face lined with sorrow, and she was going to add more lines to the dear face! It was not too late to turn back. Hastily she commenced climbing up again. In her excitement she caught hold of the dead branch of a bush and before she had time to get hold of something safe, the branch gave away making her lose her balance. With a loud cry she fell down the whole way and lay still. Before she drifted into unconsciousness she heard the whistle of the train as it pulled out of the station on its way to Petrograd.

LOUISE STIFFMAN, *Senior* 3.

Precious Jewels

The moon looks down on the world below,
The earth is still under a blanket of snow,
Among the trees is nestled a tiny brown house.
The night is a mystery, and quiet as a mouse.

In the tiny brown house stepping softly and light,
Two curly heads disappear from sight.
Near the big fire-place behind a chair,
Two little children are waiting there.

They are waiting and watching for Santa dear,
Who is coming to-night with sleigh and reindeer.
The night speeds on and their dear little heads,
Nod and sink; and they are gently carried to bed.

The morning dawns and Christmas is here,
The children are up with a bound and a cheer.
Their dear little faces beam with delight,
They have forgotten the adventure of the previous night.

Mother and Daddy are happy too,
As the children play with their toys, bright and new.
Mother leans near and in Daddy's ear,
She softly whispers, "What precious jewels, dear."

LILLIAN ROBINSON, *Jr.* 2.

"Lest We Forget"

TEN YEARS have passed since that first Armistice Day when the world went mad with joy that the cruel war was ended.

Upon that day no man took thought. After four long years of gloom, the reaction was too great, the rejoicing too violent. Was not the war to end war ended? The misery of mankind was over and countless years of peace would heal the wounds of war. Who indeed could dampen the ardor of that day with thoughts of doubt? Gradually, however, men awoke to the need of some universal protest so that the cries of the widows and fatherless might no longer be heard in the land.

From some such feeling, doubtless, arose those magnificent pageants for the burial of an Unknown Soldier in France, Great Britain, and the United States.

It was the effort of the nations to show how deeply they honored the many thousands who had fallen in that war.

And thus it was that three years after signing the Armistice, from an unmarked grave in France our American hero was brought home and laid to rest in the National Cemetery at Arlington.

The poor and the rich, the lowly and the famous were one in offering tributes to the Unknown Dead. A solemn service was held and the body lowered into the tomb. Then the hush was broken by the sound of taps and by the national salute from twenty-one guns.

A wave of emotion swept through the crowd. To personal grief was added that nobler feeling for all the brave and gallant dead of which this one was a symbol.

Today many thousands still lie in unmarked graves in France. It was for patriotism that they gave so much. As soon as the boy can lisp the words, he says, "It is a glorious thing to die for one's country."

And the opportunities for such glory have not been lacking. In countless European Wars their patriotism has been tested.

Gay and brilliant youths have gone because they felt a thrill and the glory in the adventure. We pity them, but pity most the slow moving millions who could not understand. Blindly they did as they were told, they stood where they were ordered, and brutally were shot down, for in the eyes of the great, who placed the dynamite and match to fire the bomb, these ignorant men were only cannon fodder. It mattered little how many of their kind were killed—as long as the human supply was not exhausted. It is pitiful—the soldiers whose dying prayers have been for a country which held them no higher than the beasts.

The dreadful thing about war is that so many men fight and do not know for what they are fighting, they die and do not know why they die.

Thousands who fought in the World War did not know what it was all about. How many of us now can state the real issues of that war? It was a war to end war, we were told, and for such a cause the highest

patriotic sacrifices were made. But now our patriotism has a different outlet. We are not called upon to die for the cause, but it is for us to carry on the work so nobly begun. The World War is a thing of the past, but the war to end war is not yet ended. If the slaughter of human beings is really to cease, that war begun on the battle fields of France must be continued in Senate House and Court, in Lecture Hall and theatre, and even in the lowliest one room school, aye, there indeed must be fought the fight to bring about that glorious time

"When the war drum throbs no longer
And the battle flag is furled
In the parliament of man
The federation of the World."

VIRGINIA CHEW.

After The Night

An aching heart, a throbbing breast,
And grief—and loneliness,
The black of night, and black despair
A wearied soul distressed.

And then the glorious sun appears
To flood the earth with light.
Oh God, give every tortured soul
Dawn—after the night!

C. MCHALE, *Jr.* 2.

One Price of Peace

Potomac River near Shepardstown,

September 19th, 1862.

Dear Father:

This is the first opportunity I have had to write since you heard from me last, at Alexandria, Va. When this reaches you, we will have passed thru Washington. We marched all night and had reached Tennallytown on Sunday at noon and could move no farther for I assure you both man and beast had nearly played out for we had not stopped for either food or water. The next morning we started and marched every day, resting at night, until last Sunday, 14th, when we arrived in the beautiful town of Jefferson, in Washington County, Md. about 6 o'clock A. M. We halted in this lovely village (made doubly so by the smiling faces of the ladies and the hearty cheers of whole souled unconditional Union men) about two hours, and during that time witnessed a fight at one of the mountain gaps, between Sumner and the Rebels. We (that is Franklin's Corps) were ordered by "*Little Mac*" to cross the mountain at Jefferson, and cut our way thru Crompton's Gap, this appeared to be rather a tough joy for Sunday but as we are with a fighting crowd (i.e. Franklin, Slocum, Bartlett and Newton) we immediately started for the Mountain Gap known as Crompton's Gap. We arrived within four miles of it about two o'clock; skirmishers were thrown out, our battery of eight pieces followed, supported by Bartlett's and Newton's Brigades. The skirmishers soon found the enemy firmly posted in the Gap; now, this Gap is about 600 feet above the valley in which our line of battle was formed and the mountain, each side covered with large trees, in which the Rebels had about ten pieces of artillery planted, so you may judge that it looked like anything else but an easy job, to dislodge them. As soon as we found out that they were in the woods, we commenced shelling them which exposed to us their position; this was about three-thirty o'clock P. M. The skirmishers advanced in beautiful style! Oh, I wish you could have seen them as they moved slowly but steadily across the valley to the foot of the mountain; the Rebel guns playing on them all the time, and we playing upon the Rebels (I forgot to say that a little village called Burgersville lay between us and the foot of the mountain) about four-thirty o'clock the skirmishers were drawn in and the order was given to charge upon the batteries. The charge was led by Col. Bartlett in gallant style under cover of our fire; in 10 minutes after the order was given, the infantry were hard at it. We immediately ceased firing and limbered to the front, and started for the mountains to take a position on the right of our infantry. To do this, we had to take the road through the village, which was being

shelled by "312's" posted on the mountain. From where we started to the village was about one mile, and the position we were to take, about one mile from the village; as soon as we appeared on the road the Rebels turned their guns upon us and such a shower of shot and shell as fell around us is not easily imagined; but we went through at a full gallop, and as we passed through the village the women waved their scarfs and bade us God speed, though all of them were in tears; for while they stood in the front of their houses, the Rebel shells were tearing down their back fences and kitchens. We went through without a scratch and took our position. At dusk the Gap was in our possession with two Rebel guns and 500 prisoners. Thus ended the battle of Crompton's Gap. We crossed the mountain early the next morning and found the Rebel loss to have been very heavy, while ours was comparatively small. We marched on until about noon when we went into camp to await orders. On Monday evening Sumner forced his way through the Gap at Middletown Heights and drove the Rebels across the valley about five miles in front of us (and in sight) into, and beyond Sharpsburg about six miles on the left. On Tuesday the Rebels made a stand and Sumner pitched into them rough shod, they made a gallant resistance. On Wednesday morning at daybreak we (i.e) Slocum's division was ordered to march to Sharpsburg to reinforce McClellan, who was on the road. We arrived at Sharpsburg 11 o'clock A. M. same day. About one o'clock we were ordered into position in a field, from which the Rebels had been driven in the morning, it was covered with dead and the dying, so much so, that we could not get into position without striking them with our wheels; the crying of the wounded for water, the shrieks of the dying mingled with the screeching of the shells, made up a scene so truly appalling and horrible that I hoped to God that I might never witness such another, but not so, after we had shelled the woods opposite us, and driven two rebel batteries off, we were ordered to relieve a regular battery, about 1,000 yards on our left and front. The Rebels were pouring shell and case shot into them like hail. We took their position and remained on the field until dark having been exposed to the hottest fire ever received by any battery. We lost one man, Sergt. Charles Marsden, killed instantly by a sharpshooter. We also had 10 men wounded, some severely, and five horses killed. We had the pleasure of receiving the credit of having done more service than any other battery on the field. It was near nine o'clock by the time we had picked up our wounded and left the field. The next morning (Thursday) the Rebels asked for an armistice of eight hours to bury their dead who literally covered the field, and to carry off their wounded. They were granted six, in consequence of which we did nothing all day except to bury our dead and relieve our bound. We have lost large numbers. During the night we were aroused by the rattle of musketry, which proved to be a picket skirmish which lasted

about 10 minutes when all was quiet again. This morning we found that they had left, leaving their pickets out until nearly daybreak. The whole army immediately followed in pursuit; we are now on the Potomac near Shepardstown, how close we are to them I do not know. The scenes with the battlefield presented this morning as we crossed it were awful in the extreme; the odor was awful, the field still being full of dead Rebels who their comrades in their haste to get away left unburied. Since the 15th of August we have had scarcely any rest, marching and fighting alternately, almost all of the time. It is now about nine o'clock, nearly time to put out the camp-fires and as I am writing this by one in the absence of a candle, I must close.

Just imagine me sitting on the ground along side of a camp-fire with a sheet of paper on my knee trying to write a letter and you have the picture which I now present. Give my kind regards to all friends and tell them I will write them the first opportunity; you may read this to them if you choose. My love to all the family and kiss Alice and Harry for me. We may be off before daybreak and in another fight before you receive this. I will do my best to escape (as thank God, I have so far) and should I fall, teach my children to hate a Rebel as they would a rattlesnake; and to love their flag (for which their father fought and died) next to their God. The fire is dying out and I must close.

Your affectionate son,

LIEUT. JAS. WRIGSBY,
Battery A,
Slocum's Division, Franklin's Corps.

A Trip to Geneva

FOR SEVERAL YEARS the International Institute of Teachers College, Columbia University, has been working on the problem of how best to promote the teaching of international relations in schools. Obviously the matter should be begun in the elementary school, since attitudes attained in early years are to a large extent enduring. Various proposals have, from time to time, been considered, among them the plan to award to history teachers engaged in educational work scholarships to some international school. Last winter the plans materialized, when one of the trustees of Teachers College, herself deeply interested in international affairs, provided a fund sufficiently large to be divided among six people who should go to Geneva to attend the Zimmern School of International Studies.

The only condition attached to this generous award was that each scholar chosen should attend "for several weeks, and especially from September 13th lectures and discussions at the Geneva School! The work of this school "consists of short courses of lectures in English or French, followed by discussions dealing with some aspects of contemporary world affairs. The lecturers consist partly of distinguished scholars and public men from different countries, and partly of members of different bodies connected with the League of Nations. During the sessions of the Assembly a lecture, interpreting and commenting on the work of the Assembly is daily given by Professor Zimmern. "Holders of Scholarships," the letter of appointment went on to explain, "are encouraged to extend as far as possible their field of travel and study."

The writer was one of the fortunate ones given this fine opportunity to study international affairs in the World's most internationally situated city. Detained by business in Baltimore I set out late for Geneva and therefore did not tarry on the journey. However, I did arrive together with two others of the party of six several days before the last course of lectures began. The following morning we enrolled in the school and spent the rest of that day getting acquainted with the city, already quite full of people of many nations and tongues.

Our pension was situated on one of the hills in the older part of the city. The Secretariat of the League of Nations is housed in one of the large hotels on the other side of beautiful Lake Geneva. My first concern was to procure a map of the city, locate the Secretariat and hasten with all speed to see where so much work of international import is being carried on. I also wished to pay my respects at the earliest possible moment to the tablet that the City of Geneva has dedicated to the memory of Woodrow Wilson and his notable efforts for peace. This initial visit to the Quai de Woodrow Wilson was but the beginning of daily trips across the Pont de Mont Blanc, for not only did the stirring scenes at the Secretariat with their chatter of many languages attract me, but I loved to read in the well managed library there, or, in other words, I enjoyed strolling on the lake shores or just sitting in front of one of the tea houses, sipping tea, munching delicious Swiss *gateaux* and gazing at the beauty of bride-like Mont Blanc.

However, after the first two or three days one found little leisure, for the lectures and discussions and reading kept one constantly on the go, in addition to the other side of our mission which was, of course, taking every opportunity that offered to meet and cultivate new friends and acquaintances.

The Zimmern School is most pleasantly located in the old Conservatory of Music on the Place Neuve quite near the University. To reach this from our pension gave us an inexhaustible source of delight. Our party consisted of six people from this country with the addition of Miss Margaret Willis, formerly an instructor of this school and now teaching history in the Constantinople College for Women. Every day we engaged in the sport of trying to discover a shorter or a more interesting or an easier, or, at any rate, a newer route from the Rue de Malagnou to the Place Neuve. Lively and prolonged was the debate, which, by the way, was never settled to the satisfaction of us all—as to which way was actually the best way to take! But, at any rate, the disagreement had the interesting effect of stimulating our spirit of adventure and not one single street or alley-way escaped us, nor, I venture to guess, did we fail to poke into one of the dozens of historic nooks in which this old citadel is rich. Fascinating it was, and never to be for-

gotten, to tread in the very footsteps of John Calvin, Rousseau, Liszt and many others almost as famous.

Our first lecture was at ten fifteen in the morning and we usually arrived in time to pick up at the news stand on which papers of many lands were to be had, a morning copy of the Herald, or, if none of these had survived the morning rush, as often happened, the Journal de Genevè one of the most useful and informing papers imaginable. We then proceeded very calmly and decorously across the square with a feeling of assurance that no danger confronted us as of death by automobile collision. In truth, in this delightful city "Jay-walking" is the rule. The best of citizens as well as the most renowned of visitors stroll diagonally through street after street, down town and up town and everywhere. No automobile would dream of molesting traffic in Geneva! I had not been in this blessed city for twenty-four hours, before I realized I was built for just that spot.

Across the street, and one becomes aware of the sounds of unfamiliar words and phrases. It was always bright and genial on the tiny "stoop" with its rail of stone on which were always perched a rail-full of young people talking, talking, talking. Presently an energetic small woman would appear, from somewhere within carrying in her hand a little bell which she would ring vigorously. Then with a rush we all proceeded to troop into one of the small rooms along the dark hall way. Thus our day began. It was all most unpretentious, yet the lectures we listened to, the spirit we partook of, were on a very high plane.

Who attend this international school, you will ask. It often seemed to me that the group one found in these class rooms was the most interesting and important thing about our whole experience. Unfortunately it appeared impossible to induce the English secretary or the Polish assistant or even Professor Zimmern himself to give any but the most indefinite answers to one's inquiries into the numbers, nationality, personal intentions or purposes, or any other facts with regard to the students. The Zimmern School held in high contempt the supposed American predilection for statistics. So it happens that one is driven to rather vague conjectures as to the personnel of the shifting student body at the school. Yet the group was unceasingly fascinationg to me. It always brought to my mind thoughts of medieval University conditions. Not only was it a gathering of people of all ages and conditions coming from far and near, speaking sundry languages, but the coming together was spontaneous and informal. There were no credits, no tests, no formalities, no standardization; just an intense interest in acquiring information and ideas and a great admiration for intelligence. With such young people indeed rests the hope of the future.

LENA C. VAN BIBBER.

(To be continued in the January number)

Santa Claus,

The earth lay silent in its covering of snow
The clouds in the sky hung soft and low,
Hark! Through the clouds sounds a tingle of a bell,
Down comes Santa's sleigh, pell mell!

Santa stopped the sleigh and looked around,
"Not a house in sight, well—I'll be bound!"
He took up the reins, gave prancer a slap,
The sleigh flew on, while he looked at his map.

"Mary Jane's first," he said with a chuckle
And laughed so hard he lost his belt buckle.
"Ho! ho!" he laughed, "She wants a doll with hair.
I'll leave this one, and a big brown bear."

Santa finished his work and hopped into his sleigh
And homeward he flew at the dawn of the day.
" 'Twas a good night," he said, as he flew o'er the snow,
"Everyone'll be happy as I am, I know."

FREDERICA E. POHLMYER, *Jr.* 2.

To a Pansy

Straight and slender stem
Why must you bow your face
Purple velvet flower?
Tell me of your disgrace.
Pray did you give the wind a kiss
And are you hiding now in bliss?
Or did you say you were in love,
With sunbeams up so high above?

Pensive, thoughtful eyes,
What troubles you so now?
Lady of the glen,
Why wear a wrinkled brow?
Did you dream that summer's breeze
Was just a foolish flirting tease?
Or did you hear that often too,
The wind forgot that it loved you?

O. SUDLER.

To The Victors

(Tune of Columbia the Gem of the Ocean)

I

Oh, the Juniors the victors of the hockey,
The team with the spirit and speed,
About which there is no mockery,
The Seniors bow in homage to thee,
Thy plays made the Seniors grumble—
When a Junior ball went thru,
Thy strikes made the score into numbers
When hit by a "gold and a blue,"
Thy passes made the Seniors stumble
When made by a "gold and a blue."

II

As time winged its wide desolation
And the Seniors fought hard for a score,
The strength of your own team's formation
Took the ball quite safe thru the storm.
With the garlands of victory around you
So lightly the ball went thru
With victory proudly before you
You're the boast of the "gold and the blue"
With your score shining proudly before you,
The boast of the "gold and the blue."

III

The banner of victory bring hither,
O'er the Juniors great team let it wave
May the fame they have won never wither
Nor its players cease to stand with the brave.
May your players united ne'er sever,
But hold to their colors so true.
You Juniors, we'll remember forever!
The team of the "gold and the blue"
The Junior "eleven" forever—
Three cheers for the "gold and the blue."

ANNE SHEPPERD, *Senior* 10

THE TOWER LIGHT

Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson

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Price: One dollar and fifty cents per year
Single copies: Twenty cents

An Appreciation

Normal School has sustained another loss in the death of Hilda Wagner. Hilda was a very unassuming and retiring person which prevented the school as a whole from appreciating her ability and talent. The League of Women Voters has lost a valuable member, for in this group she was a very conscientious and untiring worker. Hilda's especial interest was music. She graduated from the Notre Dame School of Music with honors. She will live always in the hearts of those who knew and loved her.

Our Crystal

NORMALITES! During our training at Normal School we are continually establishing firm friendships which greatly influence our lives. While we are here, surrounded daily by familiar faces and places, it is almost impossible to believe that we may some day forget these friends with whom we have worked to attain and advance the same goal—that of taking our place in educating the future citizens of the nation.

But we are forced to recognize the truth of the old adage "Out of sight, out of mind," and, try as we may, the memories that we shall cherish most—of our friends, who have contributed much to our happiness and success; of our campus, the beauty of which has been a continual source of delight—all these will gradually fade as we leave our Normal days far behind.

We realize the need for some lasting remembrance that will recall clearly all the memories we wish to retain. Is this not a most essential reason for having our annual? The Class of 1928 realized this and gave evidence of their initiative by producing for the first time in the Maryland State Normal School—an annual, our "Crystal." By glancing into the "Crystal" at any time one may relive his happy experiences at Normal School, and see once more the faces of old friends, favorite nooks and corners of the campus.

We, the Class of 1929, recognize the value of their initiative, and realize the responsibility which has fallen on us. Our annual must be worthy of the standards which our class represent. We need *your* cooperation in order to make it a Crystal that fulfills its purpose—possessing full power to recall to each of us our Normal School days. Remember that this responsibility rests upon *you!* Now is the time for the spirit of 1929 to be shown. *Let us all be Crystal-gazers!*

EDITORS.

As You Like It—A Unit

THE THOUGHT OF MAKING "Units" is often met with a barrage of attacks of various kinds—and these attacks are not always, I daresay, complimentary. In some instances, the attacks may be justifiable, and in other instances, unjustifiable. However, I am not going to take up this phase of the unit.

I am pleased and satisfied to say that my history unit has re-awakened within me some philosophical propensities which have of late become dormant. Now, I take this opportunity of pouring forth some of these philosophical effusions on paper.

Before the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh, he was asked by his friends to change the position of his head on the block and lay himself so that he would face the East. To this request he replied: "It matters little how the head lies, provided the heart be right." How courageous and lofty these words are! Socrates, drinking the fatal hemlock, faced death with no calm and lofty composure. Raleigh's friends and even his evil conspirators knew that his "heart be right." Shortly before Sir Walter Raleigh's death, the following lines of sweet Saxon English were written by him on the fly-leaf of his Bible—

Even such is Time, that takes no trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the record of our days.
Yet from this earth, this grave, this dust
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust,
Are not these lines worth remembering?

And now we come to Captain John Smith, one who has been classed as a mere, "rough fighting man." You will soon see why "rough fighting man" is not in its fullest sense, in accord with some of his writings.

He writes, "Seeing we are not born for ourselves, but each to help other and our abilities are much alike at the hour of our birth and the minute of his death; seeing our good deeds or our bad, by faith in Christ's merits is all we have to carry our souls to heaven or to hell; seeing honor is our lives' ambition, and our ambition of after death to have an honorable memory of our life; and seeing by no means we would be abated of the dignities and glories of our predecessors, let us imitate their virtues to be worthily their successors."

Herein, the soldier writes noble words. He conveys the duty of love and charity—"do unto others as you would want them to do unto you."

The following passage appeals directly to the men of our present complex civilization: "Who can desire more content *that hath small means or but only his merits to advance his fortunes,* than to tread and plant that ground he hath purchased by the hazard of his life? If he hath but the taste of virtue and magnanimity, what to such a mind can be more pleasant than *planting and building a foundation for his posterity got from the rude earth by God's blessing and his own industry, without prejudice to any?*"

Sincerely hoping that my readers have enjoyed and profited by this exposition, I conclude, rather abruptly but meaningfully, with a quotation from La Rue:

"When we love, we learn."

HYMAN KAMINKOW.

Team Work

It's all very well to have courage and skill,
And it's fine to be counted a star,
But the single deed, with its touch of thrill,
Doesn't tell us the man you are.

For there's no lone hand in the game we play;
We must work to a bigger scheme;
And the thing that counts in the world today,
Is—how do you pull with the team?

SELECTED.

Cowenton P. T. A. Works

I HAVE been asked to tell the readers of "Tower Light" a little about the Parent Teachers Association of Cowenton School and what it is doing to arouse and maintain the interest of the community in the school. The reason, I think, why our members are wide awake and so willing to work is because we always have something definite to work for. No one ever feels an interest in an organization that does nothing.

It has been the habit of our club to decide in the beginning of the year what was most needed by the school for that year and then to set out to get it. One year we worked for improvement to school property. We laid a cement walk and put in electric lights. Last year we concentrated our attention on recreation. We had the muddy playground cindered and playground equipment erected. We also purchased new books for the library. We did not neglect the appearance of the grounds and planted a hedge of barberry across the front of the lot.

This year we are working primarily for a high school for the eastern section of the county so that our children may have equal educational advantages with the children of other sections. Incidentally we are striving to win the bronze trophy offered by the Federation.

One splendid feature of our association is the spirit of cooperation between the teachers and the patrons of the school. The association recognizes the fact that the teachers are whole heartedly interested in building up the school and at every meeting they are asked individually to tell the patrons of any difficulties they are having which we may be able to straighten out and they are encouraged to ask for whatever new equipment they may need.

So I would say that Cowenton P. T. A. owes its success to the fact that we always have something worthwhile to work for and in that work we have the hearty support of capable teachers.

MRS. F. M. GAMBRILL, *President,*
Cowenton Parent Teachers Assn.

SCHOOL NOTES

Junior Mothers' Week-End

On Friday at about three o'clock the first of the mothers arrived for their week-end stay at Maryland State Normal. They continued to come until by dinner time there were sixty-five or more smiling mothers each accompanied by her happy daughter. We dined by candlelight with the orchestra playing for us from the balcony. Next came sing-song and Miss Weyforth had a surprise up her sleeve for all of us. The "Three Little Maids From School," walked straight out of the Mikado on purpose to entertain us; Mary Read turned out to be an unusually charming little girl still believing in the good old fashioned ways. Lest we forget, the boys offered us a worthy sextet.

At eight-thirty a tour of the dormitories was made to acquaint the mothers with our dormitory life. I think both mothers and girls were at peace with the world when they finally turned in Friday night.

Bright and early Saturday morning the Juniors with their mothers posed in front of Newell Hall to get their pictures taken. At about ten a sightseeing tour afforded the mothers an opportunity to see Baltimore and its outlying districts.

In the afternoon Doctor Burdick talked about health problems in which mothers were interested, Miss Osborn explained the use of the library and Mr. Woelfel was consulted regarding the entrance tests. The advisers and faculty were also on hand to discuss problems and chat with the mothers.

At four-thirty tea was served in Richmond Hall Parlor for everyone who wished it.

Saturday evening everyone gathered in the auditorium and after several numbers by the orchestra two of our typical Assembly programs were presented for our guests.

Sunday was an ideal Sabbath, beautiful, quiet, and peaceful. Most of the mothers went to church Sunday afternoon and night farewells were given—rather sad goodbyes because such dear ones were leaving, but joyous too because of such a good time.

Home-Coming--A Social Get-Together

HURRAH for the Alumni! What could be more delightful than to have a houseful of old friends with us once more! They returned home enthusiastically, one hundred and twenty-five of them, as happy to be here as we were to see them. Nature rejoiced in a jolly fashion, sending sunshine and warm breezes to intrigue us into thinking it was last spring come back. Indeed, it did seem as tho' our last year's Seniors had never left their Alma Mater. Perhaps Father Time pushed the calendar back a year. But if our eyes told us one thing, our ears contradicted it. Such a hubbub and talking was never heard before. My, such worldly wise teachers as our old pals have turned out to be! To them student-teaching and all former troubles are nothing. "You have it soft; wait 'till you're teaching. Like it? Oh, yes, I should say! Just loads, especially the pay checks. 'Cute' youngsters, too. Great, if you don't weaken."

The big crystal ball of famous renown had its place in the banquet hall. Exquisite red roses and lilies of the valley surrounded it.

Saturday night our dance floor seemed full of brightly colored flowers moving in time to the music. I believe if another couple had decided to come, things would have been crowded. As it was, the dance was delightful.

Judging from the permanent smiles unable to be wiped off over the week-end, I think our dearly loved Alumni enjoyed themselves, and, needless to say, we'd like to have them with us forever.

MAE ROBERTS.

The Forum

Faculty Adviser.....Miss H. Bader
President.....May M. Coffay
Vice-President.....Margaret Croswell
Secretary.....Marie Stratmann

As the name indicates this is an organization which brings before its members topics and issues of local, national and international importance.

Our plans for the year include worthwhile and interesting features. At a later date we shall have a pleasant announcement to make before the student body. The new members, Juniors as well as Seniors, are showing a keen interest, which is the keynote of success. Without an active membership an organization is a ship at sea. Bi-monthly meetings are held on Thursday, when the club presents varied programs.

M. M. COFFAY.

Class of 1912 Prepare for June Re-Union

A very enjoyable occasion of the past summer was a bridge luncheon held at the Hotel Southern by a few members of the Class of 1912 of the Maryland State Normal School. These members of the class made plans preparatory to a big reunion in June.

The Chi Alpha Sigma Meets

ACCOUNTS OF MEETINGS are usually as inspiring as a telephone directory or a dictionary, but this account ought to be different. We gathered at the Chimney Corner Tea Room by the light of an open fire-place and candles.

After a delightful dinner, which defies description, we were entertained by Mrs. David Robinson, wife of the famous archaeologist of Johns Hopkins University. One generally thinks of archaeologists and other learned people as rather dull company, better confined to the brown picture section of the Sunday paper than found in the company of their fellow mortals. Such, however, is far from true in the case of Mrs. Robinson. She proved to be not a true archaeologist, but the companion of her husband while he was excavating towns in Asia Minor and Greece, so her rich and varied experience made her a most entertaining speaker.

While in Asia Minor, Mrs. Robinson said she was fairly smothered by the attentions of the hospitable natives. She and her husband lived in the guest house of the village, which was furnished by the contributions from the people of the place.

One of her most interesting experiences was that of attending a Turkish wedding of three days' duration. On the first day no bride was to be seen anywhere, though the time was spent in making calls at all of the houses in the village. The houses were immaculately clean, and easily kept so because of the scarcity of furniture. Nearly every home had its grandmother, a frightful looking old crone with henna-colored hair. Gray hair is a disgrace to a Turkish woman.

The second day of the wedding was spent in exhibiting the trousseau which was hung on strings around the room like vegetables at a county fair. On the third day of the wedding, Mrs. Robinson generously stayed at home, for she found that she was stealing all of the bride's thunder.

A strange woman in a remote village in Turkey really created quite a sensation. The men, of course, did not look at her. It was against their religion. Even the women, when they first saw her on the streets, scurried away in fright like timid little animals.

Later, however, they grew bolder and on more than one occasion Mrs. Robinson was pressed into eating the most objectionable Turkish dainties. The Turks like all of their foods sweet. Their coffee contains equal parts of coffee and sugar. Their favorite dish is a sickening combination of dough, sugar and cream—and dirt.

In Greece, Mrs. Robinson found the natives less hospitable than in Asia Minor, perhaps because foreign visitors are more common. Here she had to shift for herself, and quite a difficult time she had too, for shopping was so discouraging, and housekeeping equipment so poor that her family had to live on Campbell's soup and prunes the whole time they were there. Contrary to popular opinion, the weather in Greece was quite cold and disagreeable and the houses poorly equipped for withstanding the cold.

Unfortunately for this account, Mrs. Robinson mentioned no moral to adorn her tale. When she had finished speaking, she answered all questions and then the business of the fraternity was taken up.

VIRGINIA CHEW.

Christmas Assembly Program

Selections from the Messiah.....*Handel*
Orchestra
Everywhere, Everywhere Christmas Tonight!....———
Glee Club

In Russia
The Carol of the Russian Children
From Norway
In the Silence of the Night
In France
Jeanette—Isabella*
Sleep, Holy Child
In England
Good King Wenceslaus
In Germany
O Tannenbaum
Silent Night
In the Spirit of Christmas Everywhere
Arise to the Good and True
Everywhere, Everywhere Christmas Tonight

*Arranged as a Christmas Song-Play by Elsmith and Pepper.

Christmas in the Elementary School

The Elementary School has built the Christmas festival about this picturesque ballad written by William Morris. The throngs of gaily dressed merry makers "come a-wassailing" to the banquet hall where they are visited by the Outlanders who have brought news of the Nativity. The story is sung to the guests by the Outlanders.

All the children in the Elementary School in costume are participating in the celebration. The principal purpose is to give each child the happiness that comes of being a part of the colorful and joyous festival.

OUTLANDERS, whence come ye last?
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
Through what green sea and great have ye passed?
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

From far away we come to you,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
To tell of great tidings strange and true:
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

News, news of the Trinity,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
And Mary and Joseph from over the sea:
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

Under a bent when the night was deep,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
There lay three shepherds tending their sheep:
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

'O ye shepherds, what have ye seen,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
To slay your sorrow and heal your teen?'
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

'In an ox-stall this night we saw,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
A Babe and a maid without a flaw.'
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

'There was an old man there beside,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
His hair was white and his hood was wide.'
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

'And as we gazed this thing upon,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
Those twain knelt down to the Little One.'
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

'And a marvellous song we straight did hear,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
That slew our sorrow and healed our care.'
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

News of a fair and a marvellous thing,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
Nowell, nowell, nowell, we sing!
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

The Dormitory students are looking forward again this year to a most delightful Old English dinner with the usual festivities; the Yule log lighting, Father Christmas with his train, in short everything that will make us feel the Christmas Spirit.

Coming Home Professionally

Members of the Class of 1928 were welcomed home by Miss Tall at the morning conference held on Saturday, November 17th. Quite a number of us were there weighed down with problems which we unburdened temporarily upon the shoulders of our faculty, in the group conferences held between 10:30 and 11:30. The questions which arose there were brought back to the general meeting where they read for the consideration of the entire group. After a brief discussion, the chairman summarized the meeting under the word *adjustment,* which she said was the keynote to the problems met by the graduates of last year.

A valuable outgrowth of the meeting was the plan proposed to broaden the scope of several courses in the Normal School curriculum to better prepare the graduates for such situations as we have found difficult.

Many of us left that meeting with our problems decidedly lightened and our heads packed with long sought for solutions. Great is our appreciation to the members of the faculty and their chairman, Miss Tall, for the time, thought, and energy which they so generously put at our disposal on that homecoming morning.

HELEN D. NICOLS.

Athletics

HOCKEY

The first Junior Senior hockey team was played off October 21, 1928. The Seniors made a fine showing in their new uniforms of yellow middies and white ties. As they filed out of Newell Hall we were almost inclined to believe the All-Baltimore Hockey team was with us for the afternoon. Both first and second teams played. The Juniors proved they had strength and good stick work, as they rolled up the scores in both games. They didn't win the points without knowing some of the opposition which the Senior team could offer.

Dorothy White, of the Senior team, played a remarkably fine game, while Lillian Scott was the Junior star of the day.

The line-up of the First Teams:

Seniors	*Position*	*Juniors*
D. White	R. W	J. Meyer
A. Shepperd	R. I	M. Dunn
H. Brookhart	C. F	E. Hudak (C)
E. Black	L. I	E. Baughman
M. Dick (C)	L. W	A. Herold
E. Givinnes	C. H	A. Chiodi
A. Celustka	L. H	L. Scott
V. Hudson	L. F	M. Bellamy
N. Thomas	R. F	A. Turk
R. Ensor	G	C. Magill

Score—Seniors 1; Juniors 5.

Referee—Miss Appleton.

Timekeeper—V. Mahon. Time of halves—15 minutes.

The line-up of the Second Team:

Seniors	*Position*	*Juniors*
D. Callard	R. W	C. Merryman
H. Clark	R. I	M. Brookhart
R. Heimmiller	C. F	E. Bowers
E. Weinbach	L. I	M. Hanley
E. Gilpin	L. W	R. Willoughby
A. Kolk	R. H	M. McCauley
M. Kirby	C. H	M. White
C. Johnson (C)	L. H	M. Glock
A. Bowie	L. F	M. Williams
A. Miller	R. F	V. Garb
H. Kestner	G	—. ———

Score—Seniors 2; Juniors 5.

Referee—Miss Appleton.

Substitutes Seniors—Michael for Heimmiller, Stratman for Callard, Tibbs for Kestner, Akers for Michael, Nutwell for Miller.

Juniors—Williams for Bowers, Miller for Grab, Croswell for Willoughby.

Second Junior-Senior Game

On November 14 the Seniors came out for revenge. Determination was stamped on each face, but the Juniors were also determined to win. Both teams had added strength and teamwork since the first play off. The Juniors, however, were confident of their surpassing qualities. The second team game was a keen contest throughout. The Seniors showed up to advantage, E. Gilpin playing a fine game. In the last half the Juniors were one ahead. The Seniors were fighting hard at the Junior's goal when the whistle blew, with the Juniors still one ahead, score 5 to 4.

The Seniors put up a steady fight in the first game, but the attacks of the Juniors were too penetrating and too numerous to be stopped by the defense line of the Senior team. The Juniors won but the Seniors went down fighting.

M. Dick and A. Shepperd displayed outstanding teamwork for the Seniors in the first game while Clark and Gilpin starred for Seniors in the second game.

Score of the first game—Seniors 1; Juniors 6.

Score of the second game—Seniors 4; Juniors 5.

NORMAL VS. TOWSON HIGH

Tuesday, October 16, Normal met Towson High School at Normal. As is usual Normal and Towson played a hard, clean game. Wachter our Center Forward put a neat pass through the goal in the first half. The second half both teams see-sawed up and down the field neither able to score.

Final Score—Normal 1; Towson High 0.

Substitute—E. Goldstein for Weider.

Goals kicked by—Wachter. Referee—J. Hanley.

NORMAL VS. MT. ST. JOSEPH

On Tuesday, October 30 Normal met Mt. St. Joe on the north campus field. The game was very interesting with flashy work displayed by both teams. In the first quarter Kepler broke the ice by sending a hot one for the St. Joe goal. The goalie made a good try for it but was unsuccessful. The second half Kepler again found an opening for a tally. He was quickly followed by Wachter.

Final Score—Normal 3; St. Joe 0.

Goals kicked by—Kepler (2); Wachter 1.

Referee—Seamon.

NORMAL VS. WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE

On Friday, Nevember 2, we played Western Maryland College at Westminster. The brilliant playing of Beauchamp, Center Forward of Maryland had a decided effect on the score. The Normal team played fine soccer and had great spirit but the smooth, fast team of Western Maryland was better. State Normal went down to defeat with flying colors to a great machine.

Following is the line-up:

Western Md.	*Position*	*Normal*
Howard	G.	Goldstein
Smith	L. B.	Barlow
Hastings	R. B.	Ness
Trice	L. H. B.	Stull
Trunda	R. H. B.	Huff
Willis	C.	Peregoy
Holland	O. S. L.	Bull
Benson	I. S. L.	Kepler
Beauchamp	C. F.	Wachter
Hart	I. S. R.	Stekel
Noble	O. S. R.	Burton

Final Score—Western Maryland 5; Normal 0.

Substitutes—Jansen for Burton, Killer for Trunda.

Referee—Ely.

NORMAL VS. BEACOM COLLEGE

Tuesday, November 6, Normal traveled to Wilmington, Del. to play Beacom College of that city. The game was played at Eighteenth and Van Buren Sts. The teams played hard and fast but Beacom was a different team than the Beacom we had played at Towson and defeated 2 to 0. In the first half they shot two goals and followed them up with three more in the second half.

The line-up was as follows:

Beacom College	*Position*	*Normal*
Beachamp	G.	Goldstein
Logan	L. B.	Stekel
Steele	R. B.	Ness
Timmons	L. H. B.	Burton
Chalcroft	R. H. B.	Huff
Croole	C.	Stull
Horleman	O. S. L.	Bull
Townsend	I. S. L.	Kepler
Wright	C. F.	Wachter
Whaley	I. S. R.	Peregoy
Sentman	O. S. R.	Jansen

Final Score—Beacom 5; Normal 0.

Substitues—Kinnersley for Stull, Henry for Burton.

Referee—Timmons.

NORMAL VS. MT. ST. JOSEPH

On Tuesday, November 13, Normal played Mt. St. Joe at Gibbons Field, Catonsville. The game was very interesting and hardly fought. In the second half Nelligan, Center Forward of St. Joe put a fast one through. Goldstein made a fine try but was unsuccessful. Goldstein played a good game and saved the game from further scoring when Mt. St. Joe laid siege to our goal.

The line-up was as follows:

Mt. St. Joseph	*Position*	*Normal*
Jaen	G.	P. Goldstein
Peppin	L. B.	Stekel
Fitzgerald	R. B.	Ness
Sarenson	L. H. B.	Huff
Del Valle	R. H. B.	Stull
Auza	C.	Wachter
Arais	O. S. R.	E. Goldstein
J. Shine	I. S. R.	Peregoy
Nelligan	C. F.	Jansen
Morgan	I. S. L.	Kepler
Leigo	O. S. L.	Kinnersley

Einal Score—Mt. St. Joseph 1; Normal 0.

JOKES

"What makes that vitaphone lisp like that?"
"Its because the talking movies are still in their infancy."

Headlines—
(1) Father slew three and self, then started fire, is belief.
(2) Cosmetics'n' all—

Ladies Rest Room
Drive In

Washing and Greasing
(Filling station sign)

Here lies till Gabriel's trumpet doth peal
The bones of Sam Sharp.
He dozed while holding a steering wheel
And woke up holding a harp.

"Darling," cried a young wife as darling came home from the office, "there's going to be a new grocery store in the neighborhood."
"Well, well!" he exclaimed, "We certainly are prospering. We haven't exhausted our credit with the other one yet."—*American Legion.*

In the movies just now it seems to be the survival of the 'It-est.

Outa sight. You're only a carbon copy of one big moment.

Pitiful figure—The Scotchman who has just been notified that a collect telegram awaits him.

He—"Didn't you see me down town last night? I saw you twice."
She—"No, I never notice people in that condition."—*Peelings.*

The celebrated soprano was in the middle of her solo when little Johnny, said to his mother, referring to the conductor of the orchestra, "Why does that man hit at the woman with his stick?"
"He's not hitting at her," replied his mother. "Keep quiet."
"Well, then, what's she hollerin so for."—*Ex.*

Automobilists are not the only persons who may run people down. There are the ladies' sewing circles.

Father Knows

Proud Father—"Yes'ir, when that little fellow o'mine grows up he is going to be a doctor."

Yesman—"How do you know what a 6-year-old child will be when he grows up?"

Proud Father—"Easy! Why the other day I left him alone in the library—and would you believe it—he removed the appendix from every book on the first shelf."—*Ex.*

Souvenir Hunter—"Mother was your name Pullman before you were married."

"No, dear; why do you ask?"

"Well I just wondered. I see that name on a lot of our towels."—*Vancouver Province.*

Radio Fan—"I picked up WGY last night."

Auto Fan—"Huh, wouldn't she give you her full name."

Frosh (running into library)—"I want the life of Caesar."

Librarian—"Sorry, but Brutus beat you to it."—*Colgate Banter.*

Our Motto

Good, better, best,
  We'll never let it rest—
Until our good is better
  And our better best.

A Bartlesville youth has taken so many courses from correspondence schools that he calls the postman "professor."—*Enterprise.*

"Are you Hungary?"

"Yes, Siam."

"Then Russian to the table and I'll Fiji."

"All right; Sweden my coffee and Denmark my bill."

The Explanation

Hawkins (dropping in on a friend who had recently moved)—"Hello, there, what are you doing? Laying a carpet?"

Brown (who has just struck his thumb)—"No, you idiot! The carpet was here when we moved in. I'm just putting the floor under it.

Englishman (who has been served with corn on the cob for the first time—"Boy! Boy!"

Waiter—"Sir?"

Englishman (displays the cob)—"I say old top, fill it up again."—*Ex.*

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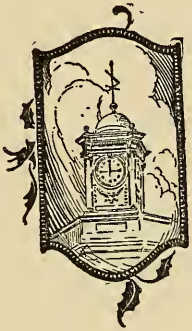

Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

Towson, Md.

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The Tower Light

Vol. II January 1929 No. 4

Another Chapter on Geneva

IN MY LAST MONTH'S PAPER I tried to give you a notion of Geneva in general and a peep into the International School that we attended there. In this installment I should like to give you some idea of the men who lectured last summer in Dr. Zimmern's School and of some of the things they had to say. (By the way, I am writing with a red pencil marked "Pestalozzi" picked up in the Secretariat library.)

Dr. Zimmern has the reputation of securing a notable staff of lecturers, some of whom talk in English and some in French, and all of whom are experts in their fields and all recognized and respected internationally. Among these, Professor Madariaga, a Spaniard, as his name implies, but a professor at Oxford University, is perhaps the best known and certainly the most delightful. He brings to bear on the difficult and tangled subject of Disarmament an unsual experience, a clear vision, a deep conviction, a true impartiality and a good temper. Of all nations Spain perhaps may be regarded as less involved than any other in the national rancors of Europe. During the recent war the Spanish government and people were not only neutral but universally helpful. Therefore a Spaniard today can command a fair hearing from all nationalities alike. Furthermore Professor Madariaga having for some time held with distinction a post as Director of the Disarmament and Security Commission of the League has had opportunities and experience in studying and dealing with this question such as probably no other man has enjoyed. We therefore listened to his findings with profound respect.

The note struck by Professor Madariaga, and indeed by all others who have given the matter considerable attention is, at first thought, quite disappointing. It was not what we wanted to hear; yet it conformed to what everyone who has watched the progress, or the *lack* of progress, of Disarmament attempts must know to be true. The movement seems to be at a standstill. Undoubtedly the peoples of the earth dread and hate war and they crave earnestly relief from overwhelming war and armament burdens. Progress in constructive fields is everywhere checked in Europe by the preoccupation of governments in keeping up-to-date their armies, armaments and munitions of all kinds. Individuals are overburdened with taxes. The cost of living is *too* great. Production is retarded. The people sigh, but sigh in vain for relief.

Why? No government seems able to relinquish the desire to use armaments as a national policy with which to exact concessions from other governments. Rivalry, fear and suspicion are still rampant throughout the world. Furthermore the existence of powerful nations outside the League is a great deterrent. It has been because of these factors that nations have made the error of appointing their military experts to represent them on every commission which has tried to make constructive suggestions according to some scale for bringing about a method of reducing national armaments. The results so far have been *nil*. Each national group of military experts has been intent on seeing that his nation *does not reduce armaments as drastically* as the rest!

This is disheartening, you will say. So says every friend of peace and progress. Yet, in the opinion of Professor Madariaga, there is great hope. But the hope lies in education *before* disarmament. And, he insists, this education is taking place. It is taking place through Geneva and through the instruments of the League of Nations. Here at Geneva is going on a process that should be the hope of the world. Here responsible representatives of various nations are learning the invaluable lesson of co-operation and of consultation rather than separate national action without consultation and due consideration. Governments are learning that in an interdependent world nationalistic violence does not pay in any sense of the word. Thus, Professor Madariaga holds, disarmament must eventually come about, not by preliminary agreement, but rather as a result of the realization that nations are not going to need to go to war to settle disputes; that a better way has been found by *a world that cannot afford to fight it out,* with all that that involves.

Next in interest was a course of three lectures and discussions conducted by Professor Brierly, also of Oxford. Mr. Brierly's field is International Law, and the theme of his lectures was "The Peaceful Settlement of International Disputes." His method of presentation was extremely clever, especially from the point of view of arousing argument. At first he discussed arbitration, particularly compulsory arbitration, emphasizing its weakness, its imperfections and general uselessness in actually promoting peace. Next he appraised the method of conciliation through the agency of a mixed commission. Again he proved the fallacies of this method of adjusting national grievances in either a fair or a satisfactory fashion. By this time the clever professor had every one by the ears. Discussion was most heated. People with pet ideas for bringing peace were on their feet defending their projects. At no time during the summer was there more activity. Professor Brierly thoroughly enjoyed it all; he bided his time with smiling patience. It was at his last lecture that he showed his hand. He produced on that occasion a thoroughly British suggestion: that the settlement of international dis-

putes need not actually take place at any given time. Allow, he contended, difficult decisions to remain indefinitely unsolved, if no mutually satisfactory settlement can be found. *Disputes do not necessarily have to be settled immediately, if at all!* Better let a question remain open for a time, or until rancor subsides. Eventually, perhaps, no settlement need be made. With the on-coming of a new generation and new interests perhaps what seemed once so acute may no longer command attention. The idea was a shock to us at first, accustomed as we are to demanding impatiently to see the final adjustment of affairs. Yet on second thought we began to wonder—after all does not great wisdom lie here? Will not nature cure some wounds better than can the surgeon's knife?

Here let me pause. I have told of only two of our many lecturers, but no doubt you are surfeited by this time. If you wish, I'll "come again" after the holidays.

LENA C. VAN BIBBER.

TO MOTHER

So long ago you brooded quiet-eyed
Over the bit of God that you gave life,
And there were dreams within your watching eyes,
And there were dreams within your crooning voice,
So many dreams—and I slept on your breast.

And then—one day—I laughed to stand alone;
And I must stand alone. O Mother mine—
You show me life to keep me from its pain,
But I am young and I must live it too,
And come back hurt to cry against your heart.

I shall go singing down the years that come,
Trying to reach the dreams you made for me.
Perhaps I never shall—for they are high,
High as God is,—and yet I cannot fail—
Not while I know
I have a Mother with a heart that loves me.

EDNA GIBBONS.

World Fellowship Through Education

(Continued from November Issue)

BEFORE visiting the schools of Germany, I would have you travel with us along the edge of the Black Forest. The name is a haunting one, but no more mysterious than the dark depths of those wooded hills to our right which we watched hour after hour as we rode through South Germany. To our left was farm land, a golden world of rich, ripe, yellow grain. It was an active world, for there was evident need of quick harvesting. The work was done almost entirely by women and children. Invariably they wore blue cotton dresses and white kerchiefs bound around their heads. There they bent, sun-tanned, brawny, and patient, cutting the grain with scythes. Often they stood bare-footed in the fields. At one time we passed a load of grain hauled by a pair of yoked oxen. On the yellow grain sat two of the blue-clad, white-kerchiefed women, while at the oxen's head walked two other women laborers. Where were the men? Only occasionally did we see one working with a group of women.

I would have you stand with us on the portico of the great old Cathedral of St. Peter at Regensburg and look down at the market scene in the street below. Such old, old women so bent with toil I had never seen. The weight of centuries seemed pressing down upon their backs. There they stood selling their poor wares—bundles of brush, bunches of wild flowers, bits of fruit and vegetables. Everything was on a meagre scale and crude. These products were brought to market in big baskets tied to the bent backs of the old women or in carts drawn or pushed by them. There was a complete absence of horse-drawn or motor vehicles. There was also an absence of color. All the clothes were dull blue, black, or gray. In the midst of the dreariness, as out of another world, a big, shiny automobile drew up in front of the civil marriage office. Out of it stepped a most radiant bride. She was clad in white satin and wore a veil, she was very blond and very rosy, and she smiled upon the bleak world about her. In a moment she had disappeared under an ancient gray stone gateway, and the world was once more drab.

Now I would have you leave Regensburg and go to Walhalla not far away. We drove there, crossing on the way a ninth century bridge. Occasionally we passed a woman leading an ox team. Once we passed a very old woman, barefooted, riding a bicycle—a strange, incongruous figure. We left the bus and trudged for twenty minutes up a steep, heavily-wooded hillside. We were one of many travelers, and the higher we mounted, the more we felt that we were making a pilgrimage. Just before reaching the summit we read an inscription on a tablet fastened to a tree: "May Walhalla further the strengthening and the enlarge-

ment of the German spirit! May all Germans, of whatever stock they may be, ever feel that they have a common Fatherland, a Fatherland of which they can be proud; and that each should contribute, as much as he can, to its glory!" When we reached the summit, Walhalla was forgotten in the view spread before us. The Fatherland seemed truly there—great stretches of cultivated land with hills off in the distance and the Danube at our feet. The inscription that I quoted and the view are in harmony. The centuries of labor which the high cultivation of the land suggested is a real reason for pride in the Fatherland. The building itself, Walhalla, the goal of our pilgrimage, is modelled on the Parthenon and has the simple dignity of the Greek temple, both within and without. Marble figures of Germans great in the arts, the sciences, and in philosophy are placed along the sides, interspersed at intervals with figures of Winged Victory.

And then Jena. On our first evening we were taken to a restaurant where the students of the summer session had gathered for a particular type of meeting which is held at the beginning of the session. Prof. Rein, formerly head of the department of education, now eighty-two years old, lectures occasionally during the winter and, in addition, conducts the summer school for teachers. He is a hale, hearty, sweet old man, evidently much beloved. This was the evening devoted to the Auslanders, people of the territories in which Germans live under foreign dominion. Schleswig-Holstein, the Saar, German Poland, German Czecho-Slovakia were among the territories represented. Each representative told of the conditions under foreign occupation. Many spoke of the hardships of having German children taught by foreign teachers in foreign languages. Continually, emphasis was placed upon the fact that while there were sixty million Germans living within Germany proper, there were forty million Germans living under foreign control, and that German unity must be preserved among them all. While there was always self-control, there was evident a burning, nationalistic patriotism which had its climax in the singing of "Deutschland über Alles."

It was against such a background that we made our acquaintance with the new schools of Germany, a background of peasant toil and poverty, of the pride of race at Walhalla, and of the spirit of nationalism of Jena. Without such background, there could have been little appreciation of the spirit of the new Germany that is laboriously struggling to the surface. One must know the old to understand the new.

We went from the nationalism of Jena directly to the liberalism of the Aufbauschule at Weimar. It was there that we met Prof. Weiss, our first contact with a representative of the new spirit in German education. Prof. Weiss talked with us before we visited classes. These are

some of the high lights of his talk: The Aufbauschule is an attempt to make secondary education link up more closely with conditions in the world today than is done in the gymnasium; the old classical education will no longer fit life today; English is taught and emphasized rather than French because there is more kinship between German thought and language than between German and French; emphasis is placed upon art because man needs the spiritual as well as the intellectual; tuition is regulated according to family income, the highest rate being 150 M. a year, while those unable to pay are subsidized; much of the inspiration for the present movement in education has come through the Youth Movement and through the war. Prof. Weiss closed his talk with this significant statement: "The war was, of course, a terrible thing for Germany, but it has brought a spiritual awakening and has made a new education inevitable."

The next day we saw Prof. Weiss in his classroom teaching history. It was a rare treat, for there we saw in practice the thought that he had given us the day before. We saw history taught—the topic was the art of the eighteenth century—in such a way that a cross-section of the contributions of all nations at that time were seen side by side. The topic had been prepared by one boy who showed lantern slides. A discussion of the highest order was carried on. The teacher played his part as he was needed. At no time was there any self-consciousness, any interruption of a speaker, any talk for talk's sake. Instead, the discussion was on the plane of a thoughtful, free, natural conversation among friends.

We visited another Aufbauschule in Neukolln, a suburb of Berlin. Here again we saw animated discussion, this time in economics and composition. Children argued points, laughing, jolly, and good-natured. Dr. Karsen, the principal, took us into his office and gave us the leading thought of the school. I will give jottings: The method of the school is essentially cooperative; the teacher is not the outstanding personality; at the beginning of the year, teachers and pupils plan the work of the year; all teachers and a representative of each class meet in conference and draw up a plan of work for the whole school, apportioning the subdivisions among the classes; the plan is determined partly by the curriculum and partly by the traditions of the school; the representative of the class reports back to the class with all the teachers of that class present; they draw up the details for that particular class; first, they sub-divide a given topic into parts and then apportion the parts among the students. Much stress is placed upon keeping records of the accomplishments; at the end of the term each child reports his total term's achievements to his class; the class checks and O. K.'s it, whereupon his report goes with that of the other members of his class into a bound

volume; it is from this bound volume that teacher and pupils hope to find guidance for future accomplishments. A critical study of an exhibit of these volumes is made by pupils and students at the end of each term. Another point of emphasis is the excursion, the children going off for at least two weeks each year to study rock formation along the northern coast, for instance, or the political institutions of England.

The Garten Arbeit Schule in Wilmersdorf is a school centered around the cultivation of the garden. Fourteen grundschule of the neighborhood send children to it one morning a week, and, in addition, one frauen schule sends its students there for technical training in gardening. Rektor O. Mehlau is in charge. The very little children start with very little gardens. In fact, at the beginning of the school, all the gardens were individual. Group gardens were not attempted until the children saw the advantages of the group enterprise. Now all gardens are worked by groups. The cultivation of the plants is only one phase. Apparently, real work in scientific study of plant life is carried on hand-in-hand with the gardening. The buildings consist of a number of open-air shacks for discussion groups, a work-shop where any necessary carpentry connected with the garden is carried on, a kitchen where the vegetables from the garden are cooked, laboratories for the study of plant and animal life, and a conference room for the teachers.

We attended the opening conference of the principal with his teachers. We went into the pleasant little conference room, with its cross-barred muslin curtains at the windows and its fragrant window gardens. Over one of the door-ways encircled by a wreath of gayly-colored flowers was a motto lettered by a child:

> "Inexhaustible and ever renewed,
> Beauty is nature."

Over the other door-way was another motto, similarly wrought:

> "One must look at nature through the eyes
> instead of study it out of books."

Rektor Mehlau discussed the beginning of the term's work with the teachers. The gardens were in need of weeding. Therefore, weeding should be done first. Children should be taught how to remove weeds from around tomato plants without destroying the leaves. The functions of leaves were taught at the same time. Rektor Mehlau took us about the gardens. Everywhere were groups of children either working or standing about the teachers discussing problems growing out of the work. They wore little clothing—no shoes nor stockings—just little black gym suits. They were very good to look upon with their tanned skins and bright laughing faces. They asked us many questions about

America, and before we left filled our arms with flowers from their gardens.

We visited many more schools, but these must suffice to show something of the spirit of the new education in Germany. The old Germany was the product of the schoolmaster. The new Germany will again be the product of the schoolmaster. But what a difference! Will the new be as strong in the democratic spirit as was the old in the autocratic? The response of the children makes us think so. They have all the fearlessness and joyousness of our own American children. Exposed to similar stimuli, their responses are almost identical. Racial differences show but little in the children. One is very humble before the power of education.

So we saw the struggles of England and Germany toward a broader fellowship and a new world meaning. Frequently I have been asked what was the biggest thing that came out of these visits. My answer is always the same: The feeling that there in England and in Germany are little groups working for the same ideals for which we are striving, and the consciousness in talking with these groups of similarities rather than differences. Walt Whitman has expressed it. I wonder what was the occasion of his thought.

"This moment yearning and thoughtful sitting alone,
It seems to me, there are other men in other lands yearning and thoughtful.
It seems to me I can look over and behold them in Germany, Italy, France, Spain,
Or far away in China or in Russia or Japan talking other dialects.
And it seems to me if I could know those men I should become attached to them as I do to men in my own lands.
Oh, I know we should be brethren and lovers,
I know I should be happy with them."

AGNES SNYDER.

DEATH

The most beautiful thing in the world
Is death. It will come as one
Stooping to open my eyes that have lain so long
In the dark of the sun.

As one to unfold my hands
So they may touch what they love
Loosing my restless feet, they go at last
Where they've yearned to rove.

And I wait for its coming eager
As I have been always
To gather the beautiful up to my heart, and then
To sing praise.

EDNA GIBBONS.

On Monday, November 26, the school held a memorial service in commemoration of the death of our two classmates: Dora Wilder and Hilda Wagner. The assembly service was beautiful and impressive in its very simplicity and element of sincere sympathy for those more closely related to Dora and Hilda than we were. Our program consisted of two hymns: "Still, Still With Thee," sung by the school, and "The Lord is My Shepherd," sung by the Glee Club; an address by Mr. Broening, Hilda's former minister; and a testimony of the senior class by Augustus Hackman; together with a short, forceful address by Miss Tall in which we were urged to make ourselves known and appreciated according to our true value.

THE CLASS OF 1929 has been deeply grieved by the loss of two of its cherished members. In the passing of Dora Wilder and Hilda Wagner, we feel that much of our strength has gone. Both Dora Wilder and Hilda Wagner were outstanding members of the class, dignified by noble qualities of character, mind and spirit. To those who knew them more intimately than we; who lived with them in the walks of life, the Class of 1929 extends its deepest sympathies and shares with them the deep sense of loss of beloved companions.

Reported by JEAN GIBBONS.

My Impression of America

I PROMISED the editor-in-chief of the TOWER LIGHT to contribute something that may be of interest to the readers. Well! In Syria they say that the promise of a free man is a debt against him; as a result I feel uneasy until I pay the last cent of my debt.

I wish I had the ability to write English poetry with the same ease as the students of the State Normal, and I wish I had the Spirit of Mark Twain or of Will Rogers so as to be able to entertain the readers of the TOWER LIGHT. But alas! I am neither this nor that, neither a poet nor a humorous writer!

It would be very interesting if every one would try to formulate a picture in his or her mind about a foreign country. In painting a mental picture of a foreign country we are influenced by articles we have read, pictures we have seen and lectures we have listened to and in many cases we are not very far from truth. However, it is almost impossible to avoid misconceptions and misinterpretations in one way or another.

I was interested to find out that many Americans have two wrong notions or misconceptions about Syria. First; they think that Syria is a very hot country, and second, they believe that life in Syria is rather primitive! It's not very surprising that they have such notions because they do not make a special study of it, though they should for the simple reason that thousands and thousands of students go to Sunday Schools and attend Church services, thus they should know in what kind of a country Jesus Christ lived! The reason for thinking that Syria is a hot place is because they associate it with the Syrian desert that separates Syria from Mesopotamia.

Syria is on the Mediterranean Sea having many outlets on it. Starting from Alexandretta on the North and ending with Sidon and Tyre on the South, the Lebanon Mountains that separate the Lebanon from the Anti-Lebanon, form a ridge that goes down as far as the seashore, a fact which is very interesting especially to students of Geography. Thus a person can easily escape the hot weather of Beirut during summer season and take advantage of the cold and refreshing breeze of Shweir in an hour's time by motor car.

Some of the Lebanon Mountains are as high as ten thousand feet, a fact that proves to those who believe that Syria's hot (all of it), that they have a big misconception.

The other misconception about Syria is backward civilization. A lady in New York city, seeing the author of this article wearing an American suit, exclaimed, "You certainly did not wear this stuff in Syria." The answer was that he did but she would not believe except after a long argument and sound proof.

It's not my intention to discuss Syria and its civilization at the present time, because the task is too big for me. I leave the subject to history

teachers and to people who know what part Syria played in the history of civilization and what contributions it made to Algebra, Chemistry, Astronomy, Medicine and Philosophy, not to mention anything about Commerce and Industry. I simply meant by the above word to introduce the subject.

Before I came to America, I did not know much about it, nevertheless, I knew enough to form a mental picture of the United States. I had an idea that the people were "awfully" busy, that they had no time to think of anything except business. They do not call on their friends, they have no time to greet a friend if they happen to meet him or her on the street. In fact, I was told that people were moving all the time. If you do not move you are moved or removed!

Well! This is true but not one hundred per cent! People are busy, they move fast but they stop and greet a friend, they do not push you if you do not wish to move. You can stand on a street corner all day if you so desire. The author stood for fifteen minutes on the corner of 42nd St. and Fifth Avenue waiting for a friend and nobody even forced him to move though it was in the rush hour. The point is, that the idea of motion is a little too much exaggerated.

That people in America never see the sun (They meant N. Y.) was another misconception injected into my mind. How could that be, I often wondered. They said that it is always foggy and cloudy so that you could not see the sun at all not even "at night." Well! I have made several discoveries of the sun in New York City. I do not know whether anybody has preceded me, if not, I shall patent the discovery in my name. To hear things about a place's one thing and to experience the thing yourself is another and totally different.

My mental picture of America was different from facts, in respect to the great number of trees I saw. It's a good thing to have so many trees because they not only make the country beautiful but they have an economic value as well.

There are many people who judge America by New York. This is not fair for the reason that New York city is least American of all American cities. Moreover, you do not expect people in N. Y. to be kind, polite and hospitable as people are in other cities or in the country. It is difficult for a person to be courteous in a city like New York.

Let us suppose that a person is in the Subway and suppose he likes to be courteous to ladies, by letting every lady in the subway go ahead of him what would be the result? It's simple and easy. He would not be able to do any business. Therefore, the question resolves itself to convenience and any social custom that hinders people more than it helps them, dies out sooner or later—mostly sooner!

Raising one's hat when a person meets a lady he knows is dying out

little by little especially in a big city like New York, because a person meets many people and he has to hurry up to catch an express or to be in time for work.

The same thing is true anywhere in the world under similar circumstances. A person goes to a large city like Aleppo, Damascus or Beirut and he is not entertained free of charge on account of the size of the city and the presence of hotels. If the same person goes to the interior of Syria he is entertained not only for a day but for many days free of charge.

The three points I wish to leave with the reader are these: First, what you hear about a country may or may not be true, it depends upon the source. Second: to hear about a country is not as thrilling and as enlightening as going into the experience yourself. Third: it's not safe to judge a country, a nation or a civilization by a few cases or a few samples. To be able to generalize a more thorough investigation based on facts wisely interpreted and impartially presented should be carried on.

ILKANDER M. HARIK, A. B., Columbia University.

HOME VIEWS

I see a sun-wrapped smoke-stack standing straight
With curling smoke escaping from its head,
Flinging itself to the wish of the wind
Which makes it into thread—
A slender, fine, gray thread.

I see a silo on top of the hill
Which once had been painted a glaring red,
But the kindly rain and the lovely sun
Have made it brown instead—
Much prettier than red.

Above the smoke-stack rising through the trees,
Above the silo on the far-off hill,
Stretches the boundless sky without a cloud,
So blue and high and still
I catch my breath until—

A pleasant voice arouses me from dreams,
Startled, I try to summon scattered wit:
"Please give the standards for a model drill"—
My brain works not a bit,
So I just sit and sit.

WINSTON JEWEL.

ON OBSERVING STEPS LEADING DOWN TO THE WATER

The steps go down, down—
To the blue-gray sea, down, always down.
In my childhood I climbed them, but always up,
In those days always up.
My thoughts sky-high did soar.

The steps go down, down.
I am old now.
I, too, go down
Through the green vale of memory,
To my childhood days,
But I go down,—always down.

I have long since scaled the summit,
I have long since cleared the crest.
But now—
The steps go down—always down.

ELEANORA BOWLING, '28.

TO A BUTTERFLY

I hold you in my hand;
How fluttering your tiny heart:
Are you afraid that I shall do you hurt?
It's just—that I can never understand
How you could come from such an ugly thing
And be so beautiful. Wee butterfly,
I wonder if some day from out the dust
I might break thru, and touch the shining sky.

—EDNA GIBBONS.

Give the Library a Chance

THE BUDGET for public library service in Baltimore for 1929, submitted by the Library Board, is now before the Board of Estimates. The city appropriation for 1928 was $303,297. The amount asked for 1929 is $408,178, an increase of $105,000.

Is this request reasonable? Should it be granted in competition with other requests?

If Baltimore were supporting library service out of tax funds to the extent of $1.25, $1.50 or $1.60 per capita, like many other large cities, instead of at the rate of 36 cents as at present, the case might not be so obvious. Or if the 36 cents were not less than half the average. Or, overlooking what other cities are doing, if the proportion of the total city budget devoted to library purposes were not decreasing (two per cent. in 1917 and only 1.1 per cent. in 1926, by United States Census figures) the case might not be so obvious. Or if the library's service had not doubled in two years (Baltimoreans borrow 2,200,000 books a year now, against 1,100,000 two years ago) on a very slightly increased budget the case would not seem so obvious.

The library is called upon to make up as rapidly as possible for arrears due to a generation of semi-starvation by the municipality. The organization, book collection and appropriation for the library system in Baltimore should be at least twice as large as at present before we can begin to meet the public demands in even average measure.

The salary situation in this library deserves thorough study. It is our conviction that in comparison with other municipal departments our staff is the most inadequately paid as to ability, education and service. Among other libraries in the country, we have the smallest number of workers and the lowest salaries (Bulletin American Library Association, December, 1927).

One item in the budget is $2,880, to be added to the salaries of those who graduate from our training course so that their minimum salary will be $75 to $95 a month (depending on amount of education), instead of $65. These twelve graduates are carefully selected by examination, are high school or college graduates and will have given an additional year to training for better service to the public. An additional $5 per month salary should be given for each year of education beyond high school.

The sum of $7,140 is asked for additional part-time substitutes to serve in the twenty-seven branches during the rush hours of the afternoon and evening, when the public has to stand in line waiting for books and information. This is the most economical method of meeting the heaviest demands.

New positions called for include as most important that of director of

work with schools. The Baltimore Educational Society after its survey of two years ago (and a similar report fifteen years ago) plainly showed that one of the greatest needs of the public school and library service in Baltimore is this important development, which every other large city undertook years ago.

Our book collection is 300,000 volumes short of the usual measure of one book per capita.

Instead of thinking of an appropriation for the library as a concession "to the Pratt Library," better say, "Here is the appropriation for the municipal activity that serves all the people all their lives, which puts good books in the hands of everyone, which supplies the information on every subject for factories, stores, offices, as well as for the homes; which means the education of all the people. We have turned the library off year after year. This is the year we shall help it in its crucial need."

Excerpts from an article by Joseph L. Wheeler, Librarian of the Enoch Pratt Free Library, in The Evening Sun, November 13, 1928.

THE FRANKLIN DAY SCHOOL

WHAT and where is the Franklin Day School? Are you acquainted with it or any of its graduates? Would you like to know just a little of its history?

The Franklin Day School is a private school for boys, conducted by the Young Men's Christian Association. It aims to develop character and cultivate habits essential to a well-rounded manhood. Its advantages are, briefly stated, small classes, individual instruction, male teachers.

The school was organized in 1915 for special groups of pupils in the upper grades, mainly as a preparatory school. It has enjoyed a remarkable growth and has gradually changed into Junior-Senior High School. In 1924 a sixth grade was added as a school of the same type for younger pupils. This also proved very popular. At present the school consists of a lower school (fifth and sixth grades) and a Junior-Senior High School (seventh to twelfth grades.

The Franklin Day School is accredited by the State Department of Education and meets every requirement for college entrance.

The School is centrally located in the large and commodious Y. M. C. A. Building, Franklin and Cathedral Streets.

The school enjoys all the facilities of the Y. M. C. A. and all of its students receive membership in the association without extra charge.

J. ALBERT SCHNEIDER.

THE TOWER LIGHT

Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson

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Business Manager
J. ARTHUR WOOD

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Teaching

"I HAD RATHER earn my living by teaching than in any other way. In my mind, teaching is not merely a life work, a profession, an occupation, a struggle: it is a passion. I love to teach. I love to teach as a painter loves to paint, as a musician loves to play, as a singer loves to sing, as a strong man rejoices to run a race. Teaching is an art—an art so great and so difficult to master that a man or woman can spend a long life at it, without realizing much more than his limitations and his mistakes, and his distance from the ideal. But the main aim of my happy days has been to become a good teacher, just as every good architect wishes to be a good architect, and every professional poet strives toward perfection."

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

Student Teaching

STUDENT TEACHING to the senior at Normal School represents the grand climax to all her hopes, all her desires, and all her aspirations. From the time a student enters Normal School as an expectant Junior until that final Day of Days known as Commencement, the approbations and disparagements of student teaching never cease to be seen constantly. It is small wonder then, that a senior enters that august state with all the expectancy, all the anticipation she can summon. She brings all of her preparations, all her training, all her ideals, and all her ideas and stands with bated breath and trembling footsteps at the door marked "Student Teaching." Fired with imagination, abounding with fancy, and full of time honored theories she stands ready to vent them all in one final spurt called Student Teaching.

It is the presence of this Spirit or the absence of it that can make your Student Teaching a pleasant or a repulsive undertaking. Your teaching venture may be exceedingly bright and colorful simply by virtue of coming into contact with so many fresh and ruddy personalities that we find in children or it may be exceedingly dull and loathsome by means of a lack of proper appreciation of your privileges of association with the ever unfolding spirits of children. This, again, depends upon what you bring with you or in other words, that ethereal, elusive quality we call an attitude. How queer that so vast an importance should be attached to so intangible an attribute. However, it is vitally true that all the pleasure or displeasure, joy or sorrow, happiness or unhappiness that comes out of Student Teaching depends upon just that. The amount of benefit anyone receives from that great adventure depends solely upon the amount you bring to it and the amount you put into it. By personally experiencing it, I realize the extreme importance of putting into Student Teaching all of your best that you can command.

I could have no greater wish for future Student Teachers than this—may you bring your best, give your best, and get the very best out of your Student Teaching.

EVELYN P. GIRARDIN, SR. 1.

Attitudes

THE *Crystal* has been the center of discussion in many of the corridor meetings for the last two months. The Juniors comment on the subject may be "The book belongs to the Senior Class. The Seniors cannot realize the necessity of the support of the Class of 1929. It is true the Seniors will have individual pictures. It is true that the book will be known as the

"Crystal 1929." But, it is also true that there will be space for a group picture of the Class of 1930. It is also true that a section can be used for School News and News of the Class of 1930. Remember, it is your book as well as the Seniors' and it is your privilege to help make it a big success.

The Seniors may talk about the Juniors and how they are not supporting the "Crystal." It must be said that less than one third of the money has been paid, that the member of the staff in charge of the individual photographs had a very trying time to arrange for the sittings, re-sittings and returning of proofs. Why, let me ask the Class of 1929, why did you not help by your responsive support? Remember, you cannot expect absolute support from the Juniors even as they in turn will not be able to get a whole-hearted support when they become Seniors. Is it impossible for the Seniors to realize that the producing of an Annual by the Class of 1929 is just as much honor as presenting the school with a gift? It not only establishes the class in the realm of the school's history but shows the standard and ability of the Class of 1929. What shall the standard and ability be?

WILLIAM KINNERSLEY.

In a Nut Shell

WE TRAVELLED all over the world that year. Our experiences were numerous, but longer than any other, will I remember our last afternoon of the three day journey into the Sahara. The rolling billows of sand dunes and glistening rocks reflected the hideous glory of the wasteland in the mid-afternoon heat. The peaceful quiet of the burning air was inevitable.

Each of us was left with thoughts of his own. Surely our trip had given us a wealth of new sources of enjoyment. The splendor of the snow capped Alps, the potency of the oceans and all the different manifestations of nature's power, are indeed enough to overwhelm one. Why are they different? There is beauty in each of them and is not beauty the same in all parts of the world?

So we mused on until the monotonous stride of the camels had almost rocked us into oblivion. It seemed that the scorching heat was slowly annihilating us. I began to dream and again I was gazing from the green shores of Italy into the blue of the Mediterranean. But, hark! Was that the call of one in distress? I was startled into consciousness. We listened intently and once more our solitude was broken. This time the note of distress was distinct.

"What can I possibly do? We have a test the next period and I can't find a thing about the causes of deserts. Can't some one help me?"

ANNA SCHUDDEBOOM.

MY UTOPIA

LAST SPRING the New York *Nation* published a series of articles in which the writers, Edna Ferber, H. L. Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, Ivy Lee and Upton Sinclair, described the world wherein they would like to live. When announcement of the series was first made, I had high hopes that I might be invited to air my views, too. But no invitation was forthcoming. Why? I don't know. Perhaps—sh-h-h, let me whisper it—perhaps the *Nation's* dereliction was due to a little jealous conspiracy on the parts of Sinclair Lewis, Herr Mencken and the others—? In any event, my ideas have lain dejectedly dormant in my mind for nigh six months, and it is with a feeling of deep appreciation toward the TOWER LIGHT that I now permit them to fulminate.

Since my Utopia is a pleasant place, where neither system nor formulary will obtain, I am not going to resist the luxury of writing out my thoughts in the disorderly, haphazard fashion that they present themselves to me. And since, moreover, I can't think of a "graceful, gradual approach to the subject," I am going to begin forthwith. Before I do so, however, may I beg forgiveness of those upon whose delicate sensibilities my pen may perhaps scratch?

My Utopia is a place where

School teachers will be paid a living wage.

Gum chewing will be a capital crime.

There will be no national or individual belligerency.

There will be no clocks.

All ladies will cultivate the sylph-like silhouette on pain of death.

School teachers will be provided with motor cars so that pedagogical prestige shall not perish from the earth.

There will be no satraps.

There will be no economic inequalities and, *mutatis, mutandis,* no community funds and appeals.

They will play something other than Aida at graduation exercises.

Life will be a cornucopia running over with pretty flowers, much beautiful music and many fine books.

There will be no yellow sheets.

There will be no architectural horrors and all structures will be long, low, verdure-encircled and have the charming atmosphere of the State Normal School.

People will eschew affectation.

There will be no occasion for haste and people will have time to form beautiful friendships.

Persons chronically addicted to "cute," "swell," and expressions of like kind will be summarily executed.

Everyone will do the things nearest to his heart.

Prolix political orators, verbose after-dinner speakers and other wind-jammers will actually have something to say.

Tolerance will be more than an empty phrase prated with much foaming at the mouth and eye-rolling by unctuous mountebanks and little, frantically-intellectual folk.

The "girl friend" will abandon her elaborate repertoire of platitudes and cultivate the art of stimulating conversation.

My genius will be better appreciated.

ALBERT J. SILVERMAN.

Chi Alpha Sigma Assembly

ON TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4, a very interesting speaker, Dr. Ralph Cleland of Goucher College was brought to the school by the Chi Alpha Sigma Fraternity.

Dr. Cleland studied in Germany and his experiences and observations at that time formed the basis of his talk on German education. In Germany, he said, the elementary and secondary schools are enough like those in America to afford little opportunity for comment, but in the universities a startling contrast is immediately noticed.

In the German university there is no student life such as we know it here. There are no classes and hence no class spirit, no athletic contests nor extra curricular activities and no school spirit. That does not sound inviting, but to off set it, there are no tests and examinations, no schedules that have to be followed, not even a definite day for school to open or close. However, the German students seem to get along without these props. The professors are there and the libraries and laboratories, and each student sets his own pace, some receiving their degrees in a very short time, and others loafing about the university until well into middle age, hoping to graduate—sometime.

A German student does not belong to any particular college. He flits from one to another, always attracted by the most famous lecturers and then settles down to write his thesis and take his examination for the degree. This final examination makes up for their scarcity in the previous years. It covers the whole course and is so difficult that it is as customary to fail as it is to pass. The advantage is, however, one can always try again.

The real excitement of student life in Germany lies not in the schools, but in the corporations (fraternities) connected with them. The purposes of these corporations are fighting, drinking, and singing.

Beer drinking, singing, and fighting fill the first year of the man's university career. After that he wisely retires from active membership and gets down to work.

VIRGINIA CHEW, *Sr.* 10.

THE WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY PLANS

ONE CANNOT visit Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia, without being impressed with the spirit of the honor system that has made the institution famous throughout the country. For instance, President H. L. Smith, who has been head of the university since 1912, is authority for the statement that the administrative offices are practically never locked and yet their records go unmolested. There is an honor co-operative store on the campus which is run practically without supervision so far as sales are concerned. The goods are on counters with prices plainly marked. There is an open money box where one can deposit the money for any purchase he wishes to make. He secures his purchase and makes his own change without the intervention of a salesman or anyone else to keep a check on what he does. In the same way examinations are conducted without supervision of any kind. A careful inquiry among students and faculty alike failed to elicit any feeling of suspicion that the honor system of Washington and Lee has any weak spots in its practical working. Evidently there is the utmost confidence everywhere as to its success as a system of student government.

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men."

(*With apologies to Edward Lear*)

BRAINSTORM I

There was an old man from the city,
Who thought himself clever and witty.
He told jokes by the score,
And stories galore—
But oh—how his audience I pity!

NIGHTMARE II

There was an old "Mick" on the river,
Who at night time would itch and quiver.
Till he said, "Dearie me,
I'm quite sure that a flea,
Has crawled in under my kiver!"

AGONY III

There once was a graduate of Normal,
Whose classroom really was formal,
The "supe" came to stare,
Then gave her the air,
That old-fashioned school-mar'm from Normal.

E. L. BOWLING, '28.

SCHOOL NOTES

An Alumna Weds

Miss Margaret Douglas Haines, one of the Class of '27, became the bride of Robert Henry Weagly at Ellicott City on November twenty-ninth, Thanksgiving Day.

DECEMBER BIRTHDAYS

Now enters the merriest month of the year, the time for wintry blasts and snowflakes. "Christmas is coming and turkeys are fat." Big red bells, poinsettas, holly, and icicles, all breathing forth the Christmas Spirit, dressed our foyer in holiday fashion. The snow man was there, too, dressed in white with big black hat and jolly smile.

The birthday children were given a shot gun apiece to test their ability at sharp shooting. It's rather lucky that we buy our turkeys in the market these days. The prize winner, who hit the Snow Man's holly twice, was awarded something that all children cherish—a tiny stocking filled with goodies.

We were having a delightful time dancing when Miss Sperry appeared with a basketful of confetti. And then what a snowstorm there was!

The birthday children stayed down to feast on snowball cakes while their more studious sisters went their way to study, munching on pink popcorn.

NORMAL SCHOOL ALUMNI MEETING

The eighth annual meeting of the Cecil County Unit of the Md. State Normal School was held in Elkton, Saturday, December 8, at 2.30 P. M. The President, Mrs. John S. Keithley presided. Miss Mary Scarborough of the Normal School was the speaker of the afternoon; she outlined the work of the unit for the year.

Officers elected for 1929 are as follows:

President, Mrs. Maxwell Field
Vice President, Miss Ida Kimble
Secy.-Treas., Miss Katharine M. Bratton
Ch. of Program Comm., Mrs. William Teeter

An entertaining program was given.

A social hour followed during which refreshments were served. Those present decided that this meeting was one of the most enjoyable that the Unit has ever had.

The meeting then adjourned to meet at the call of the president.

KATHARINE M. BRATTON, *Secretary.*

Christmas Celebration Notes

LOOKING AT IT from the Interior Decorator's point of view, Normal is beyond a doubt prettier at Christmastide than any other season, for it is then that Nature is brought indoors and graciously adorns our home. The halls are indeed decked with boughs of holly, not to mention cedars with that fresh woodsy smell about them that makes one long for the open.

Many precious minutes have been spent getting ready for Santa, but anyone would feel rewarded by a glimpse of the Christmas tree—all dazzling and shimmery with icicles and shining lights.

Next Thursday night we shall celebrate in a purely olde English style. No one can know what this means who did not attend last year's celebration. Let three words suffice—"It is great!"

I fear I must warn ye olde English Lords and Ladies; "Beware of the mistletoe."

At the usual Vesper service on Sunday night we were filled with the enchanting spirit of Yule Time which prevailed. Brilliantly red poinsettas, huge candlesticks topped off with soft shaded bulbs, and the shadows of the fire gripped us. Miss Yoder and Miss Parrish told two charming Christmas stories.

After Vespers we joined in one of the most delightful and enjoyable customs we have here at Normal. All of us love carol singing and usually begin it the Sunday night before we leave for the holidays. Whoever of you has not seen the big tree, all lighted up with the big star on the topmost branch, situated on Miss Tall's lawn, had better notice it next time he passes. Around this tree is one usual place for carol singing, but on Thursday night we expect to stroll thru ye olde Towson towne and raise our voices to the stars and all those who want to listen. So be on the lookout!

The Christmas Assembly

ONE OF THE MOST beautiful and most unique of all the Christmas assemblies given at the Maryland State Normal School, was presented on

December the nineteenth, nineteen hundred and twenty-eight.

The opening number by the orchestra, was taken from Handel's immortal "Messiah." The Glee Club then presented its part of the program, which was arranged to show the universality of Christmas. "Everywhere, Everywhere Christmas Tonight!" introduced a series of carols chosen from those of Russia, France, Haiti, England, Norway, and Germany, and was again sung at the end of the program. Thru music, dramatization, and pageantry, the Christmas legends of these countries were portrayed. The whole performance breathed of untiring work and willing effort—the Christmas Spirit itself.

Just tribute was paid by the student body and by the visitors as they left the auditorium somewhat subdued—a quiet expressive of their feeling.

VIRGINIA SMITH, SR. 8.

The Campus School Christmas Entertainment

YELLOW, brown, red, green, blue and rose amidst the brown hangings and sturdy furniture of an old English Castle! This was the beautiful picture presented in the Elementary School program.

The program centered around a ballad by William Morris, "The Snow in the Street and the Wind on the Door," together with appropriate Christmas folk songs of many different countries. Every child took his part in such a joyful fashion as to impress the audience more deeply with the words on the program—"Christmas to people in many lands is a festival of joy and song, and because we are happy and joyous today, we are singing together the carols we know and love. Everyone from the youngest to the oldest is a part of this expression of beauty and color, which is our interpretation of the Christmas Spirit.

There is no play. We have gathered the loveliest of folk songs from far countries and woven them about the quaint old ballad "The Snow in the Street and the Wind on the Door." Outlanders are we, gaily carolling the same glad tidings that shepherds of old sang on the distant hills of Judea."

Seated about the table, were the Lord and Lady with their five children partaking of a Christmas feast. A group of carollers, clad in blue, entered the castle to sing, "good cheer" to the family. After they had sung one carol, a group of beggar children came to the dining hall. At this juncture the boy servants of the castle entered and serenaded their Lord and Lady. They were followed by more carollers who added color to the music. With the opening of the large castle gate, the Outlanders entered. At their coming there was a grand ensemble of song.

We thank the children and their teachers most sincerely for presenting to us a picture of the true Christmas Spirit.

Ye Olde English Dinner

ALL OVER THE WORLD, in every corner, on every street, in every wayside village and home fireside there is Christmas. To rich and poor, young and old, Lords and Ladies, Kings and Beggars—to all, there is Christmas, bringing with it joy and gladness, light and love.

Back were we carried once more to the merry land of England; there to feast and play and laugh together. Come, all ye gay Lords and blushing Ladies! Come, all ye bright eyed peasant lads and rosy cheeked maids; for tonight is the time to make merry. "Mirth" is our leader, crowned queen of the eve. "Fire" stands near with warmth and light; so come and sit down to a right royal feast. Never before was there a boar's head more inviting, or a peacock pie as enticing! Such shield of braun, manchets, shred pies and mulled ale as we devoured.

Beware of the jesters! They're after the young love-makers! And how they have the trick of appearing with their quips and jokes in the most unexpected places.

Follow now all ye dancing feet and happy holiday makers, if ye have satisfied your hunger and thirst. Follow Father Christmas as he leads the way to the festive hall. Never before did such carolling resound through our olde castle! How the juggler juggled! How the tumblers tumbled! How the bears performed and the minstrels sang!

"Harken, most noble Lord, there approacheth a strange woman from a far country." "Let her in."

And then such a funny little olde woman as appeared, carrying in one hand a bag of magic cures and in the other a mysterious crystal! She enters. Away dull Care! "Hence, loathed Melancholy!" No room for thee in this house of merriment.

All good things must at some time come to an end. With the promise of the little olde woman, Mirth and Happiness will stay with us forever. There is only one condition.

List, ye knightly Lords and gentle Ladies. This is the price ye must pay for joy and happiness that ends in peace.

You must pursue the greatest gift God has given to man—Love—Once you have found it, you must spread it abroad to all the world.

Love is the thing ye must search for in order that ye be blessed with the mirth and gladness the little olde woman promised at the Christmas tide.

MAE ROBERTS.

Athletics

BASKET-BALL SCHEDULE FOR SEASON 1928-29

Susquehannocks	Fri., Dec. 7	Home	8.00 P. M.
Towson High School	Tues., Dec. 11	Away	4.00 P. M.
Franklin High School	Fri., Dec. 14	Home	4.00 P. M.
Gallaudet	Sat., Dec. 22	Away	8.00 P. M.
Army and Navy Prep	Tues., Jan. 8	Home	4.00 P. M.
St. John's College	Sat., Jan. 12	Away	7.30 P. M.
University of Baltimore	Tues., Jan. 15	Home*	4.30 P. M.
Washington College	Sat., Jan. 19	Home*	8.00 P. M.
University of Maryland	Wed., Jan. 23	Away	7.30 P. M.
Blue Ridge College	Tues., Jan. 29	Away	8.00 P. M.
Western Maryland College	Sat., Feb. 2	Home*	8.00 P. M.
City College	Pending		
University of Baltimore	Tues., Feb. 12	Home*	4.30 P. M.
Western Maryland College	Tues., Feb. 19	Away	7.30 P. M.
Blue Ridge College	Fri., Feb. 22	Home*	8.00 P. M.
Beacom College	Fri., Mar. 1	Home*	8.00 P. M.
Calvert Hall College	Pending		

The above schedule gives an idea of the fine games that will be played this season. The games are with colleges of high calibre and promise to give fast snappy games. In order that the team may feel that it is fighting for a real end it is the hope of the writer that the student body will attend as many games as possible. If it is impossible for you to attend all the home games do not miss the ones marked (*) for you will never forgive yourself if you do.

FINAL APPROVED SOCCER REPORT 1928

Normal *vs* Franklin High School at Normal, Sept. 28, 3.30....0-2
Normal *vs* Western Md. College at Normal, Oct. 5, 3.30....1-3
Normal *vs* Sparrows Point at Normal, Oct. 10, 3.30.....1-2
Normal *vs* Beacom College at Normal, Oct. 12, 3.30.....1-0
Normal *vs* Towson High at Towson, Oct. 16, 3.30.....1-0
Normal *vs* Catonsville at Normal, Oct. 17, 3.30.....0-1
Normal *vs* Blue Ridge College at Normal, Oct. 19, 3.30....0-0
Normal *vs* Towson High School at Normal, Oct. 24, 3.30...0-1
Normal *vs* Mt. St. Joseph at Normal, Oct. 30, 4.00.....3-0
Normal *vs* Western Md. College at West. Md., Nov. 2, 3.30..0-6
Normal *vs* Blue Ridge College at Blue Ridge, Nov. 3, 3.30..1-0
Normal *vs* Beacom College at Beacom, Nov. 6, 3.30.....0-5
Normal *vs* Calvert Hall at Patterson Park, Nov. 16, 3.30....0-1
Normal *vs* Calvert Hall at Normal, Nov. 21, 3.30.....0-1
Normal *vs* Naval Academy at Annapolis, Nov. 29, 3.30.....0-1
Normal *vs* Tome at Tome, Dec. 12, 2.30.....0-6

SUMMARY

Won	*Lost*	*Tied*
4	11	1

NORMAL VS. CALVERT HALL

On Nov. 16 Normal met Calvert Hall at Patterson Park. The game from start to finish was fast and hotly contested by both teams. It was not until the second half that Calvert Hall scored on a penalty. Normal was unable to score and the game ended Normal 0; Calvert Hall 1.

The line-up was as follows:

Calvert Hall	*Position*	*Normal*
McCarron	G.	Goldstein
Guckert	L. B.	Stekel
Lovicki	R. B.	Ness
Daily	L. H. B.	Stull
Rhone	R. H. B.	Huff
Bauer	C.	Wachter
Hogg	O.R.	Goldstein
Zirckle	I. R.	Burton
Kuhl	C. F.	Jansen
Fischer	I. L.	Peregoy
Green	O. L.	Bull

The Final Score—Normal 0; Calvert Hall 1.
Penalty kicked by: Zirckle.

NORMAL VS. CALVERT HALL

On Nov. 21 Normal lost the second of a two game series with Calvert Hall. This game was played at Towson and like the first game was a hard and fast one. Zirckle again was the star for Calvert Hall by shooting the only goal of the game in the last few minutes.

The line-up was as follows:

Calvert Hall	*Position*	*Normal*
McCarron	G.	Goldstein
Roame	L. B.	Stekel
Turke	R. B.	Ness
Daily	L. H. B.	Stull
Krautelatter	R. H. B.	Huff
Zirckle	C.	Wachter
Greene	O. L.	Bull
Fischer	I. L.	Kepler
Gray	C. F.	Goldstein
Hogg	I. R.	Peregoy
Kuhl	O. R.	Jansen

The Final Score—Normal 0; Calvert Hall 1.
Goal kicked by: Zirckle.

"I dreamed of going riding with Louis last night."
"Yes, I saw you walk in your sleep."

* * * * *

Cop—"Hey your headlights are out."
Motorist—"I put some wood alcohol in the radiator and the damn thing went blind."

* * * * *

"Are you the girl I kissed down at the house the other night?"
"What fraternity do you belong to?"

* * * * *

Bill—"What's a quartette?"
Will—"Three men and a tenor."

* * * * * *

Him—"And why do you call her pilgrim?"
Her—"Well, everytime you call, you make a little progress."

* * * * *

A student at Normal recently had a birthday party and the candles on the cake represented the number of years of her age. Another student asked if the windows could be opened—it was so very hot in the room.

JOKES

One morning during the opening exercises, one of the children in our first grade recited, "The Night Before Christmas." A little boy in the first seat then volunteered to say a "Different Night Before Christmas." This is what he said:

'Twas the night before Christmas
When all through the garage,
Not a Lizzie was stirring
Not even a Dodge.

Submitted by SELMA BAER, *Sr.* 2.

* * * * *

Voice on phone—"John Smith is sick and can't attend classes today. He requested me to notify you."

Dr. Wilhelm—"All right. Who is this speaking?"

Voice—"This is my roommate."

* * * * *

"You're the only girl I ever loved."

"That's all right, honey; I don't mind beginners."

A OPEN LETTER TO MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Dear Mr. Shaw:

We don't know what we ever saw in you. We used to talk of you with little intakes of breath. We used to devour everything you wrote that we could manage to lay hands upon. We remember saying, "Honestly, Brother, you ought to see The Doctor's Dilemma! It's marvelous! Shaw and the Theatre Guild is a wonderful, a perfect combination!" We remember how Brother looked up from his paper contemptuously and said, "Do you *have* to squeal when you like something?"

That is all over now. It must have been temporary insanity or maybe we had been passing through a hero-worship stage that psychologists talk so much about.

Perhaps you want to know the reason for such an indictment. Well, we haven't lost our sense of fairness or justice. Here's the reason.. We read the following wise-crack which is attributed to you—"Those that can, do; those that can't, teach."

Even the great Shaw must have his weak moments.

Cordially,

ESTHER MILLER, *Jr.* 2.

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"My boy, think of the future."
"I can't; it's my girl's birthday and I must think of the present."

* * * * *

A Scot purchased a radio set. One of his friends asked him how he liked the set.
"Well, it's aw richt to listen to," he replied, "but those bulbs are not so guid to read by."—*Jeff.*

* * * * *

"To me love is peace, quiet, tranquillity," said she.
"That's not love," said he, "that's sleep."—*Wampus.*

* * * * *

1890—"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Just like the first cigarette, it harms you.
1932—"What a whale of a difference a few sense make."—*Wash. Dirge.*

* * * * *

"May I have the last dance with you?"
"You've just had it."

* * * * *

"Aw, this old world is nothing but a death trap, that's all."
"How come?"
"Nobody ever got out of it alive."

* * * * *

Gardener (applying for a job)—"I see you asked for a married man. Is that because you have some work for my wife?"
Madame—"Oh no, I want a married man to be sure he is used to taking orders from women."

* * * * *

He—"I like a girl who can take a joke."
She—"Then you stand a good chance of being accepted."

* * * * *

John—"A street car can do one thing a man can't."
Charlie—"What's that?"
John—"The street car can go straight no matter how full it is."

* * * * *

The difference between a profession and a trade is that the first named has a Diploma and the last named a Packard.

TRAGIC CASES

A traffic cop trying to tell his wife she can't make a left-hand turn.

The fly that went crazy trying to find his way out of a pretzel.

* * * * *

"All right, I'll lend you the money if you promise not to worry about paying me back."

"Why?"

"Well, there's no use for both of us to worry."—*Ghost.*

* * * * *

She wept bitterly as she jogged the hook on the public telephone.

"Hello?"

"You nasty thing!" she sobbed. "I w-want my money back. Harold won't speak to me."—*Reel.*

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"I can't marry him, mother. He's an atheist and doesn't believe there's a hell."

* * * * *

John—"Do you suppose you can ever learn to love me?"

Mary—"Who knows?" I can all ready look at you without laughing."

* * * * *

There was an absent-minded professor who was ideal from the student's viewpoint. "Jones, when was the treaty of ———," he began.

"Why, I am absent to-day, Professor," Jones interrupted.

"Ah, pardon me. Miss Smith, will you answer the question?"

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The TOWER LIGHT

FEBRUARY 1929

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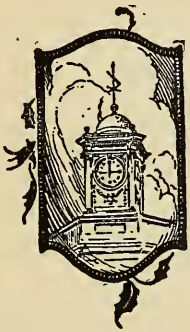
The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

Towson, Md.

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The Tower Light

Vol. II February 1929 No. 5

A Contrast

IN THE old city of Edinburgh, is the main street, now wide and spacious, now narrow and congested, which unites the Castle, perched on its basalt crag, with the Palace and its gardens by the King's Park. There are many ancient and time-worn buildings which no longer fulfill the function for which they were built. A little below the narrow part of this Royal Nile, as it is called, is a three story house of particularly venerable appearance. In the lowest floor there are no windows at all, a custom common at the time when it was built, (over 300 years ago), as a protection against foes. The windows are small and square and common place. The most prominent feature is a large and handsome balcony in front of one of the windows which is more pretentious than the rest. Around it is a carved stone balustrade, and beneath it are ornate buttresses. From this gallery the original owner of the house, the Earl of Moray, watched his bitterest enemy, the Duke of Montrose, riding up the street to his execution. His friend who stood beside him, suffered the same fate in a change of fortune in the cruel wars a few years later.

Beside the house, called then, as now, Moray House, is an iron gateway, flanked by tall pointed stone pillars, and beyond the gate is the porter's lodge, a low-roofed, two roomed building with a heavily arched doorway to admit the escort or footman who gave notice that his master's carriage stood without and demanded entry. Once inside the gate, there would, three hundred years ago, have been felt a hush of peace, for there stretched away from the house windows a large and well laid-out garden, with a stone summer-house at the lower end, two hundred yards away, a haven whither the noise of wooden wheels on stone street pavements, and the brawls of ruffians or the cries of apprentices could not penetrate.

Such was Moray House in 1623, when it was completed, a handsome town house of a wealthy nobleman who had probably heard, (for the Scotch nobles were always a well informed class) of the discoveries of some adventurers—sailors and soldiers of Queen Elizabeth of England, and of King James Sixth of Scotland and First of the United Kingdom—men who had sailed out beyond the sunset, and had called the barbarous

land they discovered Virginia, after the Queen, and the town they founded Jamestown, after her successor.

For some hundred and fifty years the house remained a noble dwelling, and it saw much history made in and near it. In 1651, after the battle of Durbarn, Oliver Cromwell made it his residence while he subdued the country. In the quiet red-tiled summer-house at the bottom of the garden was signed the Treaty of Union, whereby, in 1707, Scotland and England became "one nation, indivisible." Daniel Defoe, author of Robinson Crusoe, was one of the commissioners who negotiated that treaty. In 1745, when the House was becoming a little old-fashioned for a dwelling, and just before the gentry migrated to the well laid out "New Town" on the opposite side of the Castle, the flowers in the garden were cruelly knocked flat by the inroads of the wild Highlanders of Prince Charlie who were taking the town by stealth.

From this time the House declined. It was used as a home for working people, then as a storehouse for the brewery which sprang up alongside. A church was built beside the summer-house on the lawn: a row of houses encroached on the flower beds by the porter's lodge. At last, about the middle of last century, the whole place was sold by the then Earl of Moray, to the Free Church of Scotland to use as a Normal school. The old building, with its lovely plaster ceilings and coats of arms was made into classrooms: other buildings covered most of the remaining garden space. The brewery grew into a great dirty, shadowy pile of brickwork: the houses around became slums. Such was Moray House Normal when my mother attended it in the nineties.

In 1907 when the training of teachers in Scotland was taken out of the control of the churches and vested in the state, it was seen that old Moray House "would not do." The church and many of the old buildings have been cleared away, and on their site, at the bottom of the old lawn, was built the new Moray House, Moray House Training College, (for the name "normal" has gone too). It is a splendid modern building, just completed before the war, with every needed piece of equipment and furnishing except—(a rather important exception)—except a new practising school. The ancient historic building was cleaned and used as a museum and club rooms for the children because they were found too noisy, under modern conditions, for classrooms. The old "normal" classrooms built on the garden remain. A start is being made this year to build a new school which will complete the new organization.

Moray House was "my college" for two years after I left the University—I should perhaps say that in Scotland high school teachers all have to go to a professional school after completing their liberal arts course

of four years—and I look back to it with the same pride you will have in Towson after you have been away from it for several years. Moray House has no spacious grounds like Towson's. It has no pleasant dormitories adjoining—for the Scottish student is so independent that he or she does not care to live in a dormitory, but lodges in rooms by him or herself in the city. It is not situated in a semi-rural suburb. It has few clean and brightly clothed children in its practice school. Instead it is surrounded by breweries and slums, and its children are the poorest of the poor. So much the better off are you at Towson. Yet we have a compensation, for we know that on this spot the tradition of training good teachers has grown for nearly eighty years. We also, as our ancestors did centuries ago, pass in by the low arch of the porter's lodge by the great iron gate. We can look out from the library window as we raise our heads from the page of Plato or Kilpatrick, Comenius or Thorndike, and gaze at the inscrutable faces of the weather-beaten gargoyles which clasp their almost indecipherable heraldry with their doglike paws on the corners of the red-tiled summer-house, and think. And what we think is this: we are going out to help to educate children to live in the new world of the future. We must encourage them to live new lives, but to have those lives on the foundation of the past and the work of the great men who have gone before us, and who have left us an immortal heritage.

JAMES LUMSDEN, *Columbia University*

"SANCTUARY"

"Let us put by some hour of every day
For Holy things—whether it be when dawn
Peers through the window pane, or when the moon
Flames like a burnished topaz in the vault,
Or when the thrush pours in the ear of eve
Its plaintive melody some little hour
Wherein to hold some rapt converse with the soul,
From sordidness and self a sanctuary
Swept by the winnowing unseen wings
And touched by the White Light Ineffable."

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Salle de Reformation

A Trip to Geneva

If you have been following me in my rambling remarks concerning Geneva, you will recall that I last talked about the School of International Relations, conducted at Geneva by Dr. Zimmern. I gave a rather brief summary of two of the lecture courses that we were attending last summer, and there I paused for fear my readers would be wearied. To-day I purpose to give a picture of Geneva as I saw her in her glory, the very centre of the world's attention—when the member states of the League of Nations send their representatives to the annual meeting of the Assembly.

We, of the International School were all agog days before the Assembly came together. We wanted, quite naturally, to be present at the sessions of the Assembly, and with all our hearts, we desired to attend the very first meeting of that body. With these ends in view we individually busied ourselves, but, for the most part, I must admit, quite fruitlessly in trying to secure as many and as good seats as possible in the Salle de Reformation where the greatest of all conventions now holds its sessions. Unfortunately, the seating capacity of this old building is most inadequate. There are all too few seats for the crowds of people who demand entrance, but, worse than this, the acoustics are poor; in few positions is it possible to hear the addresses which at best are on topics and in language not easy to follow.

By the end of August, excitement and expectation were great indeed. The very air was thrilling and tense. At the Secretariat and in the

Labor Office, where ordinarily prevailed the greatest dignity and decorum, now were evident the most provocative signs of preparations. Already newspaper men were on the scene. Bits of exciting conversation could be picked up here and there as one passed along the corridors. The very streets of the town teemed with new life. Trains arrived hourly bringing in from every direction countless visitors of every description. The air buzzed with a veritable babel of strange tongues. On every side one could easily detect the presence of an extraordinary number of different nationalities.

The Sunday preceding the opening session of the Assembly is always given over to religious services conducted with no little pomp and circumstance, and addressed by divines of recognized breadth and vision. Here, voices and hearts are raised, and supplications are poured out that a special benediction shall descend on the deliberations of men met together to consider affairs of immense and world wide significance. Throngs filled to overflowing the fine old Cathedral both morning and evening,—men and women of many lands met together to worship and to supplicate a Deity common to all. It makes one sense as never before the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, to be one of such a concourse of people.

Never can I forget the notable service of the evening of Sunday, September 2. Our small group had just returned from one of our periodical week-ends, and by all rules I should have been too dog-tired to stir another inch. But when the church bells began to peal I found that the lure, or, to express it more crudely, the curiosity was too great; I simply could not remain tamely at home while "Tout le monde" was hurrying to so notable a gathering. Nor did I regret my rashness. Hardly had I stepped outside the front door when I was reminded of scenes pictured by Browning's Pied Piper, when all the children of Hamlin started on their scurrying way. The call had gone forth for the English-speaking people to come to the Cathedral to take part in a solemn English service, and all the English, Irish, Scotch, Australians, South Africans, Canadians, and also Americans in Geneva, were crowding the streets and turning their steps all in the same direction. What a surprisingly big crowd there was. It seemed as though some magician's wand had suddenly transformed all of the people of Geneva into Anglo Saxons, and all with one impulse were obeying the call.

After the service was over, in spite of a drizzling rain I could not go immediately back to my pension. The sidewalks of the gay little Swiss city held me spell bound. The shopping district had undergone a complete transformation since the Friday we had left Geneva. The streets themselves were waving welcome to a visiting world. Outside many of

the buildings, gay banners of every land were waving. In the windows were most charming and up-to-date displays, newly made or imported. Wares of every land could be seen. Distinctive Swiss goods of all kinds,—enamels, jewelry, metal work, watches, clocks, woolens of all kinds, cheeses, wood and ivory carvings—these wares were conspicuously featured. Geneva's windows are always fascinating but then they out did themselves. Undoubtedly the world's capital was putting forward her very best foot.

It was hard to go home and to bed. One felt as a child does at Christmas, that one could hardly wait for the morrow so long anticipated. The new day when it came seemed to carry the message, that nature itself was in sympathy with the idea of world cooperation. Never was a day more lovely, with brighter skies or more sparkling air. Breakfast of Swiss chocolate, jam and rolls was quickly dispatched as an uninteresting interlude. Our first jaunt took us across the citadel to Zimmern School on the Place Neuf. Here a large number had already gathered for Dr. Zimmern's valuable, preliminary lectures are very popular. After the lecture failing to secure any tickets we hastened at top speed to get in line hoping for standing room in the upper balcony at the Assembly Hall. What a thrilling moment it was when, obstacles overcome, we stood, at length on the very threshold of the building where met the greatest international committee ever called together.

The interior of the hall was not thrilling. It does not differ materially from any convention hall in a small city. On the floor are the seats for delegates and in front of each seat is a small table equipped in the ordinary fashion. On the platform sit officials of the Assembly, of the The Council, and of the Secretariat. In the first balcony sit the newspaper correspondents—a vast army representing every civilized country of the whole world. In the rear of the press gallery, seats are reserved for very important and distinguished men and women as, for example, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.

When the moment finally arrived and I found myself mounting the steps to the third balcony it seemed to me that I must wake from a dream too good to be true. This impression was not lessened when standing on my toes, I looked over the shoulders of the crowd and, following the seating chart in my hand, saw the groups representing more than fifty nations, seated together in most friendly conclave. With the help of a sophisticated neighbor I could even identify men whom I knew by reputation and whose pictures I had seen. There in the British delegation was the tall gangling figure of Lord Cushendon and not far away across the aisle I picked out with a feeling of excitement the bushy head of Briand, France's well known son. Elsewhere were men we had imper-

sonated in last year's performance of the Assembly—Dandaron of Canada, Sokol of Poland and others. How I wished for *you,* students who took last year such an interest in presenting the Model assembly.

The bell has sounded. I must say goodbye. But, in parting, may I leave with you the hope that as you grow older and as you think more and more deeply, you will set your mind to the greatest task of this or any century—I mean, the task of learning to understand other nations and of teaching the lessons of tolerance and peace.

LENA C. VAN BIBBER

TO A GRAY SKY

Oh, winter sky, if I were you,
I'd show the world what I could do.
I'd never let them see the day
That I could be so cold and gray;
I'd pull those ugly clouds away,
And show the blue.

Why, I should feel so very proud,
Just for one day, to be allowed
A chance to make the earth less sad
Some turquoise blue would make it glad,
If, just for nice effect, I'd add
A fleecy cloud.

For turquoise blue alone might prove
A trifle too intense;
And clouds piled high and thick and close,
Are certainly too dense.
But turquoise blue, when tipped with white,
Will ever be the eye's delight,
For fleecy clouds bring out the true
The perfect blue.

DOROTHY WILSON, '28

A Child's World

SUNSET

God is painting the sky
Orange and rose with violet bands.
I see His picture mirrored
In the lake
He's peering down through tiny window slits
His eyes are flaming light,
I close my own.
But I still see God's eyes
Gleam through the banded clouds.

THE STREAM

Water is gay.
In the sun she leaps and dances.
With a thousand sparkles
Dripping from her fingers and her toes.
In the dark with only stars to hear, she sings—
High among the pebbles
Low through the rocks.

I like to dance and sing
But I grow tired.
And close my eyes and sleep,
Water never stops,
I think she must be happier than I!

THE CRICKETS IN OUR CELLAR

The crickets in our cellar are so very sad and slow,
So very, very tired and sick that they can scarcely go.
They just sit in the corner and wave a leg, to say
They wish that I and Tabby Kit would please to go away.

I tell her not to do it, but she won't mind at all.
She tosses every cricket up, as if he were a ball,
And pushes him and pats him,
Each time he starts to crawl.

And when he sings, she nips him—which really isn't nice;
But she must play with crickets, 'cause she's still too small for mice.
So the crickets in our cellar are very sad and slow,
So very, very tired and sick that they can scarcely go.

By Two of Us

2852 West North Avenue
Baltimore, Maryland
January 9, 1929

Dear Tower Light,

For a long time I have been without an inspiration. A little girl who used to be in my class, however, has been more fortunate than I. It seems that her first poem is one written when she was in the 3A. The second was composed January 8 of this year. I hope you will like them as well as I do.

DECEMBER

December brings a world of white,
With holly boughs with berries bright,
And on the hillsides, thick with pine,
The stars all softly shine.

I think of that one radiant star
Which led the wise men from afar,
To where, one happy Christmas morn,
A little Child was born.

RUTH CROUT, 3A

BRAVE TOWSER

Cried Towser, "Dear me, what's this I see?
The house, and all in it, belong to me!
You naughty gold fishes, how dare you intrude
Your conduct I think most exceedingly rude.

And if you will fight, I am ready to bite,
But, alas, for poor Towser, he got a great fright.
For when he sprang forward, the jar gave a crash
And the water flowed out with a terrible splash.

And just for a joke, when the pickle jar broke,
Behind him came wriggling the two finny folk.
"Oh mercy, kind fishes!" he cried as he flew,
"For fighting, another occasion will do."

RUTH CROUT, 6B
Lindhurst School No. 88

This little girl has written other lovely little poems and so have several other children in my class. If you like these, TOWER LIGHT, and would like some others, the children would deem it—a great honor, and so would I, to have you print them.

With best wishes for success in the coming year, I am,

Sincerely yours,

DOROTHY C. WILSON, '28

SUNDOWN

The snow-capped mountains
stood glittering in the light
They seemed to be shining
with all their might.
But the sun went down
and the sky was grey
For now had come
the end of day.

MARY WELLONS, Class 5B, School 213, Govans

LOVELY THOUGHTS OF WINTER

The country lay deep in slumber
under its burden of snow
I stood still and gazed at the
snowy landscape about me
The ice glittered and glistened
in the sunlight,
Ah! the lake, so bewitching and so
enchanting
It seemed like magic.

VIRGINIA FOSTER, 5B, Govans School
Jan. 11, 1929

A PRAYER HYMN

(Said to have been written by a nineteen-year-old servant girl.)

Lord of all pots and pans and things, since I've no time to be
A saint by doing lovely things, or watching late with Thee.
Or dreaming in the dawnlight, or storming heaven's gates.
Make me a saint by getting meals, and washing up the plates.

Although I must have Martha's hands, I have a Mary mind;
And when I black the boots and shoes, Thy sandals, Lord, I find.
I think of how they trod the earth, what time I scrub the floor;
Accept this meditation, Lord, I haven't time for more.

Warm all the kitchen with Thy love, and light it with Thy peace;
Forgive me all my worrying, and make all grumbling cease,
Thou Who didst love to give men food, in room or by the sea,
Accept this service that I do—I do it unto Thee.

ASCENSION CHRONICLE

One of Many

A SMALL FIGURE sat huddled in a corner of a cell of the city jail glaring at a patch of moonlight on the hard floor which made the place seem weird to its inmate. Behind those frightened, staring eyes was a little brain pondering over the injustice of its being here.

Long ago there had been a "Daddy" who came home from the sea several times during each year, a large house, cool meadows, sparkling brooks, fine cattle and rare horses. One day a boy in blue uniform had come bringing a telegram. Mother had cried, but soon dried her eyes and set about giving the cook and maid instructions, the news made them cry also. After that many things happened which the little mind had not comprehended. The scenes changed when Mother took her little boy to a great and gloomy city.

When he was six Mother called him to her and said that he would soon go to school with his playmates. The four R's were easy for him and at ten he was in the fifth grade, in which class he became acquainted with Jim Crow, a big bully, whom Tom disliked from the very first. One afternoon as he hurried, paper in hand, toward a prospective customer some one jostled him and Jim Crow handed a paper toward the big man. Disappointment enveloped Tom, but the big man said something about disliking rude boys and took the paper from Tom.

The larger boy had asked to copy Tom's arithmetic, the request was refused, but an offer was made to help him.

"Aw, talk sense. What'd I wanna be helped for? Gi' me 'at paper."

"No, I won't. You're copying of my work is helpin' you to steal and I'm not in on that kind of stuff."

"Gi'me 'at paper!"

"No!"

A big paw hung in the air ready to strike the unflinching little body, when an accomplice shouted:

"Cut it Jim! Duck! Yer comes ole lady Greene!"

Tucking the paper neatly into the recesses of a geography book, Tom left the room. When from a room across the hall, Jim saw him leave he immediately reentered the room with his buddy, "Spider" Gray. By rummaging in Tom's desk the paper was soon found and the answers scrawled under previously written examples. When this was finished the two big hands made to tear the sheet, but slender fingers staid the motion.

"Hey don't tear it, let it alone. He'll pass it in and catch the devil fer letin' ya copy."

"Oh yeh, 'at's right! Gosh, we think of some swell idears, don't we?"

As Tom hurried home from school a shrill cry made him turn suddenly to see Nanny Smith looking terrorized down the alley while Jim Crow kicked her pet kitten. Tom raced toward the frightened animal, grabbed it from another blow and dropped it safely within his backyard fence, which was also Nanny's. As he turned to meet his antagonist a blow struck his head which sent him whirling round; he stumbled over a garbage can and remembered no more of the encounter. When he came to himself, he was lying on his little cot, while his mother bent anxiously over him. For many days he lay very ill and noticed little. Nearly every day a doctor came and did something to his side. One day he learned from Mother that in falling he had torn the ligaments of the right thigh.

"But, Mother, I thought poor people couldn't have doctors. Aren't we poor?"

"Yes, Dear, we are very poor, but, you see, since you have been going to school and I have been working out, I have saved a little. It is that money which is paying the doctor's bill."

"But that won't last long, will it? Not while you are home with me anyhow."

"No, it won't last long, but I can get sewing to do at home from the factory. I won't make much, but every little helps."

"We weren't always poor were we?"

"No, Dear. When your father lived there was full and plenty. He was part owner of a small steamship company and spent most of his time as captain of a little fleet of merchant vessels, like those you see coming and going in the harbor. All was well until one day when heavy seas and crashing winds enveloped three of the ships in the strait of Magellan. The vessels were broken like splinters on the rock walls to the south. Every soul was lost."

"The little company couldn't stand so great a loss and began to fail. Bills came in from all corners of the earth. At last even our farm was sold to help pay expenses."

Days passed like foot-sore pilgrims. He found in Mother a great companion. From the corner cupboard she brought great leather bound volumes with which she had refused to part during all her trouble. Latin and Math. books followed with a U. S. History. He liked to work and went at it with a will, under Mother's guidance.

After many months the crippled limb began to strengthen and he walked a little each day. Oh how happy he was! Finally he was able to resume his old job, but Mother did not go back to hers. During many previous evenings he had seen the wrinkles deepen as the days marched by. The once bright face was pale and tired eyes lost their

smile, little by little. Still she never murmured, but kept doggedly at her home sewing from dawn till late at night, with but a little sleep between days of toil.

Days, weeks, months passed. Tom was now thirteen. Besides selling his papers, he carried baggage at the depot and in hotels, for which he usually received tips. Returning from the window one day he was a bit surprised not to see Mother there. In a tiny bed she lay in a death-like stupor. Presently the pale lips parted.

"Get Mrs. Smith—quick!"

The devoted son hurried quietly from the silent room and soon returned with Nanny's mother.

Anxious days and sleepless nights followed. Still there were no marked signs of improvement. Then came a day when he dreaded to leave the tiny room because she was stiller than usual, but Mrs. Smith had sent him about his work with uninvited tears trickling over dark rings under half-closed eyes.

"Extrer! Tourest robbed of diamonds!" shouted Jim Crow as Tom stepped from the tenement house in which he lived. Moist eyes dried as he raced to his morning papers.

"Diamond rings and bracelets stolen from Mrs. B. At Hotel M—. Boy carried baggage suspected. Police scour southeastern section of city for thirteen year old boy."

The hotel where Tom carried baggage!

He left the car near Union Station and began calling the news when a large hand gripped his arm and he turned to face a man dressed in a blue uniform and wearing a very shiny badge.

* * * *

Slumber engulfed the little mind.

* * * *

Murmurs buzzed through the crowded room of the Juvenile Court as a handcuffed boy walked into the room between two muscular policemen. Order reigned when the judge smote the old desk with his mallet. There were but few witnesses on either side and all evidence had been circumstantial when Tom was called to testify in his own behalf.

"I shall render my decision after deliberation upon the case," said the judge.

Sympathy filled the room as the man of the law resumed his seat, but attention was turned to the state's attorney who was standing ready to speak.

"I wish to announce," said he, "that the state is making every conceivable effort to apprehend youthful criminals within its borders. I wish to ask permission to question an eleventh hour state's witness."

"James Crow," called the judge.

"James Crow," echoed the bailiff.

The account which followed gave a most vivid description of how, from a room across the hall, he had seen Tom deftly slip a handful of jewelry into his pocket from a bureau while the occupant of the suite answered the telephone in an adjoining room.

As Tom's enemy left the witness stand the judge rose and faced the accused boy with a grim countenance.

"I have weighed all previous evidence, but the last is decisive. Thomas Nelson, I sentence you to the State Reform School for Boys until you are of age" A special messenger had brought a note to Tom which read:

"Your mother died this morning."

A blue-coated officer well known to Jim strode up the aisle. Jim jumped to his feet terror stricken. "Please, please," he panted, "I told a—lie!"

H. I. Duvall, Sr. 11

MOODS

At times I am tremendously happy,
I soar to the loftiest sky,
I fly to the highest treetops
And watch the clouds roll by.

Again I am overcome with fear,
I am seized with a nameless dread;
The dark shadows close around me,
The bright sunlight has fled.

Again I feel sad and lonely,
I don't know the reason why.
When everyone else seems happy,
I would like to steal away and cry.

Oh Moods, Moods, from whence your source,
Do you come from Cupid or Jove,
Do you come in disguise from lands unknown,
Or come you from where Pluto roves?

Oh Moods, Moods, without you, life is dull
Without the nectar of your eternal Spring,
We could but wish to leave this life,
And search elsewhere for the things you bring
Oh Moods, Moods, Moods!

Lillian Robinson

Our Literary Beginnings

By Esther Louise Weinbach

THE HISTORY of literature in the United States is divided into three periods, corresponding with the various stages of the political, commercial, and social progress of the country. First, we have the colonial period, from the first settlements to near the middle of the eighteenth century, the second, or revolutionary period, from the first awakening of the spirit of independence to the close of the administration of Washington; and thirdly, the period of national development in which we are now living.

The Colonial period may be divided into two distinct periods—The First Colonial Period, which extends from 1607, the year of the Jamestown settlement, to 1688; and The Second Colonial Period, opening with the year 1688 and ending in 1765, the year of the Stamp Act and the beginning of the Revolutionary spirit in the colonies. For many and obvious reasons the colonial period was not favorable to literature. The eighty years were filled with action. All the energies of the early settlers were used in felling trees, providing shelter, procuring daily food, and defending their families from the savages. All these things called for great physical toil, which left little time to be devoted to the arts of literature. The grand scenery of the forests created no sentiment of admiration in the minds of the colonists. They weren't landscapes to be used for poetry, but so many acres of stubborn woods to be chopped down and burned. The painted warrior wasn't the picturesque figure of woodland romance, as we now see him, but an enemy with a torch, tomahawk and scalping-knife. There was little time for the imagination as an element of literature. The principal intellectual interests in this first generation were in the form of a few letters sent to friends in Old England, the preacher's notes for Sunday meetings, and the annals kept by secretaries and magistrates. However, there wasn't any lack of ability and learning among the colonists. The settlers of Boston, in particular, had many well-educated men among their number; but only the clergy had time for literary works, and they were for the most part, kept so busy with their work that they had little time to write books of general interest. Religion, or rather theology, seemed to hold full sway. Dramatic literature, which was at this time being steadily recognized in the Old World, was avoided and quickly banned by the Puritans. It was called un-Christian, and any work or literature of the stage was banned. Prose fiction had not then been created.

There were other influences unfavorable to the growth of literature, which affected not only New England, but all other colonies as well. There were few libraries and no facilities for the conveyance or com-

munication of ideas. These factors could only be had by wealth, establishment of social order, and leisure time.

Our early literature is interesting only to students of church history; there were few books written in America during the seventeenth century which we would care to read. The first book printed in America was the Bay Psalm Book, compiled by the apostle Eliot with the assistance of Rev. Richard Mather and Rev. Thomas Weld. The work was done in 1640 in Cambridge on a press set up in the president's house. Not much can be said in favor of the poetry of the Bay Psalm Book.

The two colonies of Virginia and Massachusetts are the foundations in our literary history. Although planted for widely different reasons by men of almost opposite traits of character, and for almost a whole century having no intercourse with each other, they became the intellectual centers of our early national life.

The literature of the Colonial age in Virginia is so scanty and uninteresting as to deserve little attention. Much of it was written for purely practical ends with little thought for literary beauty. The writings of the period may be roughly gathered into four groups:

1.—Letters to friends in England, which tell of the strange scenes and surroundings into which the writers had fallen, are of no literary value as most of them were written very hastily.

2.—Descriptions of Indians, of geography of the country and so forth. Smith's "A True Relation" and a "Map of Virginia" and Whitaker's "Good News from Virginia" are good examples of this type of literature.

3.—Legal letters and reports to the companies in England, as, for example, Smith's "Answers to the Seven Questions."

4.—Scholarly works written by Englishmen of leisure sojourning for a time in America.

Turning to the settlers of Massachusetts we find that they differed from the early Virginians in almost every respect. Religion was their vocation, their one thought in life. New England emphasized the things that Virginia neglected, and developed herself accordingly. Among men of such calibre and environment, literature was a natural product. Chief among the causes that made her, in time, a literary influence were:

1.—A centralized society
2.—Education
3.—The church.

The literature of the Period falls into three groups: Journals and Historical Works, Religious and Theological Writings, and Poetry. William Bradford, the father of American History, was a historian of

Plymouth. His manuscript of his very interesting life has had a romantic history.

At this time John Winthrop became prominent for his Journals. Bradford's seem to be the better of the two. They are readable, and the literary style is excellent. It is thought that Hawthorne and Whittier have used these works as a foundation for some of their great works.

Another historian was Thomas Morton. He was a merry chap and ridiculed the Puritans. He became offensive to them and was sent back to England. There he published "The New England Canaan," a coarse and boisterous book, ridiculing the Puritan faith and manners.

Among the theological works of this day were those of Roger Williams and John Eliot.

Among the poets were Anne Bradstreet and Michael Wigglesworth.

The Second Colonial Period marked a new era in the history of the Colonies. It was a period of transition. Old ideals were broken down on every hand. Clergy lost their supreme power, superstition was dying out and last, but not least, there no longer was the disunion between the New England and Southern Colonies. This unity brought about several changes in literature. The newspaper became very popular. Among the leading newspapers were "Boston News Letter," the "Boston Gazette," the "American Weekly Mercury," "The New England Courant" and many others.

The literature of this time does not differ much from that produced during the first era. The prevailing note was religion. The period, however, produced three writers of high rank—Cotton Mather, Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin. These, with Samuel Sewall and Governor Hutchinson, are all that need be mentioned in a brief history of the period.

The Revolutionary period marked the beginning of a great change in literature. The spirit of the age had a powerful influence upon its literary product. Polemics gave way to politics. "Dry" theological arguments and pamphlet sermons gave way to burning oratory and documents and arguments of statesmen. The literature, as in the last period, is valuable only in that it gives us a knowledge of the stirring days in which it was produced. American literature written for its own sake was almost unknown.

During the Revolutionary period America produced her first own literature. Heretofore the literature was in reality not American literature since it was an echo of the literature of England. The list of remarkable men who laid the foundations of our government and incidently produced literature is a long one.

To be continued

THE TOWER LIGHT

Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson

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Price: One dollar and fifty cents per year
Single copies: Twenty cents

A MODEL ASSEMBLY

THE DEBATING CLUB will again sponsor the production this year, as it did last, of a Model Assembly of the League of Nations. The Assembly of last year was a very great success because of the cooperation of the whole school. This year we hope that greater results will be achieved, but it can be done only with the united help of the entire student body.

Because of the reputation we won last year by our performance, we have been invited to give a demonstration in Baltimore before a large audience of teachers and other people interested in international affairs. Let us do everything in our power to make this exercise the very best achievement possible.

About Bridges

By "De Pontibus"

PEOPLE are strangely drawn to forbidden places. Grass on the other side of a fence looks just a little greener, and the opposite bank of a river is always more pleasing than the one on which we stand. Obstacles seem to invite conquest, and rivers seem to inspire bridges.

TWO CANTILEVERS WITH A CENTRAL SUSPENDED SPAN

When a narrow stream calls for a trip to the other side there is no reason why a log shouldn't be dropped across to make the journey easier. Nature having provided the log we might call that an elementary natural bridge. But if a stream is too wide for just one simple span we think the thing over a little bit, and presently we are teetering one plank out from each side, see-saw fashion, with just room between their ends to drop a third plank and complete our roadway. That would make a perfectly good cantilever bridge. Imagine that each plank has grown into a huge steel truss, that our stream has become the St. Lawrence River, and that our supports are great blocks of masonry instead of stones picked up by the side of the stream, and your mind's eye will have visualized the Quebec Bridge, notable for its clear river span of 1800 feet.

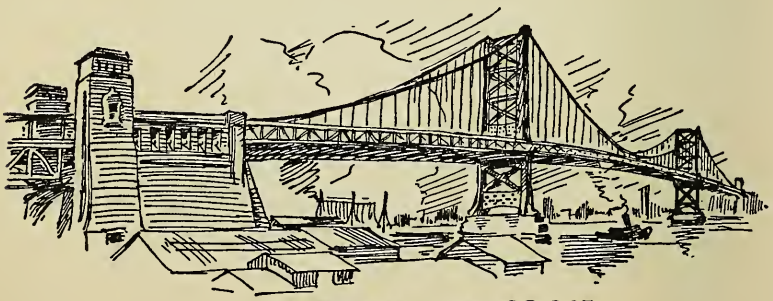
The greatest things, curiously, are the simplest. In the same way that the Quebec Bridge is a magnification of a simple cantilever arrangement, the ideas for the arch and the suspension bridge came originally from elementary pranks of nature. A narrow stream trickling through loose material in the base of a rocky wall will wear out a larger

QUEBEC BRIDGE

and larger opening for itself until presently a natural arch springing from the two banks to a crown above the stream surmounts the conquering waterway. (See picture page 23.) Applied to steel that idea results in such graceful things as the 1000-foot long Hellgate Arch over the East River at New York.

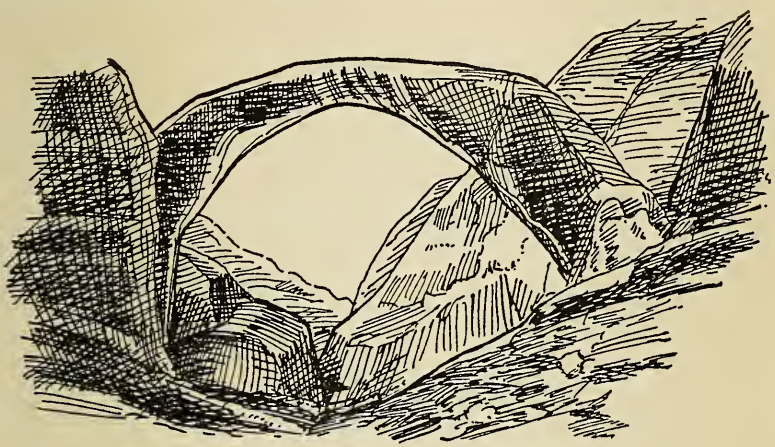
HELLGATE ARCH

Then a vine hanging between two trees is the root idea of the suspension bridge. The vine becomes several steel cables of two-foot diameter, the trees grow into towers of steel or stone, and they are stopped from bending under the greater weight by carrying the vines back of the trees under huge blocks of concrete. Hang a roadway from the cables, name it the Brooklyn Bridge, and you have one of the family of three such things which cross the East River between Manhattan and Long Island. What will be the greatest bridge of this kind in the world is now being built over the Hudson River at Fort Washington; but the greatest one standing now is the Delaware River Bridge, which makes a pleasing leap of 1750 feet over the water between Philadelphia and Camden.



DELAWARE RIVER BRIDGE

Those are the elements of bridges, but there is every possible kind of variation. Movable bridges are an example. Some of them are built to be lifted vertically into the air while a vessel goes under, others swing aside, bascule bridges have a leaf hanging over the channel which can be rotated into a vertical position, and another variety slides back bodily to clear the channel for a passing ship. Undoubtedly, ingenious minds will invent other complicated devices for getting a bridge out of the way when something wants to go by.



RAINBOW NATURAL ARCH, UTAH

There is romance in the building of a bridge. In the middle of the nineteenth century when the Niagara was still a turbulent barrier to communication between its two banks in the vicinity of the falls, it was decided to place a bridge over the gorge. There were difficulties, however. It was impossible to get even a cable across on which to transfer men and materials. Finally, all the youngsters of the neighborhood were gotten together for a kite-flying contest, and one lucky boy landed his kite on the other side of the river. His string pulled over a heavier string, which in turn pulled over a rope, and the rope pulled over a cable. A suspension bridge grew out of the flying of a kite.

Bridges have tradition. A certain one in London was always falling down; Caesar, it seems, burnt his behind him; Horatius guarded the portal of another; and a very beautiful one in Venice is named "The Bridge of Sighs" because it was the final passageway which prisoners took on their way from the hall of judgment in the Doge's palace to the

place of execution. Still another at San Luis Rey has recently become a keystone of philosophy by dropping while four unnecessary people had the misfortune to be going over it.

Bridge design is replete with mathematics. Surveys across broad rivers are made by triangulation, in which a great imaginary triangle is laid down on the earth with one side along one bank and the other apex located by a pole on the distant shore. All the angles are measured with instruments and subsequent calculations sometimes are correct to within one-eighth of an inch—but only sometimes. Then certain familiar curves are very common in bridge work. The catenary, noted for its queer equation, is the path taken by a chain hanging under its own weight. A chain serving as the cable of a suspension bridge, however, has other loads hanging from it and takes the shape of a parabola. Now suppose that a group of automobiles come out on the structure. The tendency at once is for the chain and the roadway to hump into a wave which travels with the vehicles. This tendency to hump is prevented from getting in any foul play by building a heavy truss on each side of the roadway which must be designed by studying the characteristics of the wave—and there we get into trouble. The analysis that follows requires differential equations, and they are not pleasant. Differential and integral calculus often have to be used on all kinds of structures.

Doctors bury their mistakes, lawyers convict innocent men—and engineers sometimes build bridges that fall down. Twice during the building of the Quebec Bridge the structure fell with a splash heard round the world, and the masterpiece which stands now after the third attempt is a monument to the persistence of its builders. Men are made and men are broken in such catastrophes. The first failure wrecked the life of Theodore Cooper, who was then chief engineer; but the second failure merely proved the courage of Ralph Modjeski, who carried on to build the bridge that stands now. The Delaware River Bridge is also one of Modjeski's designs. Honesty must be an inviolable rule among engineers. Crookedness in business may yield a fortune, and three of a kind may beat a full house; but it is very difficult to bluff the law of gravity.

A completed bridge is always a triumph over toil and trouble. Foundations are built deep under rivers where men labor in compressed air that gets into their blood and twists them eventually into an agony of "bends." At the steel mills red hot metal pours through thundering rolls which knead it into workable shapes, the furnaces casting a ruddy glare against the sky in token of the fierce energy that is being used up; draftsmen "plug" over endless drawings, figure weights and stresses, and draw innumerable round circles with meticulous care to show the exact locations of the rivets that are to bind the steel together; architects study

lights and shadows in order that the steel and stone will blend into a pleasing mass; chief engineers burn themselves out under the terrific nervous tension of supervising all the details and knitting these details into a unit; and the human flies who fit the pieces together in mid air and make the job a reality, sometimes drop unnoticed from their dizzy height, to be commemorated perhaps by a tablet on the finished work in honor of those who gave their lives that civilization might progress and a dream come true.

REVERIE

There came a fleeting scent of roses
In this hot hell we call earth,
Just a bit of paradise
In this sphere of lowly birth.

Coming swiftly like a buck stag,
Lingering sweetly but an hour,
Struck the senses in the twilight
Like a phantom from some tower.

But this bit of earth-born heaven
Tarried here but one rich hour,
Faded swiftly as it came—
Since then life's not been the same.

Thus, O people, list ye to me,
Grasp your hours while you may,
Life itself lasts but an hour,
Love endures through out the day.

Perhaps this fleeting scent of roses
In a life from here afar,
May come softly like a ground swell
Gliding o'er the ebb tide bar.

Thus, you see, life's not so hopeless,
Love's a beacon shining far,
Lighting up the world around us—
Nothing harming, nothing marred.

CARL E. BULL

'BOUND PUT'

'To-morrow we leave for old Shantung,' was all the chief mate said,
The crew shoved off for a last shore leave, each man one thought ahead,
'To-night I'll revel and drink, and brawl, thus spend my night ashore;
For to-morrow we sail for old Shantung and three long months at sea.

They scattered along the smelly dock, in groups of two or three,
Most bound for Jack Black's tavern, there to spend the night in spree,
A few there were who stayed perhaps to stroll the crowded streets,
But to-morrow we leave for old Shantung and three long months at sea.

But wait! there was one of this crew, a boy called Jim by name,
Judged by the hardened sailors all, this lad was not the same.
His thoughts were not of wine and song, but a mother here at home,
For to-morrow he sails for Shantung and three long months at sea.

Near the gate that led to home, sweet home, by a gaunt oak worn and torn,
He was knifed by a drunken prowler there, for the sea boots that he wore.
Next morning in the offing a ship's tackle creaked and sung,
For the schooner's off to Shantung, it's mud-hook fished and swung.

There are two ships bound to foreign ports, to-night o'er the swirling sea,
And Jim's in one in his Master's crew, where typhoons ne'er shall be.
There's a wind on the quarter, the binnacle's true, the white sails swelling above,
And Jim with his Master is sailing to-night, to the port of eternal love.

CARL E. BULL

WHY NOT?

The year is swiftly rolling on.
I wonder if each one
Has done the best that he could do
Before the set of sun.

I wonder, if each one has given,
Before the close of day,
The very best he owes the world.
Not let time bar the way.

If not, let's hasten swiftly on,
And do the best we can.
The honored man is he who tries
Why not be honored then?

C. WIGLEY

A LONGING

The desire of my heart—
A secret wish
Has become so fierce a thing—

Each night I make
A pilgrimage
To the altar of my dreams.

Here in dreams is
Incense burnt;
Rest given to the restless mind.

The fire burns low;
The exotic longing
Slumbers; but to leap higher tomorrow.

FREDERICA E. POHLMYER, JR. 2

SCHOOL NOTES

The Gondoliers

BECAUSE of the yearly practice of the Maryland State Normal School Alumni to entertain the senior class each year, the class of 1929 had the privilege of hearing and seeing in the auditorium of our own school, the Play Arts Guild production of "The Gondoliers," another delightful Gilbert and Sullivan opera.

The first act took place in Venice as you may have gathered from the name, The Gondoliers. The Duke of Plaza, Foro, had married his daughter, when she was but an infant, to the young prince of Barataria. Now that Casilda, the daughter, had become of age, the Duke was anxious to claim the throne for her. He was hindered for a time by the fact that the prince had been stolen during a revolution which took place in Barataria soon after the infant's marriage, and had been raised supposedly with the family of a Venetian Gondolier. He had grown up, it was thought, with the gondolier's son, and now no one knew which of the two gondoliers was the king's son—the rightful heir to the throne.

When the opera began, the two young and carefree gondoliers were in the act of choosing brides from among the peasant girls. Having made a choice they were promptly wed. Complications ensued, as you may well imagine, since one gondolier, no one knew which, was married to two girls. The play ended happily, however, when it was found that the real prince of Barataria was not one of the gondoliers at all, but was instead Luiz, the servant of the Duke, who loved Casilda and who had been heartbroken to learn of her infant marriage.

We found the performance to be extremely entertaining, due to the cleverness of the plot itself, and to the exceptionally fine acting.

The class of 1929 is grateful for having been so charmingly entertained by the alumni.

Founders' Day Celebration

FRIDAY, January 18th, was Founders' Day for us Normalites. The assembly program was splendid. It is good for all of us to look up our family history occasionally (ask Miss Van Bibber) and we traced

ours back for three generations. Several of our faculty alumnae, including Miss Scarborough, Miss Van Bibber, Miss Yoder, Miss Steele, and Miss Brown gave interesting talks about the Normal they attended. The program was as follows:

Founders' Day Hymn.....*School*
The Vision of the Founders.....*Lida Lee Tall*
Our School, To-day.....*Merle Yoder*
Songs My Mother Taught Me and Auld Lang Syne
Lorena Aist
Memories .....*Irene M. Steele* and *Stella E. Brown*
Norwegian Echo Song—Eckert.....*Lorena Aist*
Recollections..*Lena C. Van Bibber* and *Mary H. Scarborough*
The Alumni.....*M. Lucetta Sisk, President*
Pictures of the Past
The White and the Gold.....*School*
Alma Mater .....*School*

Later in the day, if one had chanced to journey to the auditorium, he would have found upon entrance, "Alumni, this way!" for that evening marked for the Seniors a special treat from the Alumni. The main corridor was fixed up for the orchestra, and Miss Tall's office was changed into a reception room for alumni and seniors.

Co-ed (running across York Road to the enforcer of the law): Stop that man, he wanted to kiss me.
Cop: That's all right, miss, there'll be another along in a minute.

* * * * *

Don't worry if you can't pay your own bills. Be modernistic; be thankful that you're not one of your creditors.

* * * * *

"Got anything snappy in rubber bands?" asked the boy from the big town.
"No," said the salesgirl sweetly, "but we've got something awfully catchy in fly paper."

* * * * *

The optimist fell ten stories.
At each window bar
He shouted to his friends,
"All right, so far."

* * * * *

Miss White must have been rather perturbed when she received this note:

"Miss White, may I see you about rooms for the demons.?—B. P. F."

He meant demonstrations.

Athletics

Upon Attending a Convention

Time:—Thursday Jan. 3, 1929
Friday " 4, 1929
Saturday " 5, 1929

Place:—Southeast Ball Room of the Pennsylvania Hotel, New York City

Occasion:—Annual Meeting of the Women's Division of the National Amateur Athletic Federation.

Curtain due to rise 9:30 A. M.—Thursday

PROMPTLY at 9:30 A. M. Thursday, the chairman, Miss Agnes Wayman, Head of the Physical Education Department, Barnard College, Columbia University, took the chair and with a small gavel rapped for order. A hush settled over this assembly of women gathered from all parts of the United States to discuss Physical Education, and the—but before we get to the business part of the meeting it may be interesting to you to note that sitting up near the front-right amid the principal members of the convention—feeling sort o' strange and overawed—are two of the students of our own school—namely, Gladys Milton and Margaret Dick. These two sent to the convention by the Athletic Association are "having the time of their lives." Now that you have the how and why of the presence of our acquaintances, let us return to the meeting. Mrs. Strong, Chairman of the Board of Directors, being unable to be present wrote her welcome which was read by Miss Wayman. This was followed by speeches and reports. Some of the high-spots of the speeches heard in the next few days included:

Motto of the N. A. A. F. "A girl for every game, and a game for every girl."

The purpose: "Re-creative athletics, rather than (wreck)-creative athletics."

We learned that Mrs. Hoover is really responsible for the existence

of this organization, since she in 1923—feeling that the program of Girls' Athletics needed reconstructing—called a small group of leaders of Physical Education together to discuss the problem. Up to the time of Mr. Hoover's election to the highest office in this land, Mrs. Hoover was Chairman of the Board of Directors. Now, since her duties as "First Lady" will be rather heavy, she must be content with the position of Honorary Chairman. Since Mr. Hoover upon becoming President will automatically become Chairman of the Men's Division, the organization will be connected with the leaders of our country.

The members of this organization stand strongly against the highly intensive 'varsity competition which is found in many of our schools. They believe that present day athletics are so tied up with records that "play for play's sake," is lost sight of. They do not approve of our American girls competing in the Olympic Games which will be held in Los Angeles in 1932. Discussion of these games played a prominent part in the meetings. Disapproval is based on the following reasons:

1. There is specialized training for a few;
2. There is opportunity for the exploitation of women;
3. Girls are subjected to possible overstrain while training for the games.

A report especially enjoyed by our acquaintances was the one on the National Officials Rating Committee by Miss Marjorie Hillas, Instructor of Physical Education at Columbia. She said: "Officials either *Make* or *Mar* a game." How true! Think of the games you've either seen or played in. How necessary is a good referee and what an important part she plays in the game! Miss Hillas believes that rating and requirements should be standardized. In New York and other northern states all referees are required to take a theoretical examination and then a practical one. The passing grade is 75 and the theoretical exam. must be passed before the practical one is taken. One can readily see that by the time a person passes these two tests she should be able to make and not mar any game.

The report of Miss Mabel Lee of the University of Nebraska was quite interesting since it called to our minds some of the things heard in Room No. 215 in our Physical Ed. classes: good leadership is of supreme importance.

1. Sports and games present to educators a fertile field for the cultivation of health and citizenship.
2. Good sportsmanship is *not* instinctive and is best taught through play.

The next time any friction occurs in the family try the following method suggested by Dr. Lillian Gilbreth. Have a boxing match! Perhaps your experience will be somewhat like hers for she says, "by the

time we fix the 'ring', select all necessary officials, don boxing gloves and *shake hands,* most of the friction has worn off, and what may have resulted in a 'family row' turns out to be a form of physical exercise." Try it; it *may* help.

One thing stressed at all times was the safeguarding of the health of participants in sports and games. Women officials and coaches for girls' athletics were recommended. Group rather than individual awards were suggested. A "modest" costume consisting of black gym bloomers, a white blouse, black stockings, and white sneakers was favored. We were proud to note that Normal School is quite up-to-date with its costume.

Discussion of "Play Days" was quite important. In "Play Days" the thought of "playing with, rather than against" is fostered. It was our pleasure to see a demonstration "Play Day" presented at the Central School of Physical Education and Hygiene. Normal School Students *may* have the opportunity both to see and participate in a "Play Day" this spring.

And so, having given a bird's-eye view of the convention we hear the impatient call "Curtain! Curtain!" of Saturday, January 5, 1929, at 1:00 P. M. And reluctantly we see the curtain roll down on one of the best and most worthwhile experiences we've ever been privileged to have.

MARGARET DICK.

NORMAL VS. ST. JOHNS

A very highly contested game was played in the St. John's Gymnasium. Normal lead at the end of all the quarters due to the splendid team work of all. The fourth quarter was one that kept everyone on edge. When the gun went off at the end of this quarter, Normal emerged with the winning score of 20-19. Denneberg was the high point scorer for Normal with Knoblet starring for St. John's. A well-known referee, "Day" of Bucknell College, officiated.

NORMAL WINS OVER NAVY PREP

Normal out-played the Army and Navy Prep team to win by the score of 36-13. The game was one which offered little opposition to Normal's highly organized quintet. Peregoy led as high point scorer with 9 points, followed closely by Denneberg and Aaronson, each having 8 points to their credit.

Motherly Old Lady to Small Boy: "My dear, does your mother know you smoke?"
Small Boy: "Madame, does your husband know you speak to strange men?"—*Bison*

* * * * *

One: "He rusts."
Two: "Why?"
Three: "Iron constitution."—*Orange Peel.*

* * * * *

"Do you know who the laziest man in the world is?"
"No, who is he?"
"The man who said, 'Moonbeam, Kiss Her for Me.' "—*Octopus.*

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Sir, I'd shine 'em.

* * * * *

He joined the Navy—and they assigned him to a submarine.

* * * * *

Two of your daughter's old evening gowns, sewed together, will make an excellent pen wiper.

* * * * *

Wonder if the author of the slogan, "Made as 48,040 housewives showed us," ever heard of the adage, "Too many cooks spoil the broth?"

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The TOWER LIGHT

MARCH 1929

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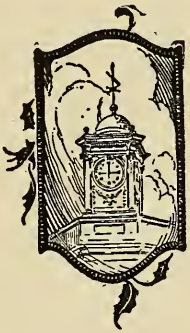

Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

Towson, Md.

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The Tower Light

Vol. II March 1929 No. 6

A Message to Alumni

By President Lucetta M. Sisk

THE PRINCIPAL of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson, and THE TOWER LIGHT, have inaugurated a custom which promises to become a tradition, of devoting one issue of the magazine to the activities of the Alumni Association, and calling this number the "Alumni Issue." This issue, which is mailed to all the active members of the Association (in addition to the regular subscribers), gives former graduates of the school an opportunity to find out where their fellow alumni are and what they are doing. It also gives the officers of the Alumni Association an opportunity to review the work of the preceding year and to lay before the members their plans for the future of the Association.

Unfortunately, it is not possible for the Maryland State Normal School to mail the alumni issue of THE TOWER LIGHT to every alumnus. There are between thirty-five hundred and four thousand names in the Alumni files, and of this number less than three hundred who pay dues. Until we are more prosperous financially as an Association, subscriptions will have to be limited to the dues-paying members, but the officers are glad to be able to reach even as many as three hundred of the alumni, if those three hundred will carry the news of the activities and the plans of the Association to the other three thousand or more.

As I see it, there are three purposes for the work of an active Alumni body. First, there is the social purpose generally expressed in the annual alumni reunion—often the only opportunity some of the graduates have to meet fellow alumni, and to keep alive the memories of the old days.

Then there is the financial aspect. No one needs to enlarge upon the thesis that there is an ever-present and ever-growing need for financial aid in every educational institution. Schools today, with their many-sided interests and activities, can no more run without money than a business can.

However, there is a third aspect or purpose that seems to me to be more important than either of these: I mean the matter of attainment by urging them to bring their problems back to the association for discussion; and of continuing to stimulate their intellectual growth by preparing reading lists along the lines of their special interests, and by offering fellowships or traveling scholarships at higher institutions of

learning for those who have made some outstanding contribution to their profession.

Generally this last part of the work of an alumni association is lost sight of, except as the members of the faculty through their friendships with individual alumni have been a source of help and inspiration. At the best this is a spasmodic and personal sort of contact, except in a few normal schools and colleges where the alumni return occasionally for something like seminars with faculty members.

President Little of the University of Michigan has been for some time advocating what he calls an alumni university through which the special interests of the individual alumni may be served, it is this finer and higher type of service to which our alumni association should be looking forward. Moreover, this should be an easier task for our faculty and alumni than for a great many other schools, because the interests of the individual graduates for the time, at least, during which they remain in the teaching profession are likewise the interests of the entire alumni group.

If these, then, are the three general purposes of the work of an alumni body, to what extent is our Alumni Association fulfilling these purposes, and what remains yet to be done before it can render the fullest service to the graduates?

Probably the best way to answer this question is to review the work of the Association for the past year and to indicate incidentally what the officers of the Association are hoping the future will bring in the way of growth.

On the social side, the Alumni Association, in addition to the annual reunion held at the Normal School during commencement week, participated in the Founder's Day celebration inaugurated two years ago by Miss Lida Lee Tall, the principal of the Normal School. Its part in the celebration so far has been to hold an informal evening reception for the members of the graduating class and the visiting alumni and to provide some entertainment for them. In January, 1928, the Play Arts Guild, under the direction of Mr. T. M. Cushing, presented the well-known drama, "Sun Up." This year the Association sponsored a production of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "The Gondoliers," by the same company. These occasions have been very enjoyable, and have afforded opportunities for the visiting alumni to meet in a pleasant social atmosphere.

The organization of county units of Normal School Alumni in all of the counties of the state has, to some extent at least, the same object. Miss Mary Scarborough, who is the committee chairman of the Association for the organization of these, hopes that through the unit meetings recent graduates of the school and those transferred from other counties, will be welcomed by their fellow alumni.

The nearest approach which the Normal School has made to the

"clearing house" idea for the problems of the Alumni is in the Home Coming Week, when at the invitation of Miss Tall, the recent graduates return to the school and in a series of conferences scheduled as a regular part of the Home-Coming program, bring their problems to the Faculty for discussion. This is a fine type of service, but it ought to be possible to extend its benefits more generally among the alumni. If, for instance, before the Home-Coming celebration in November, all the county units would hold a meeting at which they brought together their problems and then elected a representative from their number to be present at the Home-Coming conferences, the service which they render would be multiplied many times.

With regard to the financial aspect of the work of the Association, it is obvious that the activities cannot be multiplied to any extent unless some way can be found to create a permanent fund adequate to support them. Our annual dues are $1.00; and although there are between thirty-five hundred and four thousand names in the files, less than three hundred this year have paid annual dues, the only income the Association has aside from benefits given for special purposes. This year the Association realized about $80 from a card party and about $90 from the performance of "The Gondoliers." Another benefit bridge and five hundred party to be held on April 26th will probably add another hundred dollars to the treasury. On such a small income and with incidental expenses, it will take a long time to create a fund large enough to be of any real use in extending the work of the Association.

All of the secretarial work is done by the officers of the Association (generally the secretary and treasurer). If it were possible for the Association to pay the salary of a general secretary and field worker who could take care of the inquiries of the Alumni, compile lists of books for their use, and go out into the state among them, helping with their problems, the usefulness of the association could be increased many times.

Finally, the third purpose of an alumni association—that of stimulating the intellectual growth of the members and rewarding achievement in education—cannot be realized unless we can create a permanent fund, the income from which may be used to foster investigation and research. At the meeting of the Executive Committee in November, Miss Tall made a very excellent suggestion. It was that the Association might establish a fellowship or a traveling scholarship to be awarded to alumni who have made real contributions in the field of elementary education. The Principal and the members of the Faculty are ready to cooperate in any movement for making the alumni association an active, creative force in the lives of its graduates. Shall we not in our county meetings and in our casual contacts with other alumni, discuss means of making this higher type of service in which they stand ready to help us, a reality?

Congressman Linthicum Writes of His Recent Trip to South America

CONGRESSMAN LINTHICUM, in company with Mrs. Linthicum and Mr. Robert J. Phillips of the State Department, has just returned from South America, having made a trip since November 17, 1928 of 15,000 miles down the East Coast of South America, into Brazil, Uruguay, Argentine and across the Andes to Santiago, the capital of Chili, thence via Valparaiso, returning by the west coast and visiting the coast cities of Lima, the capital of Peru, on to Panama, Havana and New York said—

"It was a most wonderful trip, unfolding the beauties and industries heretofore unknown to me, and their great possibilities for business opportunity and trade. Our first stop at Rio de Janeiro was early in the morning, and as the sun shone upon the beautiful harbor and mountains, it was a sight of marvelous beauty indeed. Rio is built around a crescent harbor and ocean front; the main street extends 13 miles along the water, while beautiful homes and bungalows creep to the mountain sides. I have viewed the harbors of Naples and most of those of other great cities, but none of them compare in magnificent natural beauty to Rio.

"Here we were received by the Ambassador, Mr. Morgan and the Consul General Mr. Dawson, and given every opportunity for inspection and examination of the proposed office site for the United States buildings in Rio. The City has about one million and a half population, and is still growing. At least 300 American automobiles were unloaded from our ship at this point, and 200 more went on to other ports.

"We then journeyed on to Santos, Brazil, and visited the great City of San Paulo, located on the mountain plateau. To reach this City we took an automobile and mounted the mountain side over fine roads some 3000 feet high, thence along the plateau to the City. Here we found what many people think is destined to be the great commercial city of Brazil—beautifully laid out and ornamented, magnificent hotels and a population of some 900,000 people. It was a wonder indeed to see this great City situated back from the mountain front and on a mountain plateau with a hinterland rich in agriculture, stock and sheep raising. Here we visited the snake farm, and saw all manner of snakes from which virus is gathered for the cure of snake bites, not only in Brazil, but other parts of the world.

"Our next stop Montevideo, was the capital of Uruguay—a city of about 300,000 people, where it is contemplated a legation must be erected in the near future. From here we proceeded to Buenos Aires striking a very severe storm, as the old geographies always said, at the mouth of the La Plata river. It is hard to realize a river like the La Plata, being

more than 100 miles wide. We were compelled to anchor for the night, and started early the next morning, reaching Buenos Aires about 11 o'clock at night, and were agreeably surprised to find the Ambassador, Mr. Bliss, the Consul General and a number of other U. S. officials awaiting us.

"Buenos Aires has now a population of two million and a half, having doubled in the last fifteen years. Only a view of the City or pictures of its beautiful parks, residences and business houses can make one realize its beauty. Its architecture is extremely ornamental—Italian, French and Spanish. Its monuments are usually of pure white marble, which glisten in the bright sunshine and seem not to discolor. Its main avenue resembles largely those of Paris, lined with beautiful parks, of palms and semi-tropical plants. One cannot realize at first that summer prevails during those months in which winter prevails with us, and while it was winter at home, it was harvest time in Argentine. The people were particularly friendly, and showed our party every consideration and courtesy. The language is Spanish, although not always of the pure dialect. Mr. Robert J. Phillips of the State Department and I visited with the Ambassador, Mr. John Campbell White, of Baltimore, Counsellor of the Embassy, and others, many sites and buildings, and we hope have reached a conclusion which will be acceptable.

"It is needless to say that Buenos Aires is perhaps the most expensive City in the world, costing almost double what it would cost in most cities of our country. From Buenos Aires, we crossed the Andes in a narrow gauge railroad, and reached Santiago, Chili, a most picturesque location, with its snow capped mountains, its parks and business houses. Here we met our Ambassador, Mr. Culbertson, and made note of what would be required in that City. Here also Mr. Julius Lay, Counsellor to the British Embassy, was met, and gave us every opportunity.

"From Santiago, we journeyed on to Valparaiso, where we took passage on the good ship "Santa Barbara," and for 20 days sailed along the western coast of South America, making some 13 stops in all between there and New York, including Lima, the capital of Peru, where we met Ambassador Moore, and made examination of the lot now owned by our Government upon which is contemplated the erection of an Embassy.

"One cannot realize the great possibilities for trade and commerce in these countries until such a visit as ours has been made. The work of our commercial attaches and the consuls has been untiring, and new fields and new opportunities are being opened to American trade on every hand. American automobiles dominate the great cities, American farming implements, in the agricultural sections, American mining machinery all the mining sections (and by "American" I mean the United States). American capital is almost wholly invested in mines and nitrate

Continued on Page 38

Join Our Profession

To all those who have gone out through the portals of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson to teach boys and girls:

GREETINGS! My message to you today shall center around the enrollment campaign of this year. Just why there is a need for an intensive drive to induce students to adopt teaching as a profession, I do not know. In the nature of things, one would think the young graduates of the high schools of our State would be coming in hordes, clamoring for admission, for very few other states I know of, even approximate the liberal offer our own State of Maryland makes to the successful high school student. Why pass by one institution of higher learning that charges only $20 in fees annually and $180 for room, board and laundry, and go to another that charges $600 or to another nearby that charges $800 per year. On the ground of cost alone the question is not debatable. On the ground of the investment made in one's income or salary at the close of the two year's course, the result leaves nothing to be desired. All is in favor of the two-year normal. On the ground of securing a position, the advantage is all in favor of the Normal. Only Baltimore City is over-stocked with our graduates; the counties still need more teachers than the three State Normal Schools can supply. Why, then, are our recruits not like Gideon's army or like the swarm of bargain seekers at a sale? What is there in the teaching profession that repels the college student?

I feel quite sure one reason is that the teacher must deal with children, and children, of all raw materials, are the most difficult to manipulate and change. The process frightens the high school graduate; and the larger opportunities are not grasped and appreciated. But this is only one reason, and the Normal is established to disclose and unfold child nature. We are left puzzled as to the other reasons. At any rate, there is need each year for an enrollment campaign and this year our plan has been as follows:

First, we wrote the high school principals early in January, challenging them to help us in our need to recruit from their strongest and most learned seniors; accompanying the letter were—a catalog; a copy of the TOWER LIGHT, our school monthly; and an application blank. We sent these publications because each year there is a large number of new high school principals and we want them to get the picture of our school, its curriculum, and its teacher training facilities. Even an application blank can hold dramatic possibilities when it has been properly filled out with desirable information.

Second, we sent another letter to all high school principals requesting the list of students in the senior class and urged that they give us an invitation to speak at the high schools—this for either our students or a

faculty member. We asked for the roll of the entire senior class so that next year we may estimate the percentage of students enrolling from each high school.

Third, we sent a desk blotter to each principal advertising the Towson Normal through a picture of the men's basketball team, for, as never before, do we believe that young men have an opportunity in the teaching field and we also believe that boys and girls above the fourth grade in the elementary schools need men as teachers as well as women.

Fourth, the students now enrolled at Normal, representatives of high schools throughout the State, each wrote a letter to his high school principal setting forth the life at Normal. The response from principals in answer to these personal letters has been most cordial.

There then remains the fifth step—to visit the high schools and meet the senior classes. This has been begun. Faculty members have already gone out upon special invitations. Students will go, in the main, at Easter. In some cases, faculty and students will go together. In Baltimore City the Western High School students interested in teaching have met with and quizzed intelligently a member of our faculty. Fifty of the Eastern High School students now enrolled at Towson went back to Eastern for a morning assembly in January; five students spoke, choosing for their topics:

Professional and Financial Opportunities
The Atmosphere of the Normal School
The Curriculum and Student Teaching
The Personal Qualifications for a Teacher
What it Means to Be a Teacher

We sang Normal School songs and came away. It was a friendly and understanding assembly; and the principal, Miss Cairnes, saw her graduates of the last two years in a new light, recruiting for our great profession the efficient and promising of the Eastern High School graduates of 1929.

We shall do the same thing for the Forest Park High in March. Last year the City College men, upon Dr. Blake's invitation, spoke to the City College seniors in a similar way and inspected the new City College building.

What do we expect as the result of the present high legal standards for admission to Normal and also as the result of these more spiritual and emotional contacts I have just described? Figures speak for themselves:

In Sept. 1923 2% of our entering students were above college norm in intelligence

In Sept. 1924 10% of our entering students were above college norm in intelligence

In Sept. 1925 25% of our entering students were above college norm in intelligence

In Sept. 1926 24% of our entering students were above college norm in intelligence

In Sept. 1927 35% of our entering students were above college norm in intelligence

In Sept. 1928 50% of our entering students were above college norm in intelligence (approximately)

Give us the proverbial straw and we can make bricks. But deny us the proper materials and we can neither make bricks nor teachers.

LIDA LEE TALL.

Alumni Association

The Maryland State Normal School at Towson

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Some Special Class Notes

By Augusta Dellone

How did I become teacher of a special disciplinary class? One should enter into such an occupation, prayerfully, with high aims and holy aspirations. I am afraid mine were not noble.

First, there was the extra salary. That seemed an inducement. Then, too, the class I was teaching presented, to use the appropriate "Pedaguese," forty-eight problems. The disciplinary class was allowed only sixteen. From my point of view as a regular teacher I thought I knew the answer to every problem. Surely, an assignment of sixteen was preferable to one of forty-eight. The sixteen disillusioned me. I learned about individual differences from them.

These boys were disciplinary cases. That did not mean that they were all bad. One boy was deaf, a fact discovered accidentally. Several needed only to be set to work at something they were able to do. Some seemed veritable outlaws until I saw their homes and had some side lights on their home treatment.

When Tony, rebuked for being dirty at nine in the morning, explained that his father had kicked him out, and that he had slept under the steps—there was nothing to be said. When Morris, detained unlawfully for a few minutes at twelve o'clock, began to weep emphatically, it was, to say the least, disconcerting to have this explanation—"The other kids will be all 'et off' when I get there, there's never enough for all of us."

When a mother, called in on a serious case of stealing fruit, gaily exclaimed—"Ach, a little fruit, that's nothing, all children do it. Don't mind that teacher;" how might one hope to convince a child of the truth of the "Mine and Thine" theory?

Many problems presented themselves. There was no curriculum which could be expected to fit a group in which each child was in at least three grades. For example, fourteen year old Charles was in the third grade in arithmetic, fifth grade in history and geography, preprimer in reading, and in the second group in spelling.

Units were prepared covering a minimum amount of the course of study, as I saw it. Each of these units had to be completed before another was begun. Reading presented the chief difficulty. At the mature age of fifteen, William could read first grade books, but would not. Pratt's Library came to our assistance. A case of books, carefully selected by the teacher and the librarian, varied in respect to difficulty, but had no insulting grade numbers on the covers of the books.

Now the trouble was to keep the boys from battling over the books.

Many of these books dealt with hand work, and since an hour and a half each day was devoted to manual training, these volumes were in great demand. Some of the books dealt with home decoration. From these we found out about the beauty that lies in plain, simple furniture, in quiet floor coverings, in happy color combinations. This may have carried over. I do not know, but just last week a well-dressed lad of about eighteen dashed up to me on the street. I recognized a boy from this class. We exchanged the usual compliments. Then

"How do you like my tie? I got it to match my eyes and hair—Brown. My suit matches, too." "Splendid! What made you think of such a scheme?" "I remembered what you said in school about having things to match when we talked about houses and clothes and things." Had this lad learned anything of art in school? Maybe. Our beautiful paintings, wonderful sculptures, magnificent buildings we see once in a while. The boy we have always with us.

So much for the disciplinary class. It has outlived its usefulness. Before the scientific study of education became general, there was no other place to smooth off the square pegs which had been forced into round holes. Now the vocational and pre-vocational classes supply the need discovered as a result of the study of individual differences.

My Work in a Special Class

For the past two years I have been teaching a Special Class in School No. 94 in Baltimore. There are twenty boys in the class, whose chronological ages vary from eleven to sixteen years and whose mental ages vary from five to eleven years. Some of the boys have been in a Special Class since they were in the first grade while others have been transferred from fourth and fifth grades, where they were unable to participate in their group on account of speech defects and over age consciousness. While in the grades, they had often been discipline problems and had played truant, which are evidences of maladjustment and unhappiness.

The work in the Special Class is planned to meet, in so far as possible, the needs of the boys. The periods must be short and the work must be active because their span of attention is so limited.

The greater part of the day is spent in industrial work as these boys can work best with their hands. We aim to prepare the boys, if possible, for the Pre-Vocational school or if they leave school before that

time, we try to give work that will enable them to gain some knowledge of tools and simple materials.

My room is equipped for industrial work with two work benches with vises and a long work-table. We have the simple, practical tools of the ordinary tool chest.

Our program is arranged in Units of work. For example, last year we studied "Homes," beginning with that of the Cave Man's and ended with the modern dwelling. In the morning we had our regular academic work and in the afternoon our industrial work. During this period the boys built to scale models of many of the homes. By the time we had reached the brick house, they had acquired skill in measurement and adaptation of materials so that they had a great deal of pleasure in constructing a modern colonial dwelling of tiny imitation bricks, with window-boxes, sun parlor, and many other additions seen in the modern home. This model seemed to give them a special pleasure and showed observation and inventiveness quite surprising for any group.

Besides the handwork, which is an outgrowth of their geography or history they make pieces of furniture for their own homes and to fill orders from outside. The money from the orders is used for the purchase of more materials. While the furniture is very simple, it is attractive and the boys enjoy making it, as it is something to be used in real life. They make three and five-shelf bookcases, the magazine rack with compartments and handle, small sewing cabinets with an inside tray, end tables, library tables, foot-stools, some with upholstered tops, broom closets, kitchen cupboards, and many other articles. Some of these are finished in natural wood, some stained, and others are painted various colors.

The work is intensely interesting. More than that, it is a satisfaction to know that these boys, who are so unhappy and troublesome in a class of normal children, have a place where they can accomplish something which they can really see. Of course there are many discouragements in work of this sort, but they are balanced by one's assurance that these boys, handicapped as they are, are forming habits and acquiring skills which will make them better citizens.

MARGARET E. STRAUGHN.

Teacher—"Johnny, how much is three and four?"

Johnny—"I'd like very much to tell you, teacher, but I think it'll do you more good if you look it up for yourself."—*Wampus.*

* * * * *

Abie—"Ah, Rosie; ours must be true love all right—because I notice when we hold hands it just makes both of us speechless."

Rosie—"Don't be foolish, Abie. How could we speak when we hold each other's hands?"

Why Play?

THE VISITOR started impulsively toward the boy, who was headed directly for the stairway at a fast gait. He turned, with a puzzled expression, as the boy took the stairs without hesitation or stumbling.

"Can he see," he asked.

He had reason to question. To one, whose idea of blind people had always included a cane, a dog on a string, and a hesitating walk, it was rather unusual to see one with the confidence the boy displayed. Later, when he saw the same boy mounted on a bicycle, he was again fearful for his safety, until he saw him steer away from obstacles at a shouted warning from other boys stationed nearby.

When asked to show their ability in the gymnasium, these handicapped boys of the school went through a marching drill and calisthenics, wrestled, dived over the backs of boys on hands and knees, stood on heads and on the hands, and did other stunts, clogged, played relay running games, baseball and football.

Judging by the expression on their faces and by their voices, they were having a good time, and liked to do the things that other boys were doing in the public schools. Gone was the desire just to sit—and grow grouchy, awkward and self-centered in consequence—a habit so easily acquired by the handicapped, unless they have a more pleasurable and profitable outlet for that nervous energy of growing boys. The same ones who once had been ready to exchange hot words, if another happened to bump into them on the walks, apologized profusely if they brushed against the other. Those, who, seldom, if ever, had helped another with anything, helped others to their feet, if they fell harder than usual, and inquired about their hurts. They were ready to praise, if the other fellow had accomplished something new and hard to do, and then worked hard to do that thing too. Good sportsmanship was showing itself, and with it, the other good qualities that go hand in hand with it.

Nor are the benefits confined to the gymnasium and playground alone, but show up in the classroom to a noticeable degree. Sluggish minds have quickened, indifferent ones take on new interest, and the confidence that they have acquired by working out a new stunt, or achieving a new record, gives them the confidence, and with it, the ability to take hold of new problems.

Play is helping them to become more like the normal child, in this way bringing the goal of the school nearer, the goal of all schools for the blind as well as the sighted: to make of them, good and useful citizens, in order to adequately fit into society, by helping them to form the correct physical and mental habits, fostering in them the right attitude toward the other members of the human family and instilling in them high ideals.

HERMAN STOUFFER, '25,
Teacher in School for Blind.

How I Became a Special Teacher

NINE O'CLOCK: School was called for the day. The usual procedure for removing wraps and general discussion followed. The assembly bell rang. A march was heard pealing forth from a little portable organ in the next room. The teacher of the First Grade was playing for us (The second Grade) to assemble for morning exercises in her room. The opening song was being sung when a rap was heard, and a gentleman entered. It was the State Supervisor of Music. He came to listen to the singing of the children. The First Grade Teacher continued with the program while the Second Grade Teacher stood in the back of the room to assist those pupils who were not able to carry the tune so well, and to assist in problems of discipline. After the Exercises were over the State Supervisor of Music inquired about The Second Grade teacher, asked for her recommendations from the Principal of that School. He held a short conference with the Second Grade Teacher (who was myself) asking her to teach music in the various rooms when possible. This appeal was followed by a request from the County Superintendent to follow the first appeal. As a result Music was taught in the afternoon and the Grade in the morning. The work proved to be so interesting and fascinating that the Second Grade Teacher fully made up her mind to specialize in music. Her certificate did not permit her to enter this field without a Normal School diploma. Her education in music was chiefly instrumental, being organist in The Episcopal Church, and leader of a large Orchestra together with years of experience in piano and voice.

Another obstacle to face, plans were immediately made to enter Maryland State Normal School at Towson the following year. One year was needed to secure the desired diploma for her work. The other schools gave her enough credits to finish in one year.

The year at Normal was one of thrilling experiences, enthusiastic campaigns, delightful fellowship and inspirational contacts. The association with Miss Edna McEachern fully convinced me that music was the goal for which to strive. Miss McEachern assigned me several special commissions in the field of Music, and with her able assistance made them delightful experiences. My student Teaching was done in the Campus School and music was my big objective. To broaden my knowledge of other technical points in music, I studied at Peabody Conservatory.

Two days before my graduation a letter came asking me to take a position as Special Teacher of Music in Dorchester County. You can well imagine my joy to be asked to serve in my own community in this capacity. Other positions were offered me, but this one proved to be the desired situation. Since then it has been my privilege to work with the

boys and girls of this County. Through the co-operation of the Graduates of the Normal School and other teachers we are striving to make music a potential factor in the lives of the people in our community.

MARGARET E. MATTHEWS
Special Teacher of Music
Dorchester County, Maryland

IMPOSSIBLE JOHNNIES ? ? ?

LUELLA DOWELL BIVENS

IN MY SPECIAL CLASS of thirteen maladjusted children, I soon found that I had no impossible "Johnnies." They had only met failure. They had felt insecure. They needed to find themselves.

I attempted to provide various activities so that each member of the group might have an opportunity to explore his interests. He was allowed to continue with that activity in which he felt the greatest amount of success. Some have felt it through paint and brush, others through music, others through wood work, others through physical activities, and others by overcoming their weaknesses have realized great success in reading. Thus, when little minds have felt the spirit of success, they are better able to find their places in society.

I feel, that when retarded children are taught as retarded children and not as if they were normal children, and when they are cared for in special classes they will progress, even though slowly, their self-respect will develop and they will realize their possibilities. I am happy, that as yet, I haven't met an impossible "Johnnie."

Frank W. Simmons expresses the way I feel in my work with the maladjusted child when he says:

> "If a John Burroughs on his little patch of ground in the valley of the Mohawk glories in his life among the birds and bees; if a Luther Burbank is enraptured with his work of transforming a worthless desert cactus into an edible fruit; if these and other workers whose names are legion, revel in the love of their work, then by what term shall we designate the joy that should be the teacher's who works not with mere bugs or beetles, nor with birds, bees or flowers, but with the child who is at once the most complex, the most plastic, the most beautiful of God's creations."

Yes, it's a wonderful thing to be a teacher!

How Normal School Helped Me as a Mother

OF COURSE back in that far off day (it really doesn't seem so long ago to me) when I was attending the Maryland State Normal School, I had no idea that my studies there would be a help to me along the line of being a mother. All my worry and work was to graduate and become a full fledged teacher. I had planned since the time I was about twelve years old that I'd be a teacher; thinking then, as I still do, that it is a work where one can do great good and justify one's existence. But since the subject has been put before me and I think back I can easily see where Normal School training is ideal for mothers as well as teachers.

Mothers surely need to know what will keep their children's minds and bodies vigorous and growing. So psychology and "Physical Ed." (as my High School son calls it) are a great help. A teacher must be trained to understand a child's reactions—why should not a mother? Each child in a school room is a wholly different individual; but so is each child in a home. Each must be handled in a distinctive manner if one wants him to develop naturally. The great difference between a teacher's influence and a mother's is that the mother has the child during its plastic years when impressions are most lasting, while the teacher gets the child after its first impressions are already made. Sometimes, the mother has laid a good foundation, the teacher can build on it, but sometimes the teacher has wrong ideas to correct and that is hard work—especially as, in that case, there probably will not be cooperation on the parents' part.

As I look back over the nearly twenty years I've been a mother I can clearly see where my Normal training helped me to better understand and care for my children. The games and stories helped while they were small. From their first lessons at school I could go along with them right up to and through High School days—understanding and helping at hard places. And I owe so very much to my teacher to what we then called Literature—now English. The love of good literature which she instilled in us, and the books she encouraged us to buy were of great use to me when my girl and boys reached High School age. I could discuss the authors they were studying with them and help with disputed points. Yes, I can sincerely thank the Normal training I received at old M. S. N. S. for having helped me be as good a mother as I've been. And I do!

URILLA B. MILLER, '04

OUR ALMA MATER

Sitting tonight watching the bright young faces praising and discussing their respective schools, how my thoughts turn back to my own dear Alma Mater, the State Normal, just across from Lafayette Square. There it was one bright September morning the girls of '98 met in the Assembly Hall to be welcomed by the faculty and assigned to their rooms. On that day friendships began that will last throughout life and preparations began for one of the noblest of noble callings, that of training and directing young minds.

At the Normal, we were brought into contact with little children and by observing and being directed by teachers who ranked among the highest in the State, we were so much better prepared when we stepped forth to try to help in our chosen work, "character building."

Just as I feel my Normal training fitted me for a better teacher, so I feel that my Normal training helped me to be a better mother. My opinion is that no girl having attended Normal could leave without being better prepared to understand, guide and play an important part in shaping the lives of all children with whom she comes in daily contact.

CHARLOTTE LEDLEY WALLACE, '98

Some Milestones in Becoming the Head of a School

By HAROLD E. MOSER, '24

A CHEMIST may take two chemicals and by the simple regulation of quantities used, produce a mild, harmless salt or a preparation capable of great power.

The changing conception of the elementary school principalship appears to me very much in the same light. The three elements of which a principal's duties are composed are clerical, managerial and technical in nature. The earliest principals were ninety per cent clerical and entirely *saltine* in our chemical analogy. Administrative demands included the role of local statistician and the distribution of educational supplies. Nothing more potent was deemed advisable or necessary.

As the number of pupils increased and the management and classification problems began to crop up, it was found necessary to reduce the teaching schedule of the principal and give him charge of a very large class of duties, mechanical and business-like in nature. Truly a stronger ratio of power than formerly, but still a business manager in distinction

from an educator—perhaps, to use a modern department store term, an educational floorwalker.

Then education became scientific. In the radical rearrangement of theories and practices that followed, the principalship received its share too. It came in the form of a *supervising principal.* This makes him responsible for the moral tone of his school and, in addition, the elevation of teaching standards by giving technical assistance to his teachers. Now, at last, we have a position of power—a position which requires a complete knowledge of educational technics and professional science. Instead of each school operating under special supervisors working from the central office, each school becomes a unit in itself, working under a trained supervising principal who is in turn furnished professional assistance by the supervisors.

In the final analysis, the degree to which these practices are adopted is left to the local board of education, although the State of Maryland has acknowledged the changed order by requiring in their minimum essentials for holding an elementary school principalship requirements beyond those of the regular first grade teachers.

WILD GULL

There is a wild gull trailing
A cry across the moon
While the sound of the sea is mingling
With his queer, wild tune.

Against the moon-white waters
He breaks his sorrow-cry,
And sends the echoes drifting,
Up to the moon-white sky.

FUGITIVES

The clouds are scudding swift across the sky;
like fugitives,
Their black cloaks spreading out
like wings.
I think that he pursuing them
is close,
For I can feel his hot breath
on my neck.

ELEANORA BOWLING, '28.

BETTY DANDRIDGE FOX

A CREED OF SORTS—FOR TEACHERS

Thank God for teachers,
Teachers of children, wee children,
Who see their souls, as well as eager eyes.
Rich children, poor ones; American Children or foreign-born
Yet children all—bearing the gifts of the Magi
Here's Gold—faith and trust in this
My Teacher!
Frankincense—love and glowing hearts that swear it
If one is worthy and believes.
And I would believe—aye fervently,
In children, in teachers, in teaching.
With Angelo Patri, I look
Ahead a thousand years and I see not
Cities, not wealth; neither ships nor soldiers—
But children, little, laughing, happy children,
And so, smiling, I put my hands in theirs and dream of sunshine.
And endless happy days,
For I am a teacher.

BETTY DANDRIDGE FOX, '22

THE TOWER LIGHT

Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson

STUDENT EDITORS

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ESTHER LOUISE WEINBACH

Associate

BLANCHE JACHMAN

Social
MAE ROBERTS

Athletics
MAY COFFAY
WILLIAM KINNERSLEY

Jokes
OTTO SVENDSON

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Are You a Booster?

IN ASKING the Student Body to give its loyal support to the *Crystal* we are asking for help for no one but ourselves. We, the students, are the ones who will suffer most if we let the splendid work of the Class of 1928 in organizing an annual be wasted. Surely it will be our own pride and self-respect that will suffer if we admit defeat after such a half-hearted struggle!

We know that we have met unfortunate obstacles in the way of placing advertisements, but we are not the only school finding this difficulty. Are we going to be one of the schools to put our annual over the top in spite of adverse conditions or are we going to let the "Gold and White" be "unwept and unsung"?

Seniors, we are responsible for the success of the *Crystal* because first, it is our own record, and second, we accepted the responsibility of "carrying on" when we voted in favor of an annual last year. Are

we going to let our colors, the Green and White, become a badge of defeat? Are we going to shirk at the first signs of a struggle? In order to publish the *Crystal* this year we need to give *extra* support, loyalty and enthusiasm.

Juniors, your responsibility is not as great as that of the Seniors, but you, too, are not exempt. You must realize that the *Crystal* belongs to you, too. You know that unless our *Crystal* is a success, you will have no annual at all next year. Next year you will find the co-operation of the Juniors (of next year) essential for your success also.

Normalites, it is in times like this that we show our true character. We may do one, two, or all of the following things to help make the *Crystal* a success.

1. Subscribe yourself!
2. Get an advertisement.
3. Get another subscriber.

Are *you* going to do *your* part?

D. McG., *Editor.*

What Dress Today?

THE RURAL TEACHER'S meager salary of one hundred dollars or less per month allows little for a luxurious wardrobe. From it must come her room and board, a subscription for church and charity, a sum for books and self-improvement, now and then a physician's or dentist's fee, and largest of all, the additional college training. Not much wonder that the teacher sometimes says, "I'll wear this soiled blouse just a few days longer, for there is no one to see it but the children, and I am so tired of cleaner's bills"; or, "this dark frock is not very pretty or becoming, but it will last me all winter, and I can use for something else the money that other dresses would cost"; or, "I am so late this morning that I haven't time to get a different dress ready. I'll just wear this old one-piece again."

But the teacher should be clean and attractive. In her budget she must always plan money for the cleaner's bills. Nothing teaches neatness and cleanliness to the children so well as a good example by the teacher. No other single item of beauty in their surroundings is appreciated by the children more than a pretty dress worn by their teacher. There is no better way of teaching the children to be appropriately dressed for all occasions than for the teacher, herself, to have a number of dresses from which she can each day choose according to the weather, or the particular school activities of the day.

The teacher's clothes and their upkeep need not be expensive. A bright, modish, attractive dress, if carefully chosen, costs no more than a dark, ugly one. A supply of several pretty, inexpensive dresses lasts

longer than a single dress, and, if wisely selected, will remain in style for quite a while. It is possible for a girl to keep her clothes cleaned and pressed at a minimum of tailor's expenses. A bottle of carbona if carefully applied will remove soiled places from a number of dresses. A flat iron heated on the kitchen range will do wonders in smoothing out wrinkles. A colorfast smock worn for sweeping and dusting will keep a dress in good condition, and costs only a dollar.

The more children find to admire in their teacher the greater will be her influence upon them. A high school teacher wore her collar and tie in a way especially attractive to herself and soon all the girls in the school were wearing their collars and ties in the same way. A rural school teacher wore a pretty smock as she swept and dusted, and for their sewing period the girls asked to make smocks for themselves. A primary teacher wore a string of lovely red beads and again and again the tiny fingers of some child who came to her with a question would steal up to touch those beads.

The teacher whose children are ready to admire and emulate her, even in the matter of dress, will have little trouble in leading them into worthwhile activities of growth in all lines. Many times the children's home and school environments are so barren of lovely things that the teacher's pretty frock makes for them the single beautiful spot in an otherwise drab existence. Do not neglect the opportunity to brighten these little lives by a conservative number of neat, clean, and attractive little school dresses of your own!—*Exchange.*

A HELPING TEACHER

A few years I taught and I ought to say
First, books—then girls and boys
Three dozen to start, now three thousand at heart
With some teachers as extra joys!

I see, as a rule, in each school where I go
Some good in the lessons planned.
I throw in a hint or perhaps just a squint
Or I help with the rhythmic band.

The children can say, any day, if you please
That "James was only a snail,"
They use the "R" tools as well as Health Rules
And travel the "On Time" trail.

The teachers of late, up to date, seem to like
The "Morrison Morrison" plan.
They really can tune it to a History unit
They're giving it plenty of fan.

Now things go wrong, right along, I regret,
"The children just won't behave."
There's seatwork to check, or you'll be a wreck,
And there's speed, and time to save.

"WE" are kept busy, my Lizzie and I
The school terms are so fast fleeting
The work and the play from day to day
Lead right on into a group meeting.

It gives me a thrill, if you will, to belong
To a band of workers so great—
Dr. Cook and Miss Tall, Mr. Orem and all
Who are leading our wonderful State.

I love my task, if you ask, and you know
We all want things to go snappy,
We get tears and laughter, but the thing I'm after
Is to make my whole group happy.

HAZEL WRIGHT '23.
Prince George's County.

Fifth Grade Experiences

A FUNNY ACCIDENT

Wednesday, two weeks ago we moved. I was taking my cat over to the house, when I saw a car coming down the street. My cat jumped down, out of my arms. The car looked as if it had run over him. After the car had gone there stood my cat out in the street. As I took him up, I said, "Kitty, you do have nine lives."

VIRGINIA REW,
Section 10

MY FIRST FISHING EXPERIENCE

One day I got up very early for we were going fishing. We went out and tied our boat to a stake. We fished for awhile but did not catch any fish for about an hour. We were very tired of waiting when all of a sudden my float went down. My father told me to pull real hard. I did so and a very small trout came up. The next and last fish was landed by my mother.

WILLIAM MCGRAW
Section 10, '28

Project Organized and Carried Out

By Ella Pearsaul, '25

In order to appeal to the small child's instincts we must produce actual life situations to make proper impressions. The imagination of the adolescent is of course at work but we as teachers who desire certain results from a particular piece of work find our efforts have been worth while *only,* when the children have actually helped put together and seen a project in its different stages of development. If we do this we may rest assured we are using good psychology, because *satisfaction* is one of the important laws of learning. And *are* not both the teacher and children happy to see projects they have worked out together, result in a worth while production, and be something they can see and appreciate rather than just an imaginary product.

I am working with a mixed group, three distinct classes; namely, colored, Italian and white children. Every one realizes the needs of a pre-school child. He must have special attention. These children are not able to have this advantage. On the contrary we find most deplorable home conditions existing, and in some homes we observe it is another case of the survival of the fittest. To dodge the flying germs and unelevating conversations that are hurled at these children, mean they must be good football players as well as students learning the 3 R's.

The *Italian* parents (who speak comparatively little or no English) in most cases are in sympathy with the teachers. They want Rosie Dominic and Asunta to get the most out of school, and expect us to see that they obtain it whether we use strenuous measures or otherwise. This holds true of the other two classes as well. But it is up to the teacher to do this alone, the older generation can not cooperate as far as the scholastic or social ends are concerned.

However dull they may seem, to be influenced by the new ideas, grasped by the children is foremost in their thoughts. And as the older generation decreases and the younger generations take their places—we see improvement.

Don't you see the problem? We teach the child and in turn the child "takes home the bacon." So in order to transmit our message "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," he must have a lasting impression. Hence our reason for projects.

PROJECTS

1. A house made from 3 boxes placed on top of each other and partitioned off to make a 6 room house—namely, living room, dining room, kitchen, bathroom and two bedrooms.

2. The furniture that was made from unusual things will be mentioned, other wise I will take for granted you realize the rest of furniture was made from either wood or cardboard—

A. A large spool and a jar top placed on top makes a splendid bowl for the bath room.

B. Things made from match boxes.
   a. Medicine cabinet, dressing table, etc.

C. Things made from clay.
   a. Toilet, medicine bottles, vases, fruit for table, candles and candle sticks, soap, moulded then painted, fireplace and fire place equipment.

D. Things made from cloth.
   a. Scraps of material plaited and then sewed together make an attractive rug.
   b. Part of a wash cloth sewed for a bath rug.
   c. An oat meal box cut in half and a ruffle sewed around same, makes an attractive cradle for the baby.

Subjects that were correlated are as follows:

1. Reading (mostly incidental).
2. Seat work.
   a. A great deal of seatwork developed from this project.

Examples are as follows:

1. Following directions.
   a. Draw big table and a little table.
   b. Put a book on the little table.
   c. Put line under the big table.
2. Answering questions.
   a. Do you sleep with windows open?
   b. Can a chair hop?
   c. Do you drink milk?
3. Number.
   a. The children learned to use the rule, count and recognize numbers to 12.
4. Health.
   a. Considering the project from the health stand point, we discussed the value of water, *sunlight* and fresh air, and how to use these to the best advantage in the home.
5. Citizenship.
   a. The children actually taking care of the play house helped them realize the results obtained when we keep things in good order. This alone was an incentive for them to keep their own school room clean. So it has been unnecessary to mention tidiness in our room, they keep it that way of their own accord.

One of my Italian children was heard making this remark, "I pick a

da paper from a da floor, I know want people say Miss Pearsaul's children can no keep a da room clean."

6. Language.

a. The children were delighted when they had an opportunity to play house. In many of these instances I observed a great deal of initiative and individuality being brought to the surface. Then, too, while the English speaking child was learning to express himself in an organized manner, he was teaching the non English speaking child a vocabulary in an impressive way—namely, a life situation.

REMINISCENCES

YOU ASKED ME to write something for THE TOWER LIGHT for the Alumni Number. No inspiration came. To be sure I thought and ruminated over the past and of the days when we were over on Carrollton Avenue and I lived on Hoffman Street quite seventeen blocks away, and really walked daily that distance. There were a number of us. I walked up Eutaw Place and picked up Mary Bull, Mary Hanway, Elizabeth England and we had such good times day after day. Bless your heart no one lives on Hoffman Street now, and as to walking seventeen blocks, it just isn't done. So how could we put it in a paper? When we finally arrived we went in the back door, never in the front door! I have often wondered why we had to go in the back door. Perhaps just to draw the line between us as students and teachers. We would not do that now, would we? We might give the child an "inferiority complex." Then too there was much old-fashionedness in our doings—and little terminology and highsounding platitudes—and nothing was sugarcoated. We were very serious about it all, and took our prohibitions on walking in the hall and up the front steps as a matter of course. We learned that to be absent the day before a holiday or the day after a holiday was the unmistakable sign of unfitness for the teaching profession. Compared with what you all have today, we were scarcely a good high school, for we went out to the fray blissfully ignorant that what ailed Johnny was being a "problem." To us it was original sin and was dealt with accordingly. In all humility I send up many a prayer for forgiveness for some of the transgressions of those early days. We have expiated our sins many times by our efforts to acquire degrees and our efforts to teach even the second and third generation of those who love and those who hate us. It will soon be Valentine day and I will not get even one Valentine of the traditional type, does that mean that our profession is more respected?

LOUISE W. LINTHICUM

Physical Education and You

ARE YOU INTERESTED in sports? Do you like to play a game, just for the fun of it? You do not have to be an expert these days to enjoy athletics, and that is indeed a step forward in Physical Education.

One no longer has to dread a dull set of exercises, done just so, because they make your muscles strong. Physical Education has taken a definite place in the field of general education. "It has come to stay," with the purpose of giving the weak as well as the strong, the novice as well as the athlete, a chance to develop the big body-muscles by engaging in natural activities such as walking, running, jumping, climbing and throwing. It is made up of pleasant activities through games of every type. It includes a wide range of action, varying from marbles to football, and from tag to horseback-riding. It is not limited to the young and athletic, but tries to serve every age and every stage of development.

Physical Education aims to develop mental alertness, muscular and emotional control and establish social and moral attitudes by contact with others, in the spirit of good sportsmanship. It tries to prepare in some measure for the wholesome pursuit of leisure time. It tends to get folks out of doors into the fresh air and sunshine.

A natural program of Physical Education is the best one to follow, for it includes such activities as—organized games and stunts, singing games, folk and social dancing, advanced athletics, hiking, camping, water sports, play days, festivals and pageants. It is planned for the masses and not for developing a varsity team.

If you are interested in training children and have observed them at their play, you will find that play is often work, and what seems most trifling to an adult is paramount to a child. "Playing store" seems most simple and to the child it is a great job he must accomplish. Physical Educators have recognized this important truth and the present day programs are planned and executed with the hope of giving the child a richer background from which to choose his own games and activities and enrich his limited experiences so that he may grow mentally as he develops physically.

The field of Physical Education is very interesting and holds much promise for the future. If you are interested in the work and would like to get into Physical Education, it would be well worthwhile to take extra work at some University, for credit toward a degree. Upon leaving Normal School, one may finish work for a Bachelor of Science degree in two full years, or by taking work during the summer sessions of any college where a major in Physical Education is offered.

Until you have tried teaching Physical Education, you can never appreciate the pleasure you get from seeing the happy, smiling faces of

children in their games. They are natural and interested, there is a freedom and friendliness that is seldom found in any other field of teaching. The development of the spirit of fair play, good sportsmanship and good fellowship should be foremost in the mind of the individual who wishes to make a successful teacher, and it applies in its fullest sense to the teaching of Physical Education.

E. E. M. P., '23

TEACHING IS FUN

By Myrtle Eckhardt
Supervisor of Carroll County

Does teaching mean fun and enjoyment to you? In the first place, there is the close companionship of wide-awake, intelligent children. There is the little red-headed, freckle-faced youngster with the roguish twinkle in his eye, who "lets you in" on his choicest secrets. There is the timid, little girl who almost reveres the words you say, so great is her admiration and respect for "teacher." Then there is the awkward fellow who knows that you know why his feet and hands are always in everybody's way, as well as his own. There are as many different types of characters as individuals in your class—each having some good trait to make him lovable, some mischievous trait to make him interesting and many studious traits to make him worthwhile.

A teacher has the real joy of watching boys and girls grow and blossom into manhood and womanhood. A plant grows, puts out new leaves and sends forth blossoms, you cannot see the leaf growing larger or the flower unfolding. You plant an idea in a child's mind and see it take root. You feed it with other ideas, guide it to seek others for itself, and watch it expand into ever-enriching experiences, becoming more and more independent, until you view with pride the human character you have helped to create.

In these ways we help in the selection of ideas to meet the needs and interests of each individual in the methods used to encourage each one to reach into broader fields of activity for himself. We furnish some devices to sharpen the tools needed in this acquisition of material—you may call it technique of teaching, the learning process, the project method or what-not. The labels used make no vital difference, for you are working to have these boys and girls measure up to the high standards of real living you have set up for them. Yes, there is some drudgery to be sure—but the real fun far outweighs that. Do you not enjoy it?

The White Man's Way

By Margaret T. Stevens, M. S. N. S., '13

A Tale of Civilization in One Generation

Note: Four summers ago my chum and I made a journey through Eastern Canada. On our arrival in Quebec we were particularly interested in the big poster advertisements of a trip up the Saguenay River. The next morning we set out on this, one of the wildly beautiful trips to Ha Ha Bay. It was on the following afternoon, if I remember correctly, that we anchored, with bump and clack, at the little Indian (half-breed) village of Tadousac. And while the deckhands took aboard the freight, Elsie and I made our way up to a stand beside the wharf where an Indian woman stood, selling her wares. Moccasins she offered, and baskets, blankets, beaded flower holders. As we stood watching her, the handsome purser of our ship, a French Canadian, came up to chat with us. He asked if we knew where the Indian woman got her wares. When we replied that she probably made them herself, he laughed and said, "No. She got them from Chicago, where they were manufactured. The Indian is sly. He soon learns the way of the white man; he learns to lie. Also he easily learns his modes of living. I shall tell you a story."

And this is the story as he told it to us.

M. T. S.

A FRIEND OF MINE, a Belgian boy, came some years ago to the shores of the St. Lawrence in search of adventure. His father was the keeper of the royal *course de chase* (hunting lodge) in Belgium, and the boy had a liberal allowance. It was not strange, therefore, that the youth inherited a bit of sporting blood which found expression in his trip to the wilds of Canada to hunt for game.

He built a camp here. The wild birds came to eat with him. The wild beasts seemed to learn to know him. He was full of what you called pluck, nerve. Another boy from Paris accompanied him.

One day when they were on their way to tend their traps they found a place that was not listed on their maps, where Indians sat all day and wove blankets, and where Indian girls helped dye the wool and fashion the patterns. To the Indian women the Belgian boy spoke, and again, day by day, as they passed that way, they stopped for conversation with the weavers. And one day, inspired by his discovery that two of the Indian maidens were particularly intelligent, the Belgian boy went back to his hut and wrote a letter to his mother. He spoke of his intention to educate these Indian girls. "Will you send them to school in Belgium if I send them to you?" he asked her.

It was a long time before the mother replied. One must think well on such things. But the answer was, "Yes, send them."

The Indian girls went to Belgium. They "absorbed" the Belgian customs as though they had known nothing else. If sometimes they dreamed of their old hut or wigwam, or of twilight over the stream in their native woods, they told no one.

Time went on. The two Indian girls were graduated from the convent school, with honors. They returned to the shores of the St. Lawrence and to their old home up on the Saguenay, a little more learned than on that strange, cold day they had left their wigwam, trusting to the Belgian to see that they were cared for. But they did not return to the Indian's mode of dress, nor to his language. They had learned the language of the white man. The old war songs no longer inspired them, but the heart of one of them was already fired with love for the Belgian boy.

The one went out to teach the white man's child. She now holds the principalship in a Montreal school. The other, of a milder type, married the Belgian. He built her a mansion up on the hill, and she who once dined before a campfire now entertains her white friends with bridge parties in a home of beautiful appointments.

Both live among new friends, the white man's kind, far from their kin, with white man's minds; souls, too, perhaps. And yet, away up in the rough and wild lands of the Saguenay coast, the wrinkled, unsmiling Indian mother still turns her roast before the campfire on a spit. She is lonesome for the daughters that will never return.

Education helps some, it harms others. But so it is with progress, and the two go hand in hand.

THE LAMBS OF LIDA LEE

By Eunice K. Crabtree
English Department

The rhyme of Mary and her lamb
Is one of great renown.
'Twas told by folk of long ago
And since, been handed down.

The origin of this old tale
Was found by Junior 3,
Who after many sleepless nights
Made this discovery.

That, Mary of the story old,
Is our own Lida Lee,
Who has eight hundred little lambs
And they are you and me.

She lives on Education Heights,
Which is a garden rare.
The lambs would like to follow her,
If only they but dare.

One day when they were at their play,
They saw their Mistress' head,
As she leaned o'er the towering heights,
And to them these words said:

"Oh! little lambs, ascend the heights,
Come to this garden fair,
For wondrous opportunities
Grow high and everywhere.

There is a plant called primary,
An intermediate, too,
And should your aspirations mount,
There're other things for you.

A sal'ry grass so green and sweet,
And high school shrubbery,
A critic teaching fern right near
A supervisor's tree.

Abundant grow the best of schools,
Pluck any one you will.
These verdant herbs are good for lambs,
A challenge—climb the hill."

"We'd like to join you on the heights;
It long has been our goal.
We'll try to overcome the beasts
Who eat young lambkins whole."

"Pray, do not fear, for guiding lambs
Is my true occupation;
And with the aid of my strong staff
You'll reach your destination."

They'd scarcely ventured on the way,
With their long trip begun,
When just before them in their path
Appeared a great red tongue.

The little lambs looked quite amazed,
"Well, who are you," they cried.
"I'm known as Education Tongue,"
The freak to them replied.

"Now halt, you lambs—take not one step
Until you've proved to me
You understand and comprehend
The word activity.

What is a skill?—an attitude?
What is it when it's not?
If one should have experience,
Well, then, what has he got?

What is remuneration for?
New Fords? or mere retention?
And should one teach one thousand years,
Would he receive a pension?"

"Your questions, Tongue," the lambs declared,
"Are difficult, it's true.
But we can answer every one,
We've read Kilpatrick through.

Learnings are simultaneous,
Activity leads on,
The groups are homogeneous,
And normal curves are drawn."

"What high I. Q.'s you lambs must have
To speak so fluently!
I now permit you to pass on,
There's much for you to see.

Participation Park's ahead!
Be careful, lest you take
A tumble on the rocks around
The Lesson Planning Lake."

"Oh, thank you, we are not afraid.
We'll make a graph and chart
Of ev'rything in sight and out.
We're really very smart.

Yes, here's the owner of the place;
She's hard to satisfy.
And if we don't succeed with her,
She'll never let us by.

Then let's perform our cutest tricks;
Give her a fine surprise.
Well now we're through, what will she say?"
"More practice, I advise."

"Let's ask the Fairy Faculty
To help us to improve.
We need to know some good new tricks;
Our old ones we'll remove."

"Yes, lambs, it is imperative;
Eradicate your faults.
You need a dance with speed and not
A hesitation waltz.

Kick high, bend low, make an approach,
On difficulties dwell,
Perhaps repeat a drill or two,
Then summarize it well."

"Oh, thank you, we'll remember this;
It's fun to do it right.
But what is this upon our path
That fills us with such fright!"

"I am the Unit Unicorn,
The terror of this land.
But, should you please me perfectly,
Then I'm at your command.

I relish lambs so young and sweet,
And you are something nice,
If you'd escape—there's just one way—
My appetite entice.

At just this season of the year
Bring me, if you would please,
Illustrative materials
And bibliographies.

I'd like some pictures of the air,
Of birds, of beasts, of fish,
Of what the cave-man wore to church,
His hut, his wife, his dish.

Rich information you must find;
Insist it must be true,
Digestible for Unicorns.
Get these—or I'll eat you.

They must be large—but not too large,
Just thin and thick enough,
With correlating subjects through
The smooth parts and the rough.

The ornate wrappings are all right
When in their proper place;
But I dislike to search for food
'Neath ribbon bows and lace.

No pictures with advertisements,
Nor information dry,
But more of this and less of that
You get or else you die."

"Let's to the Osborn Meadow go,
Where grows with all its might,
The favorite fruit which will appease
This monster's appetite.

So here we go—our heads thrown high.
We each shall soon return
With something never seen before
To make this odd beast yearn."

"For weeks the little lambkins hunt,
They cut, they sew, they paste,
Collecting all that they can find
And scamper back in haste."

"Here is the feast we've found for you.
We make just one request.
If you are satisfied with it,
We'd like you as our guest."

"Delighted, I will go with you,
For terrors lie beyond;
And since my hunger you've appeased,
Of you I am quite fond."

"That's Student Teaching Cave ahead,
And tales we've heard galore.
But our long-distance-planning ought
To help us more and more.

Stand by us, Unit Unicorn,
We need a helping hand.
Some knotty problems may arise,
Which you will understand."

"The way may seem quite dark at first,
But I have eaten well;
Can cope with ease with anything,
I know all I'm to tell.

A picture of the air, ah, yes,
This realistic one
Around you, the activity
Of learning just begun.

A skill to breathe it in and out,
An attitude to feel,
What more could movie habit show,
However long the reel?

If unexpected questions come,
Yourself you must adapt;
And with protective thinking, lambs,
You are both quick and apt."

"We thank you, Unit Unicorn,
Our gratitude is great.
The cave so tremblingly we neared,
We love, instead of hate!

What is this creature glaring at?
Why does he look so strange?
His median is very low;
Likewise his rank and range.

Oh, please, kind sir, but pardon us,
Your teeth aren't in a row."
"Impudent lambs—they're true and false,
As only mine can grow.

Many a lamb I've held too close
Between my Last Test Jaws;
And many others I've retained
'Neath my Profession'l Paws.

But tell me what the pass words are
And I will let you go."
"The magic words are: 'Right Answers';
And all of these we know."

And thus they conquered this last beast,
Which makes their roadway clear;
And now can scamper up the cliff
With nothing more to fear.

The gardeners, Superintendent Cook,
And Governor Ritchie,
Were there to greet them on the heights
And said with Lida Lee:

"Well done, well done, precocious lambs,
You, we congratulate.
You are the very pride and joy
Of this great oyster state.

Now you have 'finished to begin',
Which means: begin to play,
We'll celebrate quite properly
On your commencement day."

They played their games and ate the sweets,
And gamboled on the green,
And they were celebrating still,
The last time they were seen.

Continued from Page 7

plants; in fact, it is American capital, especially on the west coast, which, together with the native labor, is developing the great wealth that is pouring into the laps of the Chilians and Peruvians, and thereby returning great resources and likewise big dividends to the owners in the U. S."

SCHOOL NOTES

AN ALUMNA IN PHILIPPINES

Miss S. L. Jean to Organize School Health Program As Guest of Government

Miss Sally Lucas Jean, formerly of Baltimore and now of Forest Hills, N. Y., will sail from Seattle, January 12 for the Philippine Islands, where, as guest of the Government, she will organize and develop an educational health program in the schools.

Before her return to New York in July she will spend several weeks in Japan and Hawaii, conferring with educational and health authorities.

Miss Jean began her health education work in the public schools at Locust Point. She was formerly a "dollar-a-year" woman for the United States Bureau of Education and was a founder and the first director of the Child Health Organization, now known as the American Child Health Association.

CREDITS

Much credit for this alumni number should be given, as last year, to Ethel Lynch Jones, chairman of the alumni committee; to those members of our school, who assisted with suggestions; and lastly to all those contributors who so willingly and promptly gave time from their busy lives to prepare articles furthering the success of this number.

A. L. M.

The Chi Alpha Sigma Meets

Reported by VIRGINIA CHEW

THE MEMBERS of the Chi Alpha Sigma Fraternity enjoyed a delightful meeting in the Richmond Hall Social Room last Friday when we were entertained by Dr. Longley, of the Biology Department of Goucher College. Dr. Longley is much interested in the acquatic life of the tropical seas, and brought to us the benefit of his experiences while engaged in the fascinating pursuit of seeking out the plants and animals in their native haunts under the sea. Not a little interest was added to his account by the use of lantern slides, showing a number of pictures taken by the deep sea divers of an experimental station off the coast of Florida.

After hearing Dr. Longley, we realize that fish are not so very differ-

ent from the animals of the land since they must face the same problem—the need of adaptation to environment.

Some fish have found it most satisfactory to hunt for food all night, and sleep all day. They live on the small worms and bugs found among the worms and corals under the sea, and seem to have a very pleasant time indeed weaving in and out among the stubby, cactus-like water plants.

Some of these tropical fish are very odd looking. There is the goat fish, so called because of his whiskers and the wolf fish, whose sharp teeth are the terror of smaller fish and swimmers. Perhaps the strangest of all is a transparent fish, which presents the appearance of being wrought of pure glass.

After a brief explanation with the help of maps and diagrams, Dr. Longley concluded his lecture, and a social hour followed. An event of the evening which gave us great pleasure was the initiation of five new members from the Senior Class! Evelyn Girardin, Camilla Johnson, Jeanette Wilson, Virginia Lee, and Henry Jansen.

Dr. Robinson's Address

On Friday, February 15th, our assembly was indeed a treat. Professor Robinson of the Johns Hopkins University spoke to us on a most interesting topic—the Ancient City of Olympus. Professor Robinson has been personally active in excavating this city, and so he was most capable of giving first-hand information which will no doubt function in much of our teaching.

It is said that in teaching, subject matter should be a part of the teacher; she should live it. When we have a talk such as Professor Robinson afforded us we have an opportunity to get valuable, accurate subject matter—a part of our experience. We are more able to take this subject matter with us and impart it to others if it is a part of us.

I feel certain that every member of the audience felt a deep interest in the subject. The speaker himself was absorbed in the subject—his life's work—archaeology; and his interest was reflected in the audience. We respected his broad knowledge, his keen sense of humor, his poise and dignity, and were eager to devour each scrap of knowledge he would "throw" to us. And, in these qualities, which we observed in Professor Robinson, probably lies the success of teaching; may we, as teachers, heed it!

The speaker made us feel and see the life of the ancient peoples living in Olympus in three hundred B. C. We are prone to believe that the mere fact that Phillip II conquered the city in 341 B. C. is insignificant, but we should realize that this event has had a definite part in influencing our present-day civilization. Unique slides showing

pieces of sculpture, coins, crockery and other articles which gave us a glimpse into the past, were shown.

And does it all not make us realize that this remote past, buried beneath the "dust" of centuries can tell us strange secrets and give us knowledge which we of this fast-moving, advanced, hurry-scurry age, will gladly lay down our tools and listen to, for it tells a tale worthy of our listening and will, in time, unlock for us many secrets.

ELIZABETH GILPIN, *Reporter.*

The Alumni reception to the Senior Class on Founder's Day, Friday, January 18, was a delightful occasion. The Alumni Association for the second time was very liberal in its gift of an evening's pleasure. Last year the Seniors heard the Play Arts Guild of Baltimore give the very stirring drama "Sun Up"; this year the Play Arts Guild was again employed, this time to give the Gilbert and Sullivan opera "The Gondoliers". In this way the Alumni group is endeavoring to tie unto itself and to the School the loyalty of our young graduates.

The Alumni Association is sending out invitations to all recent and past graduates of the School for a card party to be held at the Lord Baltimore Hotel on April 26. Mrs. John Raine, Towson, Maryland, is the chairman of the committee on arrangements. The executive committee is acting as a steering committee.

Don't miss it! The Hotel is new and beautiful, and Baltimore is convenient to reach even from counties on the Eastern Shore. Let us have a fine get-together. Only 400 reservations can be arranged, for only 100 tables will be allowed. Get your reservations in early.

Sambo: "I want a razza."
Clerk: "Safety?"
Sambo: "No, sah; I wants it fo' social puhposes."

* * * * *

While touring in Scotland, an American while resting at a wayside cottage was asked: "Would ye hae something to buck ye up—a cooling draught?" "Well, I don't mind if I do." "Good," said the Scotchman. "Help me open the windows. There's a grand breeze a-blowing."

* * * * *

"I am working for the support of literature."
"What are you doing?"
"Making bookcases?"

* * * * *

"Pardon me a moment, please," said the dentist to the victim, "but before beginning this work I must have my drill."
"Good gracious, man!" exclaimed the patient, "can't you pull a tooth without a rehearsal?"

* * * * *

Hubby: Your check to the grocer came back with "no funds" on it.
Wifie: That's funny, I saw an ad in the paper yesterday which said the bank has a surplus of over $3,000,000.

* * * * *

Man in Bookshop: "I want a book for a boy of seventeen."
Counter Assistant: "Studious or normal?"

* * * * *

"A girl no longer marries a man for better or worse."
"Indeed."
"No, she marries him for more or less."

* * * * *

The young college chap was looking for greeting cards.
"Here is a lovely sentiment," said the saleslady, "To the Only Girl I ever Loved."
"That's fine," he said with a bright smile, "I'll take five—no, six—of those."

Stranger—Do you mean to tell me that you have lived here ten years and cannot tell me the quickest way to the station?
Native—I've been a taxi-driver all those years.

* * * * *

Globe Trotter—Have you been to the Occident?
Mrs. New-Rich—No, reahly! Was anyone hurt?—*Lehigh Burr.*

* * * * *

Automobilist—How can I get to the Cemetery?
Constable—Don't stop at railroad crossings.

* * * * *

She (combing hair)—Look, my hair is full of electricity.
He—Why, of course, it's connected to a dry cell.

* * * * *

Mr. Newlywed—This steak tastes queer.
She—I can't understand it dear. It did burn a little, but I rubbed vaseline on it right away.—*America's Humor.*

* * * * *

"Does American liquor hurt people?"
"Yeah, it disagrees with their Constitution."

* * * * *

Professor: What is an example of wasted energy?
Student: Telling a hair raising story to a bald-headed man.—*Ramble.*

* * * * *

She—I've discovered the cause of one hundred per cent of all divorces.
He—Remarkable, and what is it?
She—Marriage.

* * * * *

Teacher—What's wrong with you? Don't you know your tenses? My father had money, is in the past tense. Now what tense would you be employing if you say "My father has money"?
Bright Boy—That would be pretense.

* * * * *

Of all sad surprises
There is nothing to compare
With treading in the darkness
On a step which isn't there—Union Label

* * * * *

He (twice nicked by the razor)—"Hey, barber, gimme a glass of water."
Barber—"Whassa matter, hair in your mouth?"
He—"No, I wanna see if my neck leaks."

* * * * *

According to one of our newest and freshest freshmen, registration day is the day on which "CASH" registers.

Doctor—I can cure you.
Sick Purchasing Agent—What will it cost?
Five hundred dollars.
"You'll have to shade your price a little," replied the agent, "I had a better bid from the undertaker."

* * * * *

Teacher—How many days are there in the months?
Pupil—Thirty days has September,
And the rest I can't remember;
A calendar hangs on the wall;
Why do you bother me at all?—*Green Briars.*

Overheard at Montebello

VERSIONS OF "THE AMERICAN CREED" AND "THE PLEDGE"

"I pledge allegiance to the flag—
And to the pole on which it stands."
"A perfect union with one exception."
"A perfect union, one and acceptable."

THE PITFALLS AWAITING THE MODERN TEACHER!

I was teaching music, triads to be exact, and had three sixth grade boys in front of the class to demonstrate.

"Now Jo, you sing 'do' and hold on to it. Jim, you hold on to 'mi' —" and the victim answered—

"I'll hold you all right if you'll do the singing!"

E. L. M. '28

AMUSEMENTS AND MAGIC IN NUMBERS

Select any two numbers you please, and you will find that one of the two, their amount when added together or their difference, is always 3 or a number divisible by 3. Thus, if the nos. are 3 and 8, the first number is 3; let the nos. be 1 and 2, sum is 3; let them be 4 and 7, the difference is 3; 17 and 26 their difference is divisible by 3.

If any row of two or more figures be reversed and subtracted from itself, the figures composing the remainder, will, when added horizontally, be a multiple of nine: $42-24=18$ or 9×2;

$886-688=198$ and $1+9+8=18$ or 9×2;
$3261-1623=1638$ and $1+6+3+8=18$ or 9×2.

Every square no. ends either with a 1, 4, 5, 6, or 9 or two ciphers, preceded by one of these nos. Also a square no. if divided by 4, the remainder, if any will be 1.

To multiply by 9, add a cipher, and deduct the sum that is to be multiplied: thus, $43{,}260-4{,}326=38{,}934$ which produces the same result as $4326\times9=38{,}934$. In the same manner to multiply by 99 add two ciphers

OTTO SVENDSEN, *Jr.* 5

THE READ-TAYLOR COMPAN
BALTIMORE

The TOWER LIGHT

APRIL 1929

Men's Number

Maryland State Teachers College
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A. GRIM

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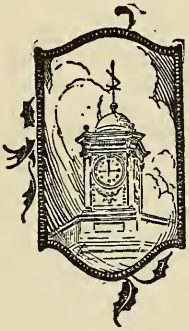
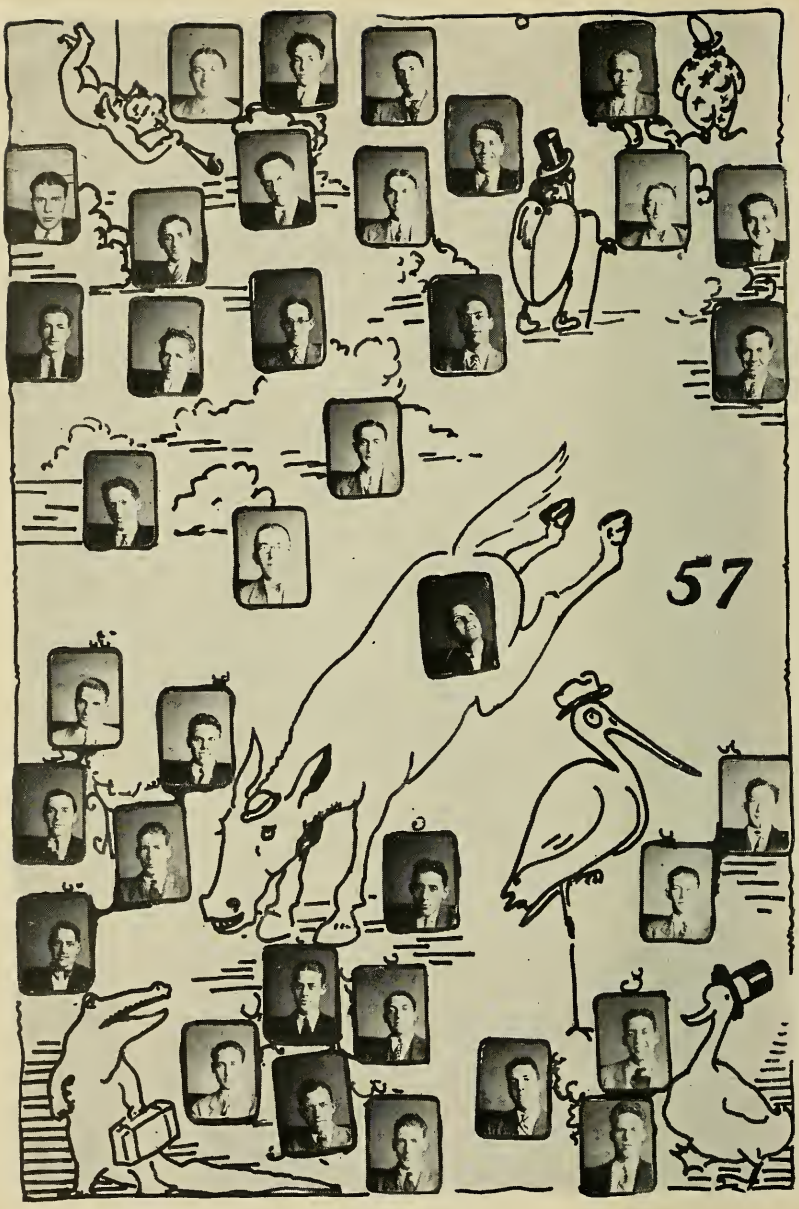
The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

Towson, Md.



The Circus

The Tower Light

VOL. II APRIL, 1929 No. 7

The Fun Program

EVERY ONE needs self expression. Psychologists tell us that impulses which carry us forward powerfully urge to individual self expression and self realization. Rhythm, dancing, dramatics, stunts, modeling, handicraft, and athletics are some of the possible avenues for satisfying this inner need.

M. S. N. S. fosters this policy by presenting many opportunities to an individual. Class and extra-curricular programs enable a student to pursue an activity suited to his own interest and ability. The Dramatic, Art, and Glee Clubs, Athletic Department, Orchestra, Y. W. C. A., and Literary societies are examples of this provision among the extra-curricular activities.

Although these measures are broad and inclusive, it is likely that some students do not participate in the activities offered. It is possible that some hidden talent, ability, desire or interests for various forms of expression are not discovered, encouraged, nor developed during a student's career at Normal. A little encouragement with a goal set up, or a sufficient incentive might have nourished interest which would bring continued practice, resulting in success and satisfaction, and so start the indivdual well on his way in a suitable avenue of expression.

Measures which aid in the discovery, and bring out some of the above group or develop and encourage them are valuable in fostering self expression with many possible simultaneous learnings. From time to time a group promotes an exhibition, a demonstration, or program one value of which is to fulfill this purpose.

"The Fun Program" is designed for such expression. What is "The Fun Program" and how is it to accomplish its ends? The "Fun Program" is not a "Roman Holiday." It does not aim to create a spectacle merely to provide amusement, nor provide opportunity to amass a fortune. The "Fun Program" aims to seek possibilities, to discover talent, to "bring out," develop, and encourage various forms of self expression and at the same time to realize profit from the many related values. A definite goal is set up which aids in promoting practice, and successful completion is encouraged.

"The Fun Program" has great variety. It is not an operetta, a minstrel, nor a vaudeville. For want of a better name it is called a "Fun Program." There are four major sources of material: 1—The songs, recitations, and similar activities which are practiced in the home, at school, and on the trips of the athletic teams; 2—Certain songs and choruses from the Music Department; 3—Special activities in which an individual or group have arranged a number; 4—Physical education activities such as dancing, drills, and tumbling are fitted into the general scheme and presented in a new way.

In addition to this opportunity for expression there are many possible values associated with a project of this nature. Some of the outstanding ones are: 1—Experience with a variety program typical of that often sponsored by schools, camps, playgrounds, clubs and various organizations. The teacher is often asked for information concerning the promotion of such a program. 2—Detailed knowledge of staging, organization, costuming, make up, lighting, advertising with which the participants will be brought in contact. 3—Emphasis upon rhythm, dancing, dramatics, stunts, inherent in human nature and characteristic of child activity. 4—Development of a variety of interests in possible recreational activities. 5—Appreciation for the efforts of others in the so-called higher forms of expression. 6—Confidence in one's self due to successful accomplishment. 7—Knowledge of relaxation and rest gained by "withdrawing" from various cares or duties and participating in a recreational activity. 8—Training because of the solution of many problems connected with the completion of the project such as those confronting the general manager in arranging for rehearsals, use of light, music and similar problems. 9—Opportunity for individual interpretation as in many cases where the individual or group practically arrange their contribution. 10—Introduction to a more finished form of expression. Many Shakespearean actors probably started in a class of dramatics supposedly quite inferior to their present status. 11—Opportunity for leadership—development of individual responsibility. There is a leader for each of the tweny-five members who is responsible for that group. Each committee makes a list of problems, duties, concerning his special assignment in relation to individual acts and the entire performance.

The above values are some of the outstanding possibilities of the "Fun Program"; self expression, variety, to give all a safety valve for various tendencies, participation for many, emphasis upon related values, attitudes of appreciation for all forms of expression, and a desire for creative work.

D. Minnegan, *Coach*

THE CONFLICT

The shrieking gale,
The whistling blast,
O'er frozen fields
Go riding past
In Winter.

The banners white
Have whirled and tossed
Before the troops
Of snow and frost
In Winter.

But lo! the hordes
Of Winter stand!
There comes a foe
Across the land
'Gainst Winter.

For Spring is out,
His army crested
With gentle green,
And he has bested
Old Winter.

GEORGE NEUMEISTER, JR.

COMFORT

It is pleasant to think
That though we are far apart
The same wind that blew
Over your face as you slept
Comes in my window this morning
Ladened with the fragrance
Of summer flowers—
And that tonight
We may both
Look at the same moon.

WILLIAM RODGERS PHIPPS

I WOULD BE DONE WITH GOOD-BYES

I would be done with good-byes,
I would be done with farewells.
I would leave my friends
With a firm, warm hand-clasp,
Eyes shining with eagerness
For the coming adventure,
And smiling over my shoulder,
Leave my path of departure
Strewn with garlands of laughter.

WILLIAM RODGERS PHIPPS

WHERE E'ER YOU WALK

The snow marks your passing
With the even tempo
Of your footsteps.

Summer fields nod to you
As you wander through.

Tiny areas of brilliant colors
Sail down to greet you
When you draw near.

Daffodils and tulips hold their chalices
To catch the radiance
Of your beauty.

WILLIAM RODGERS PHIPPS

JUST A SMILE

When the world is at its worst,
When it seems your heart must burst,
When you feel like giving up and giving in;
That's the time to call a halt.
Find out who's the one at fault,
And ask yourself "Have I forgot to smile?"

When everything goes wrong,
When the way seems dark and long,
And the goal seems farther off than e'er before,
Square your shoulders! Raise your eyes!
Find the rainbow in the skies!
It's the promise of the gold, for those who smile.

To those people who can smile,
Life is really worth while,
And they make it so for all they chance to meet;
And the darkest situation,
Fills with hope and expectation
When we view it from behind a great big smile.

JOHN H. FISCHER

ANOTHER WORLD

When the sky is blue on a day like this
And the sun feels warm and bright,
I somehow think of eternal bliss
That envelopes me like the night.

For when the shades of night are falling
And the lights are low and dim,
I hear a voice that seems to be calling;
A voice that comes from within.

The mysteries and realities slowly fade
Before my wandering sight,
And finally are forgotten and made
As dim as the comforting night.

The voice from within that whispers and soothes
Tells me that life is good;
The conscious reality of life moves
And is covered by a hood.

A hood which like the comforting night
Envelopes, but does not hide
From seeking and searching for the light
Dreams of my subconscious side.

To cheer is so pleasant, 'tis easy to smile
Though the world be stark and seeming;
Forget and lose yourself the while,
Just spend some time in dreaming.

This simple advice to myself I take;
It really works 'tis true,
For dreams awhile this world forsake,
Your cares you'll best see thru.

SAMUEL GOLDBERG

THE DUEL

(With apologies to Eugene Field)

The brown and white dog and the maltese cat.
'Side by side in the dormitory sat;
'Twas half past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one nor to'ther had slept a wink!
The Newell hall clock and Miss Sperry's play mate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(I won't be there; I simply state
What might be told to me by Miss Sperry's play mate!)

The brown and white dog went "bow-wow-wow!"
And the maltese cat replied, "mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or more,
By dog and cat hair, falling to the floor,
While the Newell Hall clock in its regular place
Held up both hands, in front of its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(Now mind: I'm only telling you
What the Newell Hall clock might say was true.)

Miss Sperry's mate looked very blue,
And cried, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"
But the brown and white dog and the maltese cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfulest way you ever saw—
And Oh! how the brown and white and blue hair flew!
(Don't fancy I exaggerate—
I get my news from Miss Sperry's play mate!)

Next morning, where the two had the spat
They found no trace of the dog or cat;
And some folks think until this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
But the truth about the cat and pup
Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
(The Newell Hall clock it may tell me so,
For that's the only way I'll ever know.)

GLENN STULL

THE END OF THE TALE

(With apologies to Whittier)

Down from the meadow flourishing with (corn)
On every navigable Normal morn,

Comes the galloping cabinet grand,
Rattling and knocking like a country band.

On to the campus she faithfully grinds,
Bearing her master—the master of minds;

Always dressed in the gayest of gay,
Always with an inspiring, "What d'ya say?".

(But wait a minute, readers, do not fret;
I'll get you to the big noise yet.)

Down the main entrance—she winds around,
Still we can hear that monotonous sound

As she starts to climb the RICHMOND mound;
Half her labors are o'er-then-what a terrible sound!

Forty bolts, each with their private jar
Bolted forth from the wreck like a shooting star,

Glimmered in the morning wind; then disappeared—
They knew they had sinned.

Up rose our discouraged hero then,
Bowed with his score of years and tin;

Bravest of all—(when all alone).
Saying, "I thought I was in the safety zone."

Then up the walk comes the rebel tread,
Stonewall Taylor walking ahead.

Under his slouched cap, left and right
He glanced—the old Ford met his sight.

He looked more carefully and what he saw
Was Faithful Frank, a wrench in his paw.

"Say it if you must, you badged knave,
I know it is overdue in its grave."

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame
Over the face of the "copper" came;

The nobler nature within him shone,
Because doesn't he have one of his own?

"Who touches a part of you forlorn,
To the highest authority shall be borne."

All day long in the county seat,
Could be heard the mechanic's rhythmic beat,

All day long the tow-wagon tost,
While Frank stood by reckoning the cost.

And between the buildings the sun set light
Shone warmly over our schoolmate's plight,

And now the garageman's work is o'er,
Frank drives his china closet no more.

Honour to her! She has no peer,
Her master will wipe away your tear.

And ever the stars above look down
On thy Ford below, in Towson town.

H. C. BURTON, *Senior Eleven.*

LITERARY PRESCRIPTIONS

For clearness read Macaulay.
For action read Homer and Scott.
For conciseness read Bacon and Pope.
For sublimity of conception read Milton.
For vivacity read Stevenson and Kipling.
For imagination read Shakespeare and Job.
For elegance read Virgil, Milton and Arnold.
For common sense read Benjamin Franklin.

IT'S ON MY NERVES

(TUNE—There's A Rainbow Round My Shoulders)

The Practice Teacher's on my shoulders, and she's full of lesson plans,
A Lesson Plan here, a Criticism there,
It's on my nerves.
The Children are very noisy, and they're so full of pep,
If they don't calm down, I'll be a clown
It's on my nerves.

Hallelujah, the Activity, it simply drives me very nutty,
I wish it were over, and I don't mean maybe (Yes Sir),
The reports will soon be near us, and put Fear Plus in us.
If we don't watch out, they'll kick us out
It's on my nerves.

PAUL GOLDSTEIN

(TUNE—Happy Days and Lonely Nights

Student Teaching has its ways, it takes away your happy days
And leaves you lonely nights.
Lesson plans are tiresome, you can't teach in the afternoon
And oh! Those lonely nights.
I feel the chills around me, the activity lingers yet.
The children are very happy, for they don't have to fret.
I broke my back when I made a chart;
We live and hope for this great art;
Oh, Student Teaching's over now!

PAUL GOLDSTEIN

Seven Types

THE "thoroughbred" is the title Joseph T. Griffin, principal of a New York City public school, gives to his ideal teacher. In a series of articles Mr. Griffin has written in the New York Sun he considers:

1. The inspirational teacher, whose performance varies from low to high, but whose memory lives pleasantly with her pupils.
2. The "scatterbrain" teacher, who is popular enough, but who is aggravating to her supervisors and her fellow-teachers.
3. The over-conscientious teacher, who has no measuring stick for the important and unimportant.
4. The rebel teacher who is "agin" everything in the system.
5. The old-style teacher, obsessed by discipline, but withal earnest and sincere.

6. The "flapper" teacher, who is much on the job in her classroom and who handles things efficiently and successfully.

7. The "thoroughbred" teacher, who has all the good points of the other types and none of their inefficiencies.

"The thoroughbred may forget all about her school and its troubles when she hangs up her keys at the close of the day and blithely enters her own circle of activities, but while she is in school she plays her part 'like a soldier and a gentleman'," concludes Mr. Griffin.

Better Late Than Never

LISTEN my children and you shall hear—what—shed that raccoon coat and gather around to listen. I'm going to tell you about "The Hare and the Tortoise: or, The Grand Rush."

Nature, that framed us of four elements
Warring within our breast for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds.

Laying all April Foolishness aside, let's get down to business on the real work at hand. Settle down to "brass tacks," as it were.

How about it? How many of you are bothered with the tardiness habit at home, in school, or anywhere? Stand up, please so I may count you. My word! I'm sorry I embarrassed so many. Is anyone sitting down? This problem must be more serious than a passing fancy.

Ah! I see a few of you sitting. I believe it would be a good idea if you would let us in on the secret. All in favor? Then let's begin with the little fellow at the rear of the group.

"Well I used to be a brother straggler until one day I was told that I was so afraid of being early that I came late. This simple thought stuck with me and I was cured."

That seems like a simple thought but it is a good one. Now let's see what you can offer to us. I mean the tall, short, thin, heaviest boy in blue that's sitting down.

"My brother is a street car conductor and he keeps our alarm clock exactly one hour fast all the time. That makes me so early that I often have to wait for the janitor to open up."

That's a fair way of overcoming this lateness habit and if you think it will help you, use it. You will be better off than those eternal last minute people. It strikes me though, that this system is like building fire under a mule to make him move. No! Stand back! I don't mean you are mules but if my will-power can't make me respond when I know I must hurry or be late, then my will-power may be classed as mule-power.

So you are bored to tears with all this talk. I'm sorry. You had better stop reading this and hurry to the place you are due next. I'm already so late that I have probably been marked absent.

HENRY S. JANSEN, *Senior 7*

Four Evidences of an Education

(With an Apology to Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler)

If to be educated means to know nature in a systematic fashion and to be able to interpret it, then nearly every man of letters, ancient or modern, must be classed with the uneducated. Or, if to be educated means to have sympathetic, almost affectionate, insight into the great masterpieces of art and of literature, then innumerable great men of action, who have fully represented the ideals and the power of their time and who manifested most admirable qualities of mind and of character, were uneducated. The case is even worse today. A host of knowledges are about us on every side. We must exclude the many to choose the one. The penalty of the choice is deprivation; the price of not choosing is shallowness and incapacity. The method of estimating education breaks down, then, of its own weight. A true standard is to be sought in some other direction. One must turn to find the true and sure evidences of an education.

The first evidence of an education is correctness and precision in the use of the mother-tongue. Important as this power is, and is admitted to be, it is a comparatively new thing in education. Today, where the influence of the English universities and not a few American colleges is potent, the study of English is slight and insignificant. The superstition that the best gate to English is through Latin is anything but dead.

One's hold upon the English tongue is measured by his choice of words and by his use of the idiom. The educated man is of necessity, therefore, a constant reader of the best written English. He knows that "if you hear poor English and read poor English, you will surely speak poor English and write poor English," and governs himself accordingly. He realizes the place and power of the idiom, and its relation to grammar and shows his skill by preserving a balance between the two in his style. In short, in his use of his mother-tongue he would give sure evidence of an education.

The second evidence of an education is refined and genteel manners which are the expression of fixed habits of thought and of action. "Manners are behavior and good breeding," as Addison said, but they are more. Real manners, the manners of a truly educated man or woman, are an outward expression of intellectual and moral conviction. Sham manners are a veneer which falls away at the dampening touch of the first selfish suggestion. Manners have a moral significance and find their basis in that true and deepest self-respect which is built upon respect for others. Manners do not make the man but reveal the man.

The third evidence of an education is the power of growth. There is a type of mind which, when trained to a certain point, crystallizes, as it were, and refuses to move forward thereafter. This type of mind fails to give one the essential evidences of an education. The impulse to continuous study, and to that self-education which aid the conditions of permanent intellectual growth, is wanting. Education has so far failed of one of its chief purposes.

A human mind continuing to grow and to develop throughout a long life is a splendid and impressive sight. It was that characteristic in Mr. Gladstone which made his personality so attractive to young and ambitious men. Broadened views, widened sympathies, deepened insights, are the accompaniments of growth.

For this growth a many-sided interest is necessary, and this is why growth and intellectual and moral narrowness are eternally at war. There is much in our modern education which is uneducational because it makes growth difficult, if not impossible. Early specialization, with its limited range both of information and interest, is an enemy of growth. Failure to see the relation of the subject of one's special interest to other subjects is an enemy of growth.

The fourth evidence of an education is efficiency, the power to do. Today the truly educated man must be, in some sense, efficient. Do something and be able to do it well; express what you know in some helpful and substantial form; produce, and do not everlastingly feel only and revel in feelings—these are counsels which make for a real education. Knowledge is not power unless it is made so, and it can be made so only by him who possesses the knowledge. The habit of making knowledge power is efficiency. Without it education is incomplete.

The four above mentioned evidences that one is educated are logical, without doubt. Without these traits men are not truly educated and their learning, however vast, is of no avail; it furnishes a museum, not a developed human being.

AUGUSTUS HACKMAN.

For simplicity read Burns, Whittier and Bunyan.
For smoothness read Addison and Hawthorne.
For interest in common things read Jane Austen.
For humor read Chaucer, Cervantes and Mark Twain.
For choice of individual words read Keats, Tennyson, Emerson.
For the Study of human nature read Shakespeare and George Eliot.
For loving and patient observation of nature read Thoreau and Walton.

—*Kansas City Star.*

Criminals

THE HISTORY OF CRIME, and characterization of criminals in general, are at present much studied and widely discussed by eminent men of all civilized nations. And some of the results of their careful study of these subjects are not only most interesting, but even startling in the extreme.

According to almost universal acknowledgment we are today living in an Age of Crime. That is to say, that at no time in the history of the world, to the knowledge of man, has crime been so prevalent in every form, nor so difficult for the authorities to cope with, as in our day. It is not the purpose, nor of consequence here, to cite examples; these are all sufficiently cited by the teeming crime columns of our dailies.

The chief cause, however, when viewed from a purely sociological standpoint, that crime is to-day not only more prevalent than in former days, but on a decided increase, and that the percentage of criminals in proportion to population is growing daily, is not so much due to a lack of police vigilance nor faulty prison system, as to a false and altogether perverted sociological view taken of crime by its pretended reformers.

Whilst one theorist views crime as an hereditary disease of the mind, another looks upon it as an abnormal development of physical organs; some attribute criminality to nervous disorders, others to a deranged moral condition; while a famous anthropologist, was bold enough to assert that "the criminal alone is normal—not the honest man."

From this it is evident that, unless Crime Reformers can agree upon a definite basis as to its cause, it remains impossible to them to unite upon a basis as to its cause, it remains impossible for them to unite upon a basis of action in combating crime. Where these differences shall end or be brought to a single focus, and where reform should begin, is another question, which is to-day far from its true solution.

When we view the *question,* however, from a purely sociological standpoint, without any recourse whatever to Religion, it is easy to see that Criminal Anthropologists have a stupendous task upon their hands.

For, according to their own classification of crimes and criminals, they deal with men of diabolical shrewdness, acquired by long apprenticeship in crime, and endeavor, by close observations of graduated criminals, to reduce to a system, not only the great varieties of crime, but also the motives, first, which originally induced lawlessness; second, the motives which prompt continuance in the same; third, the motives which render criminals insensible to punishment and disgrace, resulting from their crimes; then are grouped into systems and classes, the possible degree of

moral sense and moral obligation still present in the various types of criminals; likewise their proportionate intellectual, physical, or physical status, when considered side by side with the nature of their besetting crimes; and thus they obtain no end of systems and types for their study of crime and its intended reforms.

From these systems, and their varied appendages, are now constructed definite types of criminals, each adorned with a specific name or title. But in the majority of cases these specific distinctions, instead of tending to bring the criminal within the pale of possible reform, and protect society from contamination with crime, as they are intended, work contrariwise, and give the criminal a sharpened weapon with which to defend himself and excuse or palliate his crimes.

For example, when the so-called "Impulsivist" is brought before the bar of justice, his natural plea is, "I am driven by irresistible impulse to commit my crimes, which I can not control," and is often sustained in his plea by the jury. Another pleads "moral insanity" and, of course, "not morally responsible". Still another, "hereditary kleptomania", in which not a few juries concur with the prisoner in his self-entered plea.

In their investigation, however, these Criminal Anthropological Societies have unearthed startling facts regarding the "race" of criminals, for it is unquestionable, that to a certain degree they are a distinctive race. It is shown that they oftimes communicate with one another, from great distances, without the use of the mails or telegraphic system, by a shrewd, and fairly well-developed system of characters, which they write upon freight or passenger cars, or trunks lying about the stations; their associates at great distances from them, by keeping their eyes upon these moving newsbearers, learn all that is necessary to know regarding prospective plans or movements of the "race".

A unique and strange language is likewise known to be used by them, called Thieves' Language. They have their peculiar expressions.

Another peculiar trait of the "race" is, that they have great faith in "charms" and "symbols". Nearly every professional criminal has his "good-luck" symbol tattoed upon his body, and his "charm" concealed about his person. Among other symbolical marks of special significance among the "race" are military signs, naval pictures, floral designs, etc.

As to "charms" which they often carry about their persons, superstitiously attributing to them secret powers, were found, horse-chestnuts, horseshoe nails and horse-teeth; likewise mechanical devices of varied shapes, chiefly geometrical, with cherished symbols engraved upon them. Many of them, too, are superstitious about the stars, fearing to commit crimes under certain constellations, and feeling unusually safe under others. In fact, it is reported by close students of crime, that the blind

superstition of habitual criminals bears great resemblance to some barbarian systems of idolatry.

In conclusion it might be added, that reforming the race of criminals is an impossibility, where such intended reform ignores the true basis of reformation: Religion and Education.

But beyond this, perhaps, the best system that might be exercised upon the criminal fraternity is that, by which a sustained charge of Habitual Criminality will incarcerate the offender for life; rid society of his depredations, and posterity of his example.

REV. O. F. P. WEINBACH.

WHAT IS "PEP"?

Vigor, vitality, vim and punch—
That's Pep.
The courage to act on a sudden hunch—
That's Pep.
The nerve to tackle the hardest thing
With feet that climb and hands that cling,
And a heart that never forgets to sing—
That's Pep.
Sand and grit in a concrete base—
That's Pep.
Friendly smile on an honest face—
That's Pep.
The spirit that helps when another's down,
That knows how to scatter the blackest frown,
That loves its neighbor and loves its town—
That's Pep.
To say, "I will" for you know you can,
To look for the best in every man—
That's Pep.
To meet each intending knockout blow
And come back with a laugh because you know
You'll get the best of the whole darn show—
That's Pep.

SELECTED

FOR HIM WHO GIVES

Oh, God, would that my poor heart's tumultuous throbbings cease,
Cares slip off as the lonely thrush at sundown
Bidding the world good-bye with the last notes of its clarion call
Glides into the darkness of the night and is lost till dawn.

Night that blessed balm God gives to aching souls
Remains to ease the laboring of my breast,
Even then in the shadows of my dreams
Grim phantoms scourge me to the pits of hell.

Oh, God, from all these valleys of despair, deliver me,
From that curse of which poets write and birds sing, deliver me,
Create in this dead husk another soul
That the organ of my heart may dull that ceaseless dirge of love unrequited.

Rather let my feet tread the rocks to Jerusalem,
My tongue carry the word of God through the jungles,
Death come in the line of battle
Than that dull pounding in my breast beat forever
A grim reminder of what might have been.

Then in the hushed stillness of the night a gleaming light entered the chambers of my heart,
And these words stood outlined in that holy light.
"For him who gives his all freely, not him who receives is prepared a place in the Kingdom of God!"
Then, as the silence after the storm, heavenly peace filled the cathedral of my heart.

And with the peace in my soul came also the hushed calm of dawn,
And I arose and went forth to meet the morning sun
A new hope within me, those words ever before me,
"For him who gives his all freely, not him who receives, is prepared a place in the Kingdom of God."

CARL E. BULL

CONCERNING CASTLES

There is something quite exotic
About kings who are despotic,
And the high and mighty fortresses they rear.
With their dark and dingy towers
From which missiles fall in showers,
To imbue the bloomin' countryside with fear.

Where each battlement is bristling
With its arms that go a-whistling
By our ears, while horns and trumpets blare.
Oh, it sets our head to ringing,
Till with Fancy's help we're flinging
Our own cloud-supported castles in the air!

We will build a soaring palace
Where deep dungeons cloak our malice,
And our hopes are typified in lofty spires.
All the powers that be surround us,
And we'll throw a wall around us,
That our grandeur may fulfill our best desires!

Every melancholy tower
Is some lovely maiden's bower,
Where a prince will fight his way to win her hand.
We will guard our gates with dragons—
Fill our festive board with flagons
Of the rarest, finest vintage in the land.

Then we'll rear one special steeple,
Far above the sight of people,
As an edifice in honor of our god.
While one booming bell on high peals,
There we'll enshrine all our ideals,
And we'll blaze a path no man has ever trod!

All these visions of our glory
Are but pictures in a story
That must reach its close and humbly pass away.
Ah, to be some new Aladdin,
Who could create things that gladden
And—above all else—build castles that would stay!

DE PONTIBUS

WHILE THE CAT'S AWAY

I know that you are planning
To sail back tomorrow,
So I'll try to be patient
And from worry not to borrow.

But I know that when you reach port
From your voyage on the sea
You'll be quite a different person
From the one who sailed from me.

For you have visited Como,
And you have been to Rome,
So you cannot be the same one
Who left me here at home.

And you have dined in Venice
And sailed at Capri.
You have seen the Blue Grotto
Beside the azure sea.

Recognition will be doubly difficult
When we meet upon the quay,
For I've been far from idle
While you were across the sea.

WILLIAM RODGERS PHIPPS

TWO SOULS

Flaming maples along the highroad
Cause no quickening of your pulse,
An aria's crescendo means to you
No more than the hurdy-gurdy's tune.

Why should a cloud-veiled moon
Fill my soul with sadness,
And the robin's first song
Make my heart leap with joy?

WILLIAM RODGERS PHIPPS

THE TOWER LIGHT

Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson

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On Making Good

SOMETIME AGO I heard a sermon on the parable of the prodigal son, in which the speaker gave as one of the reasons for, or evidence of, the failure of the central figure of the story the fact that "he didn't make good in his own backyard." How true and to the point that statement is! What surer rule for success is there than "Make good in your own backyard."

Does it always hold true, one may ask? Time seems to prove that it does. Before George Washington was commander-in-chief of the American Army, he was a successful surveyor in his home state. Abraham Lincoln was elected captain of a company of backwoods militia before he was elected president of the United States. Long before Herbert Hoover was Secretary of Commerce, he was a successful student at Leland Stanford.

Often we find people leaving the home town because of a lack of opportunity there. In how many cases, I wonder, is there a real absence of opportunity? What is lacking, in perhaps eight cases out of ten, is not opportunity, but the ability to recognize or to create opportunity. I say the ability to create opportunity, for that is the surest way to find that subtle, elusive something which so many seek and so few find. The chance to "make good" seldom comes to him who stands quietly awaiting it. Success must be pursued and overhauled if one is to attain it.

"Dream your dreams, but set to doing,
Bound to make those dreams come true."

We are told that nothing succeeds like success, and we find that also, to be true. Success, after a while becomes a habit, but like other habits, it must begin in a small way. No leader in education ever began his career as a college president; no engineer ever built a skyscraper as his first project. Begin today in your own backyard.

"The person who can't succeed in his own home town will probably never succeed in anybody's home town."—John H. Fischer.

The Contagion of Enthusiasm

"Nothing else is so contagious as enthusiasm, it is the real allegory of the lute of Orpheus—it moves stones, it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the Genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it."

—LYTTON

WHAT IS ENTHUSIASM? It is ardent zeal, almost fanaticism. It is the ambition of everyone's being to do the work his heart desires. It gives new courage to the timid, and increases courage in those who are already strong.

Someone has said that enthusiasm is the soul of life. Is it not this power that impels us to great deeds? If one would accomplish anything worthwhile he must thrill with enthusiasm; for no half-hearted worker ever helped humanity.

An enthusiast inspires all of his associates with the same feeling. All famous leaders are men fired with great zeal. If they were not, would hosts of men follow after-imitating them?

The Renaissance and the Reformation were due to men like Dante and Savonarola. They inspired the whole universe with enthusiasm. Savonarola cared only for the regeneration of his beloved Italy. He knew when he was burned at the stake, his cause would still be protected, for he had aroused the people to a state of religious enthusiasm never before witnessed.

When Napoleon became Commander-in-Chief of the French army, he was a very young man. The soldiers scoffed at the idea of a mere lad commanding them. But Napoleon was enthusiastic and his soldiers "caught" that spirit. It was Napoleon's enthusiasm that spurred him on and made him famous.

We may come down to very commonplace illustrations for enthusiasm is everywhere, and it is contagious. Here in our own Normal School, if we have enthusiastic class officers and real leaders we are filled with "school spirit." This is only a synonym for enthusiasm, and it affects us in the same way.

If our teachers are enthusiastic they fire us with the desire to learn. It is always the subject taught by the enthusiastic teacher that we study and enjoy most.

Cowper has said:

> "No wild enthusiast ever yet could rest;
> "Till half mankind were, like himself possess'd."

The inventors, the poets, the martyrs, the famous authors, and the heroes who have led us upward to the present century have been enthusiasts who could not rest—'Till half mankind were like themselves possess'd.

VIRGINIA C. MCCAULEY, *Junior 9*

Eight Days

THE MORNING after Commencement, 6 A. M. Raining hard. Out through Catonsville on the National Pike. Frederick, Hagerstown, Cumberland, Maryland, U. S., 40. Late afternoon, a little sunshine, steaming mist in the valleys, green dripping foliage. Northwest into Pennsylvania. Time to watch for good lodging and food. Sleep.

Uphill and downhill, red brick pavement, barer landscape. Lazy, deep-set rivers. Coal-mining, smoke. Wheeling, W. Va. The Ohio River, over the long toll bridge. Ohio, U. S. 40. Lights of night.

Beginning the flat country, warm. Cities—Columbus, Springfield, Dayton, Indianapolis, Terre Haute. Watch the right and left of the markers. A pickup, young fellow, obviously lame, but moving along. Smiling face, pencil and pad. What, deaf and dumb too? Later: your destination? "Relatives at Bakersfield, California."

The curve of the Mississippi, with St. Louis on the other side. Flatboats, river steamers, railroad bridges. Into the traffic. Missouri U. S. 40. The Kings-Highway Boulevard uptown. Churches, Public Buildings, wide streets.

Fertile farming country again. 240 miles of wide concrete, across-state to Kansas City. License plates of twenty-eight states at the new cottage camp at Columbia, Mo. "Traveling west, Maryland? Yours will look like mine before you get through. Seven inches of rain the past week in Kansas. Pavement and gravel ends out of Topeka."

Breakfast, Manhattan, Kansas. Detour, Fort Riley, 12 miles. Bump, bump, over the washboard. Low clouds, rain. Chains. More rain, washboard now reverted to soup. Cluster of three cars ahead on a long hill. All out to help. Back finally to the car—almost. Slip, splash, flat in the mud. Inarticulate but eloquent grunts. Scrape it off, holding both ends of the gasoline stick. Pad the upholstery with newspapers. 150 miles before nightfall. Was a bath ever so welcome?

Western Kansas. Amazing sweep of open plain. No friendly trees. Blue bluffs and the speck of a town water tower on the far horizon. Corn and wheat giving way to pasturage and cattle. Glint of the railroad track. "As the rails are bent so lies the road, Kansas U. S. 40, the U. P. trail." Eat while the sun hangs low in the west, then follow the evening colors.

Colorado—the home stretch. More contour, cottonwoods in the sandy water courses. Indian pinks, sagebrush, prairie dogs. Flagler, Arriba, Limon. There's Pikes Peak! Agate, Deertrail, Bennett. More mountains taking shape. A final sweep of distance, across the Platte river valley to the snow-capped peaks beyond—now drawn up in full array. Haze of the city. The State Capitol dome. East Colfax Avenue. *Denver*. Colorado Boulevard, East Seventh Avenue, South Grant Street. *Home*.

R. W. SHAW

SOME THOUGHTS

As I pass from the men's room—I wonder if I have any work due for the next class—what is the mirror for—posture or applying cosmetics—aren't they ever going to change the notices on the bulletin board—when do certain boys do their work—every time I see them they are talking to some girl—the auditorium is filled with those boys again—I guess their bluff is better than my own—what's the radio for—an ornament—why do people leave their galoshes and other materials outside lockers—would be a good joke if someone changed the galoshes (black ones especially) around—what's the "Guess" signs for—someone has something up his sleeve—but I guess some girls' curiosity has been satisfied—due to some conceited boy—what do girls find to talk about so much—here's that class again—Gee, I hope I will make a better teacher than student—well—only eleven more weeks—so long.

J. BARLOW

Mailing THE TOWER LIGHT

TEMPTING TEMPERATURE

Probably the world knows little of what M. S. N. S. has contributed to geographical science, but soon the influence of this remarkable contribution must be felt. The secret lies in the waste basket in front of the Administration Building which is really not a waste basket but a most accurate thermometer. The temperature is registered by the length of the cigarette stumps contained therein. Exceptionally long stumps indicate very cold weather; moderate length (about half), cool; very short stumps, warm and fair. The geography department is greatly interested in the perfection of this marvel of science and probably the only incomplete detail to be mastered is "How to record the temperature of Saturday and Sunday". The question is open for discussion and any suggestions will be gratefully received.

ARTHUR WOOD.

HANDWRITING AS A SUBJECT IN TEACHER-TRAINING INSTITUTIONS

One of the pressing problems in the teaching of handwriting is the adequate preparation of teachers. It is true at the present time in most schools that instruction in handwriting is carried on largely by the grade teachers rather than by special teachers; consequently, it is necessary that grade teachers be adequately prepared. In most cases adequate preparation is lacking, and the instruction in handwriting suffers.

Even when it is recognized that the grade teacher should be prepared to teach handwriting, it is not clear how this preparation should be secured. Normal schools and teachers' colleges are making greater and greater efforts to raise all their instruction to the level of college work. In this they are encouraged and even stimulated by the requirements of universities and other accredited institutions. As a consequence, some teachers' colleges omit instruction in handwriting altogether. In those cases in which it is included it constitutes a very minor part of a more general course, such as a course in educational psychology.

Teachers' colleges are certainly justified in refusing to give credit for purely practice work in penmanship. Such practice work is suitable in elementary or possibly secondary schools, but not in institutions of collegiate grade. The possession of personal skill in penmanship, however, is only one of the two important elements in the preparation of a teacher of handwriting. The other element is a grasp of the facts and principles which are taught in the psychology and pedagogy of the subject. A study of the psychology and pedagogy of handwriting is as legitimate a part of a teacher-training course as is any other subject in the curriculum.—*Exchange.*

LITANUS LUNAE

The Prayer of an Ancient

Luna, sister of the Sun, beam down upon us.
Fair goddess of the chase, make straight our aiming.
Diana of the forests, our eyes do open
To the wonders of the world
That lie around us.
Immortal Cynthia, breathe heavenly favors upon us.
Heavenly huntress, may we pursue fortune successfully.
"Three-formed Hecate," shed good will upon us.
Shine, oh moon.
Illumine our way.
Make, oh moon
Our night, the day.

ELEANORA BOWLING, '28

In Exile

THIRTY YEARS AGO, Alexei Oblonsky was banished by the Russian government to the most northern section of Siberia. Without trial of any description, he was forced to leave his home in Moscow, and compelled to turn polar explorer. His place of exile was Drankina, a small Eskimo village of about six huts. No one had ever been sent there before and it was generally believed that escape from it was impossible.

As he said farewell to his few friends, he could not refrain from reminiscence about his past life. With reluctance, he realized that it was for the best that he had never married as he recalled the dim, yet poignant memories of his youthful romance. After his last adieu had been made, there was nothing left to do but start on his perilous journey, the equipment was ready, and the immense Cossack guard urged him to make haste.

Thus his sojourn to Drankina began. For the first several hundred miles, they traveled with horses. Then horses were exchanged for reindeer, which were often transferred for fresh animals at nomadic camps, which they came to along the way. The last stage of the trip was made on dog sledges.

Over miles of uninhabited land, through deep ravines, and over tall, rocky, forest-clad mountains they passed. Alexei gradually grew closer to God than ever before and thus was able to endure the vast silences and loneliness. To him the nights seemed worst of all for the Cossack seldom spoke, the only noise being the monotonous whirl of the wind or the roar of a snow storm.

They traveled during the coldest part of the year, and the thermometer never rose above twenty degrees below zero. Alexei suffered from the intense cold and many hardships. He was then forty-five years old and was not physically fit to endure such conditions. Because of his slowness, the Cossack was often impatient with him.

As they went northward, the vegetation gradually grew more scant and finally all that the eye could see was a limitless expanse of snow. After passing over several hundred miles of Arctic tundra, they reached Drankina on Christmas Day. The population of Drankina numbered twenty-five souls, who made up a peculiar little world of their own. These inhabitants clung tenaciously to the rites of their ancestors and had retained the Russian language.

Alexei's isolation was complete for he was extremely remote from civilization. He was probably the only civilized person in a region hundreds of miles square.

To the natives of Drankina Alexei was as strange as peculiar as they

were to him. His equipment amazed them. A kerosene oil lamp and Winchester rifle made a deep impression on his new friends.

Many a curious thing Alexei saw, and he experienced much that was novel. A professor by education yet to these people, he gradually came to be known as physician, carpenter, scientist, shoemaker and what not.

During his first year in exile, he wrote several small books, dealing with the natural characteristics of the region. But finally, when the novelty of the place had worn away, Alexei was filled with the desire to escape.

The solitude oppressed him beyond endurance. He carefully made plans, concealing his intentions from everyone. He began his departure in the summer season, and being extremely fortunate, reached Bulun, which is located on the Lena River. But there he was recognized and sent back to Drankina by the police authorities.

In exile, Alexei Oblonsky spent the remainder of his life, for even though his term of banishment had expired, he preferred to remain in Drankina. There he aided men to carry on their struggle for existence, to live in a more civilized way, and to find more joys and pleasure in life itself. These illiterate natives were able so to fill his life with contentment and much happiness because of his great service to them.

With the death of Alexei, extreme grief and sorrow was experienced by the inhabitants of Drankina; and the memory of his loving character and kind deeds will live on with them forever.

JEANETTE WILSON

The Spontaneous Play of Children in My Neighborhood

THE CHILDREN in the neighborhood where I live are just about at the age in which they are beginning to form little gangs, the boys in their gang and the girls in theirs. Each member of each gang is whole heartedly interested in what his own group is doing and among the various gangs there is a strong degree of rivalry.

The boys regard all of the girls as little "sissies" and " 'fraid cats" and the girls think the boys are very rough and mean. It is very seldom that the boys and girls play together but whenever they do there is sure to be a fight or fuss as a result because they can never agree. Almost all of the winter the girls devote their time to playing school

or mothers. Usually every afternoon, if possible, four or five girls meet at one of the girl's homes to play. If they play school they usually do the same thing as they have done that day at school. Each child usually has a turn at being the teacher. If they play doll babies and mothers they usually sew a little while for their dolls and then dress their dolls in the new dresses they have made. They are then ready for a tea party and so they begin to set their table. If they have nothing else to eat or drink they will drink water and eat crackers. After this they usually take their dolls for a make believe walk.

While the group of girls are on the inside playing, the boys, in the winter, are usually roving around in gangs looking for something to make or take apart. They are very fond of building boats and each boy tries to build a better boat than the other boy. One of the boys has a toy car and he and the other boys are continually working on this car trying to make it better. They often play they have engine trouble and then they will take the whole car apart and put it back together again. If one boy doesn't do a thing just as another boy thinks it should be done they will immediately stop playing and start fighting. In a few minutes the whole gang is in the fight. They fight for a few minutes and then suddenly the fighting will stop and they start playing again as happy as ever.

In the spring the girls begin to indulge in outdoor games and it is then they jump rope and play dodge ball. There is much more rivalry in jumping rope and each girl tries to see how much better and longer she can jump than the other girls. In dodge-ball each child sees if she can be the longest to stay in the circle without getting hit. After they get tired of jumping rope and playing dodge ball they usually begin to do roller skating. In this they try to see which one can skate the longest without falling down. In the summer when it is very warm the girls usually do very little except play dolls or mothers. Sometimes they take their dolls out strolling. Often they play that one girl is the mother, another is the father and a smaller child of the group is the little child. In this they imitate their mothers and fathers. Another thing the girls are very fond of doing in the summer time is dressing up in some older person's clothes and especially do they love to wear high heeled shoes. Several of them get all dressed up and then they have a regular parade up and down the street. Each girl talks very "proper" as she calls it and sees who can put on the most airs. If they see anyone looking at them they usually begin to giggle and whisper among themselves. They also have a great liking for carrying compacts, pocket books and "make believe" money with them. Every few minutes they stop, powder their noses and comb and adjust their false hair and then go on.

The boys play cowboys and Indians. In this they are trying to lasso one another or capture someone from another gang. They have a tent

and play in this, much of the time. In the summer they are continually playing baseball. In this, one group usually plays against another group. They usually name their teams for the best known American teams and each boy assumes the name of his "idol" or hero of the real baseball world. This usually continues through the summer and fall.

About two miles outside of town there is a hill which is said to have once been inhabited by Indians. There have been many relics found there and these boys are continually wanting to go out and look for more. Once or twice every week during the summer these lads take enough provisions to last all day and go camping and search for relics. They always take shovels so they can dig in the sand for these but very seldom do they ever find anything, nevertheless they do not become discouraged.

In the fall and spring the boys are all interested in marbles. They try to see which one can own the most and prettiest collection. They play for "keeps" but usually before one game is over there has been one or more fights because somebody has lost all of his marbles.

In all the play of these children the leader in each case is usually the one who excels in that particular feat but sometimes it is the one who can provide the most toys and equipment for the particular thing at which they are playing.

These children are whole heartedly interested in everything that they do. Their imagination is so great that if they don't have things just as they would like for them to be they just pretend they have them and keep right on playing. They are great imitators and have to act just as they think the character acts or they are not satisfied. They often become so engrossed in what they are doing that they forget the world all about them. Often when my little sister goes to a friend's home to play she stays one or two hours over her alloted time because she becomes so interested in play that she forgets to look at the clock.

All of the children I've observed seem very loyal to their little gang and don't think very much of taking a new member in. They think boys and girls outside of their gang cannot do things as well as they can and therefore should not try to play with them. Often if another child is standing around when a group is playing, the group will tease that child until he finally leaves. This applies especially to the boys.

From my observation of these children I would conclude that they are at the age when they are forming a gang spirit and interest and they think that no one outside of their gang can do anything half as well as they.

MARCELLE THOMAS, *Junior 6*

SCHOOL NOTES

Death of An Alumnus

One of the class of '24, George Schmidt, after a comparatively short illness, passed away last week. The faculty and alumni extend sympathy to the family in this, their bereavement.

Physical Education Demonstration

February 28, 1929

MIDDIES WERE WASHED; bloomers pressed; sneakers cleaned; stockings washed and darned. Why the sudden cleanliness? Were the Normal School girls aiming for godliness??? This question was permissible on Wednesday, but Thursday night had the ignorant one glanced in the Maryland State Normal School auditorium he would have seen six hundred future teachers all spick and span for the occasion. And the occasion? This was the night of the Annual Demonstration of the Physical Education Department. Everywhere there were girls—looking very neat in the familiar black and white "gym" costume of Normal. A feeling of expectancy, nervousness, and excitement pervaded the air until 7:30 P. M. when the whistle was blown and the first event, namely, Junior Dancing, was announced. Then each girl with a "do or die expression" settled down to business—the Juniors determined that '30 would be victorious—the Seniors determined that '29 should keep the title they gained last year by winning the Demonstration.

A word or two about the judges—the Seniors probably noticed that our own Mrs. Masland was here as judge (judges—distinguished by the beautiful corsages they wore). Another judge—the one in white—was Miss Jamart, head of the Physical Education Department at Salisbury Normal School. The third judge—the one who sat apart from the others—was Miss Schools, supervisor of Physical Education in Elementary Schools of Baltimore City. Then, I suppose, you all noticed Miss Cook

sitting on the platform. To her we owe a vote of thanks, for it was she who did all the mathematics.

To return to the events—they went off in rapid succession showing careful training and practice. The song contest ended the Demonstration—the Seniors winning—score 28-20. However, both classes are to be congratulated on their good showing. I'm sure the members of the Senior Class join with me in hoping that 1930 comes out ahead next year. I've said the Demonstration was over; this is quite true, but not the celebration. There followed the biggest celebration, the most noise and the best time that's been had at school for a long time. It has been said there hasn't been so much enthusiasm and spirit since the old Pest-Normal days. Alarm clocks rang, whistles were blown, anything available was hammered on, a "Big Parade" in all, until finally everyone settled down agreeing that February 28 was indeed a "Red Letter Night" at Normal.

Just one more word—we realize that were it not for the originality, the ingenuity and the untiring efforts and hard work of the members of the Physical Education Department all the spirit in the world wouldn't have made the Demonstration the huge success it was. And so to you Miss Sammis, Miss Roach, Miss Godwin and Miss Daniels, the Junior and Senior classes extend many thanks for one of the best times we've had at Normal.

M. A. D.

ONE OF OUR RECENT ASSEMBLIES

Reported by WILSON VALENTINE

On March 5, the men students had the very unexpected and highly enjoyable privilege of hearing a special talk by Dean Seerley of the Springfield College of Physical Education.

Man's life, or rather, the first twenty-five years of it, is divided into five periods. In a detailed description of the five periods, the dean conveyed to us the impression that he is very modern in his beliefs.

Dancing and other social affairs, "sparking," courtship, and companionate marriage were discussed by the dean, and all save the last met with his approval.

He claims that such pastimes are as natural as breathing is to every man, and says that properly supervised, they are absolutely harmless. "Far from cheapening the respect in which matrimony is held, they rather tend to make it more highly prized," says Dean Seerley. "It comes as a climax, to which all the others are but stepping stones."

In conclusion, Dean Seerley, unconsciously brought violent heart throbs to some fifty girls by advising his audience to marry before they are twenty-five. He is an advocate of early marriages, and cites his own case as a successful example.

Athletics

BASKET BALL PLAYERS

Capt. Johnnie Seamon is outstanding for his excellent and unexcelled floor work. Due to his level headedness on the floor at all times, the team was able to exhibit the utmost cooperation. He has been an outstanding factor in conducting our season victoriously.

Jerry Denneberg was one of the high point scorers in all the games. He has an almost unbelievable eye for the hoop. With Jerry in the game confidence in winning reigns over all.

Phil Aaronson has a long shot which usually registers two points. A man for the game and the game for the man. He is an especially hard worker giving his best at all times.

Next comes Harold Galperin, the dashing forward, dashing through with his share of the honors. One of his outstanding feats was the placing of the Western Md. game on ice.

Our own Lyman Huff, the faithful pivot man, deserves one-fifth of the laurels. Huffy is the most faithful of all the faithful, coming through in the pinches.

The short and snappy Peregoy, little but loud, dodges in and out to add points to the old score book. Perry has shown especially fine work under the basket.

Dalinsky, a member of the Industrial Arts Group, found enough time to display his talent as a crack forward for us.

Burton used his initiative to further the winning capacity of our club. The Trio from "Sparks," Burton, Perry and Huff, reflected their high school inheritance in the numerous games.

Our main substitutes were Lou Cohen and John Fisher, two men of promising talent for the team of 1930.

The greatest of the spoils belong to Coach Minnegan who, with his untiring efforts developed the best team yet seen at the Normal School. His winning ways have developed the utmost cooperation of all.

Co-managers, Fowble and Yealey, experienced the utmost satisfaction in administering their office during the past season.

J. F. Fowble

Past vs. Present

IN CONSIDERING the past records of our Athletic Association many problems such as the following occurred: Games were cancelled at the last minute; teams failed to appear without notification; excessive transportation rates were evident; misunderstandings due to neglect or carelessness on the part of the managers or others loomed up; heavy financial losses due to carelessness in handling equipment; the playing of opponents below our own age and academic standing.

To solve these problems the following changes were advocated in the Men's issue of the TOWER LIGHT last year:

1. Policy in scheduling.
   - *a.* Change from High School to a College Schedule.
   - *b.* The early scheduling of games.
   - *c.* The scheduling of the games so as to interfere as little as possible with our class work.
   - *d.* Making the playing of college teams the rule instead of the exception.
2. Business Administration.
   - *a.* Care of equipment.
     1. To carefully check all equipment so as to eliminate as far as possible all losses sustained in this manner.
   - *b.* Use of contracts.
     1. To eliminate the disappointment and trouble due to the failure of teams to appear as scheduled.
     2. To act as an insurance policy against this.
   - *c.* Checking sheets for managers.
     1. To prevent any misunderstanding or lack of arrangements.
     2. To know just where and how things are standing.
     3. To better fulfill the job as manager.
   - *d.* Transportation contracts.
     1. To place in the hands of the various bus companies schedules with the trips specified for the purpose of submitting bids for these trips.
     2. To obtain the lowest possible rates with the maximum comfort possible.

It is remarkable to note that although these ideals were set forth only last year, they have been carried out this year. This has been very well exemplified in the past basketball season.

With the exception of one or two games we played a college schedule competing with men of our own age and academic standing. In visiting the different colleges we gathered an education as interesting, if not more so, than that which comes from books. For instance, we visited Gauladet College in Washington. Here we were shown about the different buildings in which the deaf and dumb are educated. One of the instructors was so kind as to relate to us the development of the school and of education for the mutes both in America and abroad. This is only one of the many examples. At all the colleges we were received very graciously which added very much to our enjoyment as well as to our educational outlook. In other years the entire schedules were made up principally if not all of High School games. While this was all very well we feel that we have gone a step or two farther in inaugurating the present college schedule. The trips were so carefully planned that we missed very little time from classes as compared with other years. To be more specific, we left on Friday, January 25 at one o'clock to go to College Park. This was the only actual time missed from regular classes.

The equipment has been so carefully looked after that I feel safe in saying that next year very little or no new equipment will be needed.

Another remarkable thing is that we were not disappointed in a team not showing up (due to the introduction of the contracts into the athletic department). Another phase of the contracts was the bids from the different bus companies. By receiving these we were better able to keep within the budget allotted and to be sure we would suffer no disappointment.

The checking sheets for managers were also put into practice with entire satisfaction to the management in general.

Some other things although not advocated have been put into practice. Due to Mr. Minnegan's expert coaching, very fine and almost unsurpassed sportsmanship was displayed. In the Western Maryland Freshman game our men did not commit a single foul which is something to be very proud of. All of our players are in satisfactory academic standing. Many people have the idea that an athlete is not very well up in his subjects but our men undoubtedly upset this supposition. We finished the season by winning thirteen games while losing five.

Due to the splendid cooperation of all departments involved, these changes have brought about satisfaction from the social, intellectual, and financial points of view.

TO THE VICTORS BELONG THE SPOILS.

J. F. Fowble

OVER-HEARD

"Johnny, give me a cigarette"
"Why not"
"As I was saying, I didn't get one ounce of sense out of that lesson in . . . "
"I can see where part of your education has been neglected and it is your own fault"
"What do you mean?"
"Johnny, give me a cigarette"
"Listen, I am no cigar store"
"Look at that—looks pretty nice to me"
"Barlow answered a question in class to-day"
"I look at the situation this way"
"Let's turn it around and look at it this way"
"No kiddin, I intend to do some studying this term"
"I'll tell you—there ain't no use of studying if they treat you like I was treated to-day"
"Listen fellows—have you heard this one?"
"Johnny, give me a cigarette"
"Really, I am so sorry but I haven't got one cigarette left. I am awful sorry that I can't oblige you"
"Goldie, give me a cigarette"
"Look at this coming—that's really neat"
"Listen Bohrer . . . .And on on into the day . . .

SOME OF OURS

Frank Fowble—Why girls leave home.
Frank Lewis—The mystery of music.
Herman Burton—I do toil in vain.
Edward Ward—Dynamite Doc. Greased Lightning.
Ralph Yealy—Mumps and bumps must come to all—even professors.
Lyman Huff—A man of few words and violent action.
Bernard Givens—West Virginia's gift to Normal.
Evan Bowers—Havin' a little tough luck.
Austin Peregoy—How? When? Where? Why? What?
Thomas Henry—A hardy mountaineer from the highlands of Beckleysville.

Glen Stull—World's strongest little man.
Russell Kepler—Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Aaron Rosen—The world at its worst.
Arthur Wood—He might turn "Green" with envy.

From First Grade Practice Center—No. 214

Warren wanted to put a small hole into a board. He attempted to use the brace and bit, but was guided to see that the hole would be too large. Then it was suggested that a large nail be used to make the hole, but that was too small. Warren sighed and remarked, "It's worse than 'The Three Bears'!"

Junior to Senior: Did the Seniors go to Washington to the inauguration last year?

Teacher trying to give a child a self help with the word "leg" pointed to his leg.

Child: Oh, I know now, the word is "paw".

Kindergarten child: Isn't it funny my birthday always comes on June 21st?

"Should a husband keep anything from his wife?" asks a writer.

Enough for lunch and carfare, we should say.—*Enquirer.*

He: I've never seen such dreamy eyes.

She: You've never stayed so late before.—*Judge.*

Teacher to child who came to borrow big pan for use in his own classroom. "Why do you want this pan?"

Bernard, "Miss Zink wants it to dye (die) in."

Miss Levy to class, "All those who want to die come to the rear of the room.

When Noah sailed the waters blue
He had his troubles, same as you,
For forty days he drove the Ark
Before he found a place to park.

Judge (to woman witness): Do you understand the nature of an oath?

Witness: Well, my husband is a golfer and my son drives a second hand flivver.

A NAME WITH A MEANING

Inquisitive Suitor: "Johnny, why do you call your sister 'babe'?"

Johnny: "Well, every time I look in the parlor she is in somebody's arms and talking like a baby."

OUT OF LUCK

"Albert, run to the door and tell Mrs. Jones I am out."

"Hello, Mrs. Jones. Mom's out."

"Isn't that too bad? I just came over to borrow a few eggs."

Albert, shouting up the stairs, "Mom, do you mean that you're out of eggs?"

BLURRED VISION

"Do you mean to say you washed your face, Tommy?" demanded that youngster's mother.

"Yes'm," replied Tommy.

"Nonsense! It's just as dirty as ever."

"Mebbe the dirt's on your glasses, mom. Wipe 'em off."

Some woman had an idea that bobbed hair is a short cut to youth.

Who invented swimming?

Two Scotchmen who came to a toll bridge crossing.

"What is this, waiter?"

"Chicken broth, Sir?"

"Chicken broth? You are wasting your time serving in this restaurant."

"How so, Sir?"

"A man with an imagination like yours should be an author."—*Passing Show.*

Maryland State Normal School must be haunted, because the students are often talking about the school spirit.

"That's a small engine for such a big car isn't it?"

"Well, you see, that's because it smoked a lot when it was young."

A STIFF ONE

Teacher: "Name three articles containing starch."

Johnny: "Two cuffs and a collar."

ANOTHER GEORGE WASHINGTON

Passenger: "Conductor, that fellow sitting opposite us is a lunatic and is scaring my wife and children. He claims he is George Washington."

Conductor: "I'll take care of the matter." (shouts) "Next station Valley Forge!"

HEARD AT MONTEBELLO

Miss Moore, trying to develop the idea that a conductor must indicate, by means of his conducting, pulse, not duration.

If the violin holds one note for two measures and the piccolo and flute play eight or ten, if you were the conductor, what would you do in a case like that?

Child, answering: Fire them.

Heard at the N. E. A. Convention, Cleveland, O.

What are the three great passings in American history?

The passing of the Indian
The passing of the buffalo
The passing of the "buck"

Two guards, in helmet and uniform, were standing in a London museum before a painting depicting the occupation of a city by the Romans. It was a very warm day and the guards were very uncomfortable. An old lady approached, looked at the picture, then addressed one of the guards.

"Are you Appius Claudius?"

"No, lady," replied the guard, sadly, "I'm un'appy as 'ell."

THINGS WE CANNOT LAUGH AT

(But We Do!)

In the course of several years of library experience, numerous examples of unconscious humor occur. Some of these are worth quoting:

First is the request of the little girl coming into the Children's Room and asking for "The Tails of Shakespeare's Lamb."

Another amusing occasion was the time when an older Normal School girl stepped to the desk and inquired, "May I have Personal Hygiene Applied?" The appropriate answer to this would have been:

"I'm very sorry, but the shower baths are in the Physical Department."

After a lecture in Psychology, treating of evolution, a request was made for "that book called 'Oranges and Peaches'." Can any one tell what was wanted?

Another story, for the truth of which we do not vouch, is this: An English footman, very large, stiff and gorgeous in plum-and-buff livery,

Continued on Page 4

The Supreme Ice Cream Co.

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SPORT—STREET—EVENING

"America's Foremost Five Dollar Footwear"

dazzled the eyes of the librarian as she emerged from beneath the loan desk.

"Good morning! Is there something I can do?"

The footman glanced at a card in his hand, then he chanted:

"C. E. Montague's Hind leg loose!" (The Hind Let Loose.)

The librarian grew pale. "Poor fellow!" she exclaimed. "The Emergency Hospital is in the next block. Is he in great pain?"

" 'E hain't a fellow. "Hit's a book!" said the footman. He extended the visiting card of Mrs. C. D. Dingleberry, the library's wealthiest patron. On the back appeared a name and title in cramped angular handwriting. Comprehension dawned. The librarian turned towards the shelves, blushing slightly, as she replied:

"I think that the last letter in the second word is intended for T, not G."

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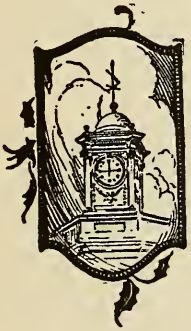

Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

Towson, Md.

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The Tower Light

VOL. II MAY, 1929 No.8

Rambles Around Baltimore

ONE NEED NOT be a member of the Wanderluster's organization to get acquainted with the many beautiful woods in or near Baltimore. Gwynn Falls Park and Herring Run have many unspoiled spots of natural beauty where the flora and fauna are varied and inviting.

There are great woods not far from the end of almost all our car lines. The jerkwater car at the end of the Harford Avenue car line crosses the Gunpowder River bridge. Follow the path and you will find many miles of primeval woods ending at Belair Road. In it may be found great beds of Virginia cowslip in April. The cloudy blue clusters with pink closed buds is a joyous sight. On the high spots are yellow lady's slippers and great beds of fern. A high bluff overlooking the river makes a good spot to unpack one's knapsack, build a fire on the safe stone floor, toast one's sandwiches and rest before starting for home.

The Catonsville Terminal is but a short walk from the Orangeville woods across the Patapsco River. This is a part of the State Forest Reserve. Boy Scouts have a camp near the Cascades, a little waterfall that is lovely at all times of the year. Beyond this is a patch of woods just carpeted with yellow violets—real yellow violets and not the so-called dog-tooth violets which belong to the lily family. The violet is one flower that may be picked freely without danger of exterminating it. The seeds are borne in small inconspicuous green flowers below the leaves. The only care necessary is to leave the rest of the plant.

Another interesting walk begins at Lutherville. A part of the trail follows the old "Toonerville" Trolley line. It is made interesting by the many great ant hills two feet high and as wide. These are visited annually by the budding entomologists at Johns Hopkins University. There are more varieties of oak trees here than in any other woods near by. In a marshy field north of Timonium is a surprising number of Fringed Gentian, an unusual sight near Baltimore.

One has to cultivate an interest in the world of *little* things. It is fun to sit on the edge of a stream or pool and watch striders skate madly on the water and beetles whirl and dive carrying a clear bubble of air down with them, caught on the hairs of their legs. Such exuberance makes one quite envious. Snails slip along the submerged leaves and dragon flies zoom about catching mosquitoes. It is exciting to see solid phalanxes and cohorts of small toads come up from the marsh on their way to banqueting tables in the leafy underbrush. A few

weeks later one counts dozens instead of thousands and by mid-summer an occasional toad hops away as we pass by. Meanwhile snakes and birds have enjoyed many tender young toad dinners. Frogs slip off slippery stones as we approach a pool, and shy birds flit about making a living for their families and themselves.

We bring back very few treasures. Long ago, we learned that most wild flowers are too fragile to stand the long trip home and must be thrown away. The woods are robbed to no purpose. We get no pleasure from the picking and leave the woods poorer for those who come after us. Occasionally someone will dip up a clump of some beautiful plant—getting it up with all its roots and plenty of soil to protect it on the way home. These may beautify some shady spot in the garden.

Tadpoles and snails come home in a jar for classes or aquaria.

The glen below our school is a beautiful and refreshing place. It can become more beautiful each year if students will bring rare plants from their home woods in various parts of the state and plant them in suitable parts of the glen. Our motto should be, "Enjoy the glen and leave it beautiful for those who come after us."

MINNIE V. MEDWEDEFF.

SPRING

Have you heard a robin's morning song
Or the music of an awakened brook rushing along—
In the Springtime?
Have you seen the clouded sky at dawn,
Or watched the golden daffodils make sunshine on the lawns—
In the Springtime?

Have you seen a fast reddening sun
When burning, piled-up clouds told that the day was nearly done—
In the Springtime?
Knew you that the touch of infinite calm
As the flushed, gasping day lay dying in the earth's broad palm—
In the Springtime?

Have you seen the stars shine through the trees,
As you thrilled in response to a tenderly soothing breeze—
In the Springtime?
Have you, under a darkening sky
Reverently listened to the pale, whimpering moon's cry—
In the Springtime?

V. McCAULEY

The Story of the Spring In Song—An Explanation

THE STORY of the Spring in Song is the product of the class work of Senior III 1928 in preparation for the spring term in the practice centers. The students had been asked to collect and learn songs telling of winds, birds, flowers, sun and rain,—these phases of nature to which our attention is directed in the spring time. As the songs were searched out and brought to class for approval and practice, the idea developed that by arranging them in an orderly way, we might tell, in cantata style, the story of the spring. As the songs were practiced, dramatization suggested itself, and the dialogue connecting the songs was composed.

The musical story thus resulting was finally given as an assembly program. Every effort was made to preserve the spontaneity and simplicity of the classroom situation. When the curtain rose, the whole class was revealed, seated in a semi-circle, with the exception of the special characters, the Gardener, the Wind, Rain, Sun, and Children. In the presence of the class these performed their part and then became part of the class once more. Later the Gardener's imagination converted the class into seeds, and from then on, of course, their growth into flowers was easy and natural.

It was hoped that the making of this program would suggest to the student ways in which a similar program might be worked out with children in the school room. The whole little play is given here, not so much with the idea that it should be produced again exactly as it stands as with the hope that it may prove suggestive for work of a similar kind.

THE CAST:

- The Members of the Class
- The Gardener
- The March Wind
- The Rain
- The Sun
- The Children, a Boy and a Girl
- The Members of the Class in the role of Seeds
- The Members of the Class grown into Flowers
  - The Violet
  - The Field Daisy
  - Jack in the Pulpit
  - Johnny Jump Up
  - The Daffodil
  - The Dandelion
  - The Tulip

The Poppy
The Sunflower
The Birds
The Robin
The Bluebird

SOURCES OF SONGS:

First, Second, Third, Fourth Year Music, Dann—American Book Company
Book I, Progressive Music Series,—Silver Burdett and Company
Songs of Childhood, Introductory Music: Music Education Series—Ginn & Company
Small Songs for Small Singers, Neidlinger—G. Schirmer, N. Y.
Songs for Little Children, Part I, Eleanor Smith—Milton Bradley Company, Springfield, Massachusetts
Child Land in Song and Rhythm, Books I and II, Jones & Barbour—Arthur P. Schmidt Company
The Congdon Primer—C. H. Congdon, New York
Everyday Song Book—Cable Company, Chicago.

THE STORY OF THE SPRING IN SONG

Gardener: "It must be almost time for me to start planting my seeds. We have had a pretty hard winter, but they say that that is the sign of early spring."

(*The Wind enters left*)

1. SONG—all—THE MARCH WIND—Introductory Music, Key of Eb

(*Wind pulls Gardener's hat off*)

Gardener: "My, it is certainly getting windy. March is coming in with a rush."

2. SONG—all—MARCH—Songs of Childhood, Key of Eb

Gardener: "Well, well, Spring must be on her way. After all that wind I suppose we'll have some rain."

(*The Rain enters left*)

"Sure enough, there are rain clouds right over there."

3. SONG—all—THE RAINY DAY—Small Songs for Small Singers, Neidlinger, Key of Ab
4. SONG—all—RAINDROPS—Introductory Music, Key of Ab

Gardener: "That rain with a little sun ought to make things grow. Why, I believe the sun's coming out again."

(*The Sun enters right*)

5. SONG—all—GOD SENDS HIS BRIGHT SPRING SUN—Songs for Little Children—Part I, Eleanor Smith, Key of Eb

Gardener: "This is ideal weather to start my planting. I'll have to get to work right away."

(The Gardener disappears for a moment, right, and returns

immediately with gardening implements. He is accompanied now by two children, a boy and a girl.)

Boy: "Are you going to plant your seeds today, Mr. Gardener?"

Gardener: "Yes, Dick, you know we are going to have a great many kinds of flowers in our garden. Last fall I set out a great many bulbs, and now I must put in my seeds."

Girl: "Will there be any violets?"

Boy: "A Jack-in-the-Pulpit?"

Gardener: "Yes, indeed, there will be. I see that you love the wild flowers, too. People are pulling so many of these from the woods these days that I am growing them in my garden."

Girl: "Look, Mr. Gardener, what I found on that tree over there."

(*She shows him a twig of pussy willow*)

Gardener: "So you have been pulling pussy down out of her tree, have you? Poor little pussy, when she's so brave as to come first, too!"

6. SONG—all—A LITTLE PUSSY WILLOW—First Year Music, Dann—Key of F.
7. SONG—all—THE PUSSY WILLOWS—Progressive Music Series, Book I, Key of Bb

Gardener: "Now I shall have to finish planting my seeds."

(While the piano plays *Rubinstein's "Melody in F,"* the Gardener now takes the members of the class, one by one, and plants them as seeds. The children assist him by placing brown cloaks over the seeds. Under each brown cloak as they bring it forward they conceal the flower hat to be used later by each flower. The hat is temporary deposited, out of sight, behind each child.)

(The Gardener sits down to rest and smoke his pipe. The children run off.)

8. SONG—all—THE SEED BABY—First Year Music, Dann, Key of F

(Between the second and third stanzas the Rain and the Sun enter once more and walk about among the seeds, motioning them to awake. They alone sing: "Wake, baby, wake.")

(*The Children run in again*)

Children: "Look how the seeds have grown!"

9. SONG—by children—FLOWER SEEDS—Introductory Music, Key of Eb

(The children retire. There is a stir among all the seeds.)

10. SONG—1st stanza by Seeds—BABY SEED SONG—Fourth Year Music; 2d stanza by Poppy[1]—Dann, Key of Eb

---

FOOTNOTE 1. The words of the song demand that the poppy and sunflower grow into flowers. If it is objected that these flowers do not come first, this stanza may be omitted, or the words may be altered,

Little brown brother, oh, little brown brother,
What kind of flow'r will you be?
I'll be a crocus as sweet as my mother,
Do be a crocus like me.
Ah! you're a violet, how tender and lovely,
I'm glad that to me you are nigh,
Oh, little brown brother awake to the sunshine,
Bid now the brown earth goodbye.

(During the second stanza, the Sun Flower grows and dons its flower hat. The poppy gets ready to don hers. Then, while *Mendelssohn's Spring Song* is played (Key of Eb)[2], all the seeds lay aside their brown cloaks and don their flower hats.)

(*The children again run in*)

Boy: "Oh, look at the flowers."

Girl: "Look, here is a violet. I wonder why her dress is blue?"

Boy: "Let's ask her. Maybe she'll tell us."

11. SONG—by children—LITTLE VIOLET—Songs of Childhood, Key of Eb

Girl: "And here is a daisy. She must be a bit early. She is the first one I have seen."

12. SONG—by Daisy—THE FIELD DAISY—Third Year Music, Dann, Key of Ab

Girl: "We won't step on you, little Daisy."

Boy: "Even I won't."

(With this he prances away from the Daisy and falls over Jack-in-the-Pulpit.)

Girl: "Watch out, Dick, look what you are doing!"

Boy: "Well, if it isn't Jack-in-the-Pulpit! Remember, Sis, the Gardener said he was going to have one. I guess he thought I needed it. It makes me feel like church."

13. SONG—all—JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT—Congdon Primer, Key of Ab

Girl: "Listen, all the flowers are singing us a song."

14. SONG—all—SPRING GRASSES—Second Year Music, Dann, Key of Ab

Boy: "There is Johnny Jump Up, too."

15. SONG—all—JOHNNY JUMP UP—Second Year Music, Dann, Key of G

(As a last stanza, Johnny sing:)

Little children, happy children
I'm going to speak to you to-day,
Little children, happy children
I like to watch you play.

FOOTNOTE 2. Arranged in this key for orchestra, Conservatory Collection, J. W. Pepper, Philadelphia, Pa.

Boy: "Johnny did speak to us. Did you hear him, Sis?"

Girl: "Yes, and look at Daffodilly."

16. SONG—all and Daffodilly—MISS DAFFODILLY—Child Land in Song and Rhythm, Bk. II, Jones & Barbour, Key of G

Girl: "Here is a Dandelion. I wonder if her dress is made of sunshine, too.

Boy: "I wonder."

17. SONG—all and Dandelion—LITTLE GYPSY DANDELION Congdon Primer, Key of Eb

Girl: "That is a tulip. Listen, the flowers are singing a song about her."

18. SONG—all—PRETTY TULIP—Second Year Music—Dann, Key of Ab

Boy: "My, all the flowers are pretty. I like spring, don't you, because it brings us flowers."

Girl: "Birds ought to be here, too. I wonder if the flowers can tell us anything about them. Let's ask them."

Boy: "Have you seen any birds yet?"

19. SONG—all—THE LITTLE DOVES—Third Year Music—Dann, Key of Ab

Daffodil: "You know, children, there were some birds here even before some of us came. I remember seeing one on that tree when there were only a few leaves on it. And this is what he said:

20. SONG—THE LITTLE BIRD—Second Year Music—Dann, Key of F

Boy: "What about the Bluebird and the Robin? They are my favorite birds."

Girl: "Why there are a robin and a bluebird now. I wonder if they have been here all this time?"

Boy: "And listen, they are singing to us."

21. SONG—by Robin—ROBIN REDBREAST—Child Land in Song and Rhythm, Book I, Jones and Barbour, Key of C

22. ROBIN'S SONG—all—Small Songs for Small Singers—Neidlinger.

Boy: "I'm going to run and get some salt to put on that blue bird's tail."

Girl: "Oh, Dick, now you've scared him away."

23. SONG—all and Bluebird—BLUEBIRD—Small Songs for Small Singers—Neidlinger, Key of C

"Pretty little bluebird, why do you go?
Come back, come back to me."
"I go, little flowers, as I fly on high,
To see if my color matches the sky."[1]

Johnny Jump Up: "Don't worry, little girl, he'll be back!"

24 SONG—all—PRETTY BIRDLINGS—Everyday Song Book, Key of F.

FOOTNOTE 1. These last lines are slightly altered for the sake of the dramatization.

Directed by MISS WEYFORTH

The Towsontana Revue

SHORTLY BEFORE the Easter vacation there appeared in the corridors of the school a number of posters bearing a formidable array of question marks and the very suggestive word "GUESS." The response from the student body was immediate and extremely varied. Not satisfied with the numerous and wild guesses and rumors thus began in and circulated about school, our faithful friend, Frank Fowble, on the day preceding the beginning of vacation added fresh fuel to the fires of imagination which already threatened to overwhelm Normal. On the aforementioned day, in assembly, Brother Fowble in his customary austere and dignified manner proclaimed to the assembled brethren and "sistern" that upon their return from a joyous Easter holiday, they should hear from his lips an announcement of great moment.

Slowly the weary days of vacation dragged to an end. At last the third of April came and at 11.47 32 2-5 A. M. Brother Fowble once more arose in his customary austere and dignified manner and made known his desire to address the multitude. He opened his lips and a great silence fell upon the hall. He announced with all due gravity that upon the evening of April 11, 1929, the men students of our school would present an entertainment called "Fun Night."

For several previous months the gym classes of Coach Minnegan had been practicing many different types of stunts. Wand drills, free hand drills, sailors' hornpipes, Dutch dances, Russian dances, trick adagia dances, tumbling, Virginia reels, stately minuets, all became part of our work. Then, later, the various acts began to take form, a tentative program was arranged, and many nights the watchman came upon struggling dancers and singers perspiring freely as they learned (by doing) what the life of a chorus girl is.

And so it went. Finally tickets went on sale and pictures of the night of the dress rehearsal came. The night of April 11th was here!

The auditorium began slowly to fill and before the curtain rose, an audience of 500 was seated.

The overture. Curtain. Four bells signifying 6.00 A. M. aboard ship, Reveille. Upon the stage, set to represent the deck of a ship, marched a group of sailors to the music of Washington and Lee Swing. A well-executed freehand drill; and from the wing, as the deck watch snapped to attention, strode the Captain, Joe Barlow, resplendent in blue, white, and gold. In authoritative tones he announced to the "gobs" that because of their fine work, the fleet commander had granted them a holiday and was sending a shipload of girls to help them celebrate. His message was most enthusiastically received and the deck swabbers bent upon self expression, engaged in a clown dance.

Singing was heard in the distance and who should appear upon the deck but a party of comely maidens, all very sweet and dainty in summer gowns. Their song sung, the captain suggested that they seat themselves and allow the crew to entertain them. Accordingly the young ladies, who by the way, were none other than Miss Weyforth's Glee Club, became part of the audience.

At this point Skipper Barlow introduced to the assembled ladies and gentlemen his inimitable sidekick, Johnny Seamon. Together they rendered that long known and long loved selection so familiar to frequenters of the locker room, "Skeero." Next came the school mystic. O. S.—you know? Otto, himself! To the consternation of the audience, he caught smoke in glasses, changed the color of water and in numerous ways did his best to belittle Hermann, Houdini and Thurston.

And then! Our fair sisters contributed their might in the form of a tumbling act and a very nautical sort of clog. This was followed by a stately minuet, danced while Evans sang; and, as contrast, a sample of the hottest, snappiest, latest thing that the college boys and girls do to keep the blood in circulation. Next, the incomparable team of Goldstein and Aaronson, with some assistance, presented a reproduction of that classic seventh round in which Messrs. Tunney and Dempsey were the participants some time ago.

This was followed by the appearance of Glenn Stull, clad in a coat of bronze paint, in poses imitating several well-known pieces of Greek statuary. This was an extremely difficult bit of work exceptionally well performed!

Next, we saw and heard our good friend, Tom Henry, and his banjo. During rehearsals, it was revealed that Tom was quite a yodeler.

Once more the members of the Senior gym class appeared, this time in a very "cute" little Dutch dance.

Skipper Joe experienced some difficulty in getting out the next act, but after a good deal of persuasion he managed to get our bashful cabin boy, Wilson Valentine, on the stage. Wilson quite surprised the audience by singing about a sailor's sweetheart, instead of a nursery rhyme.

This over, our pianist, Lou Cohen, struck up a snappy dance hit, and out from the wings glided Mike Kitt, "The man who taught the Eskimos how to keep their feet warm." Could he dance?

There are colored mess boys on every naval vessel, and we had some aboard ourselves. They (Goldberg, Galperin, and Chernak) combined in the presentation of a one act black face play.

After the intermission, things were again set going by the Juniors, who showed what they knew about handling the silver wands.

Gus Hackman next entertained us with his violin, after which he presented his "little sister," Dorothy Nathanson, who favored us with a solo. Her selection was "One Alone" from "The Desert Song," and, to say the least, she did it well.

The following number opened with a declamation of a portion of Poe's "The Raven," by "the fair coed of Normal School." The fair one, we learned, was our friend Kammy, but what matter? As he reached the point in the poem where he was about to open the door, there walked on to the stage a figure whom we believed was quite possibly of Hebrew ancestry. (Really, it was only Johnny Seamon.) This Hebrew gentleman proceeded to enlighten the declaimer on what the correct version of the poem is. The burlesque was great.

To prove that one can change his personality, our dear Johnny immediately reappeared in another role. What was it? Ssh! He was attired in a blazer of red, tan, and brown, a felt hat of a subdued shade of scarlet, and suitable trousers, shoes, and tie. The purpose of this setting was to act as a background for that well known epic of the Baltimore boy, "I'm a Charles Street Cowboy."

And now! One of the outstanding acts of the show! The Industrial Arts tap dancers, direct from Broadway—Wolfe, Kitt, and Acree. Then, the Lucky Jim Octette, and following that a tumbling act by the Five Tip Tops which was burlesqued by the Goldstein, Aronson team again. Sam Acree very acceptably rendered in blackface, "Poor Old Ned."

At this point, our noble skipper reminded the audience that we had aboard several "gobs" from the mountains of Kentucky and West Virginia. The Hilly Billies, with their own orchestra, under the leadership of that loyal son of Erin, Paul Goldstein, provided entertainment in the form of songs and dances from "deown home."

Faithful Frank did tricks on a blackboard, to show how he expects to amuse his pupils next year.

The entire show was brought to a close by the singing of the final chorus of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera "Pinafore" by the entire ship's company and their feminine guests. As part of this scene, Aaronson, Fischer, Goldstein, and Neumeister danced the sailors' hornpipe. Another chorus, and, curtain!

The men's Fun Night had become history, and we hope, a tradition. The success of the affair was brought about through the sincere cooperation of all, faculty and students, connected with it. Lack of space prevents listing here the names of all who should receive credit for this success, but one man stands foremost. He planned the acts, coached every one, directed the general arrangements, and gave freely of his time and energy. The man to whom, more than to any other one person, we owe our success is Mr. Donald E. Minnegan.

JOHN H. FISCHER

A Shark Hunt In Hawaii

IN HAWAII shark hunting is quite a sport. The first thing the prospective hunter does is to look for a suitable location. The best place is a small inlet with high banks on either side where the water is quite deep. On either side of the inlet posts are driven in the ground and a heavy wire stretched between them. Over this wire is slipped a large ring. Attached to this ring is a rope long enough to reach to the shore. A long chain is also fastened to the ring. On the end of the chain is fastened a large hook with a piece of meat on it. Close by is usually anchored a dead horse or mule to help attract the sharks. This next statement may sound unbelievable, but it's a fact. Dynamite is exploded in the water and the sharks are attracted to the spot by the sound.

Some time ago I attended a shark hunt and it was quite exciting and very interesting. I arrived at the spot about 10 A. M. and found everything in readiness. The location was ideal. It was a narrow, deep inlet flanked by high rocky banks. The wire was up, the baited hook dangled in the water, and the dead horse, tied to the bank, floated nearby. We all crowded as close to the edge of the bank as we dared and waited for Mr. Shark to put in an appearance. Quite some time went by and then someone gave a shout. People came running from all directions and sure enough, there playing around the bait was a shark about seven or eight feet in length. He swam around the hook, then over to the horse and back again. It was rather exasperating to see him nibble the bait but make no move to grab it and run. After what seemed an endless wait someone hollered "he's got it." He made for Davy Jones' Locker, but the men on the end of the rope soon hauled him up short. Then the struggle began. The men pulled, and the shark struggled and thrashed around in his attempts to dislodge the hook. He put up a good fight, but was finally hauled out on the rocks. Everyone was very careful to keep away from him, for with one blow of his tail he could knock a person down and injure him severely. After awhile he ceased to struggle and just lay there, broken in body, but with a murderous gleam in his eyes that boded ill for anyone that came within reach of his jaws or tail. The Filipinos and Japanese that were there approached him cautiously and ended his life with their long knives. Then they cut him up and carried away the pieces. No doubt, that night they all enjoyed a big feed with shark meat as the piece de resistance.

OUR HAWAIIAN CORRESPONDENT

A Pilgrim's Tale

APRIL 12 and 13 marked the time of the annual spring meeting of the History Teachers of the Middle States and Maryland. I like to think of the gathering as a pilgrimage because in its nature and in many of its details it resembled those religious journeys to revered places, even to the most sacred of places, the Holy Land. The Pilgrims, mere teachers true, but earnest and sincere, who had first placed their home responsibilities in trustworthy hands and then journeyed to the place of meeting, Washington, the seat of the National Government.

Pilgrims came from all points within the Middle States and Maryland and joined with the Teachers of the Social Sciences of Washington in their quest for knowledge and understanding. After two days these Pilgrims, as of old, returned to their respective homes and gave glowing accounts of places visited, adventures encountered, personal contacts made, and inspiration received. True, no citadels had been stormed by mailed knights, nor had there been any blood shed nor prisoners taken but surely the world has been somewhat changed by this undertaking. At least the outlook for the history teachers who attended has been broadened, and renewed strength "to carry on" has been gained.

Listen to the story of one of the Pilgrims. On the morning of April 12, the teachers gathered at the Wilson Normal where they were very graciously received by the principal, Miss Halberg, formerly of the Towson Normal, and her efficient staff. The morning was spent in visiting classes, inspecting the buildings, and conferring with instructors. The outstanding features of the Wilson school were the small classes in the large rooms and the absence of a campus. The Wilson teachers remember with longing, the wide, open spaces about the school at Towson while the teachers of the latter looked with a feeling akin to envy on the large class rooms. Both agreed, however, with the little boy who said, after he had received a ten cent piece from his father who had repeatedly told him of all the wonderful things which could be bought for three dollars, "Well, we just can't have everything."

The general theme, "The Newer Point of View in Teaching Social Studies" was very ably presented by a number of papers in the afternoon meeting. A demonstration, "Methods, Past and Present," given by teachers and children of the Central High School, the Columbia Junior High School, and the Practice Schools of the Wilson Normal School gave a very picturesque and appropriate finish to the program of the afternoon. The advantages of the School today were very strongly contrasted with the schools of our ancestors. The latter were pictured by such scenes as, "In the Dame's Kitchen," "As Jefferson Planned It," "At Grandmother's Knee," "Recitin'," and "In the Country."

That night the gathering of the teachers in the Roof Garden Dining Room of the Washington Hotel may very fittingly be compared with a gathering of pilgrims in the refectory of a Medieval Monastery where the hungry were fed, the weary comforted, and the discouraged stimulated by leaders long in the service.

Saturday brought forth new experiences in new environments. The greater part of the day was spent at the Catholic University where unbounded hospitality was extended to the group. Strolling over the campus after the morning program gave the teachers opportunity to recall what Dr. Krey, of the University of Minnesota, had said about "Present Trend of Social Studies"; to wonder how Professor Bowden, of the University of Pennsylvania, could possibly know so much about the "Liberal Party in England," and to enjoy again Professor Brandt's very interesting and humorous portrayal of "Some Striking Fourteenth Century Ideas." Few speakers ever show such keen enjoyment of their subjects as did Professor Brandt of Iowa University. His happiness seemed to permeate the entire group of listeners, and when they reached the open, Nature seemed to have taken up his song. The campus, beautiful at all times, was unusually so on this particular day.

A tour of the grounds took the visitors to the Shrine which is being constructed. The wonderful marble columns in the chapel could easily furnish material for a lesson in world geography, for there was the rose marble from Ireland, the dark green of Vermont, the splotchy grey from the mountains of Switzerland, and the dull brown of South Dakota. Pangs of hunger, however, urged the visitors to seek the "Great Hall," where the members of the Association were not only served a delicious luncheon but given an opportunity to hear Father Walsh, Regent of the School of Foreign Service, Georgetown, relate his experiences in Russia during the Revolution.

To prove that teachers as well as students believe in the old saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," the group enjoyed a sightseeing trip around Washington, visiting the Franciscan Monastery, the National Cathedral, and the Cherry Blossoms. In the visit to the Monastery, the teachers could easily imagine themselves back in Medieval Europe, nay, that they were even Knights Templars as the guide with his flowing white garment with its bright red cross explained how the ground plan of the monastery is built on the lines of the Five-fold Cross or the Cross of the Holy Lands, how the Holy Sepulchre is a reproduction of Christ's Tomb as it appears in Jerusalem, how the Stone of Anointing is a copy of that shrine in Jerusalem which marks the place where the body of Christ was anointed and prepared for burial, how the Altar of Calvary is a replica of the one which stands over the spot where the Cross was set in the sacred rock of Calvary, how the Catacombs follow the same line and plan of construction as those of

Rome in which early Christians were buried and how the grotto of Bethlehem depicts the place of the Birth of Christ as it is at the present day in Bethlehem.

The spirit of the Middle Ages remained with the visitors as they viewed the National Cathedral which is only partially completed but which stands out as one of the best examples of Gothic Architecture.

The visit to the Cherry Blossoms along the "Point" brought our thoughts back to the present. Nothing could have furnished a more beautiful ending to the "Pilgrimage" for the blossoms so perfect in color and form were not only lovely but really wonderful.

A "PILGRIM"

ART

WE HAVE all heard the old saying, "There is art in everything." There lies concealed in that expression a great deal of fact, unestablished though it may seem. Art, the word itself, is made of three simple letters, is very easily pronounced, and is a word familiar to all of us. Its meaning is quite simple, yet the definition given in the dictionary is not so simple—the definition being "the employment of a means to the accomplishment of some end." Hence, through the dictionary, art becomes complex.

The perturbing question at present is, "Where can we find art?" Just because art is art it is very simple to find. We can find it every day, anywhere, and everywhere. One of the most skilful arts difficult to accomplish with ease in the school-room situation, is the art of chewing gum. The person masticating the gum becomes the artist—not the artist who uses the paint and brush as his tool and discovers the means to the achievement of some end (his picture). This artist utilizes successfully gustatory activity with the motive in view to attain the physiological limit and yet to remain unseen by the teacher. The art involved in this is quite evident, exceedingly creditable, yet not infrequently overlooked by most of us.

Another practical skill, acquired with difficulty and lost with ease, is the art of being truthful. Ever since the time of George Washington, and possibly prior to that, honesty has been set as a high moral qualification, and given to us as a goal to attain the accomplishment of an end. Those of us here at Normal have heard the virtue of truthfulness discussed in our classes; even previous to our entrance here, we have heard much on this same subject. In fact, we have heard it "up through the

grades"; and, if we are all successful graduates from here, we shall probably continue hearing more and more of it. We have talked about it, we have heard it discussed, we have sat through lectures on it—but do we know what it is? Again, it is an art—a highly concentrated one, yet a very practical one.

Why do we always doubt one another? Merely, because we are afraid someone else is going to put over on us what we would like to put over on him. Teachers take precautions during tests. In some classes the teachers assign different tests to different rows, merely to avoid cheating between the individuals sitting opposite one another; in other classes the teachers guard the class with an "eagle's eye." Why? Because the teacher doubts the honesty of her class, and knows the fascinating temptations and alluring results brought about by copying someone else's work—plagiarism. Yet, if the teacher tries to prevent cheating, what is the result? The children improve on their old methods of cheating, what is the result? The children improve on their old metbods of cheating and discover new ones which make possible successful "cribbing." Therefore, nothing has been accomplishment except that the children have all improved on their former arts, have combined their skills, and have achieved one common end.

It would be utterly impossible to enumerate all the arts there are—simply because there are so many of them. I shall, however, briefly mention a few of them. There is a fine art which must certainly be valuable and educational, else why should we have a complete course devoted to it here at Normal? There is an art in arriving in the class-room immediately before the teacher does, else why should so much stress be put on punctuality? There is an art in eating a lolly-pop on the street car and yet retaining the appearance of ladylike dignity, else why comment on behavior in the street-car? I could continue with innumerable other arts, but there is also an art to concluding an essay properly, so I shall endeavor to apply my arts.

Art then, might be termed as a practical skill, which must be employed both artfully and artistically to achieve the best satisfactory results. It must be applied artfully in that the artful act must be accomplished with wisdom; it must be applied artistically in that the artistic act must be accomplished with ease and fine outward appearance.

So, as I have already indicated, there is art in everything. Art is involved in all our activities, either to make up or break down our characters and personalities—yet, we seek art but to keep it; and despite the swirl and rush so essential to our modern lives, the simple little three-lettered word, "art," is permanent. The fashions change, the customers change, the people change, but art retains its style and lingers on with all its complexities and intricacies.

ANNA M. KAISER, *Junior 3*

Teacher, Not Slogan Is Hope of Progress

Dr. Reisner Hits at 'Lunatic Fringe' Clinging to Modern Educational Theory

FUTURE progress in education can come only from better trained, better informed teachers, and not from the shibboleths of those educators who use "progressive" as a trade mark, according to Dr. E. H. Reisner of Teachers College, Columbia University, who spoke twice in Cleveland recently.

Before a meeting of principals and also before the superintendents' staff, Dr. Reisner advocated more "rough-age" in the educational diet.

"We have been too much afraid of 'violating the nature of the child' if we require him actually to learn something systematically," he said. "But while we are exercising this delicate concern we run the risk of not teaching him anything in many of our modern schools."

Beware of Slogans!

The "project method," the "problem method," "social science," "letting the child write the curriculum" all represent sound and useful ideas, Dr. Reisner believes. But those who have sloganized these and similar terms are clinging to the "lunatic fringe" of education.

"The 'problem method' can stimulate talking to the exclusion of thinking and so turn a class into a roomful of blatherskites," he said. "It can lead to snap judgments followed by a willingness to die in defense of those snap judgments. When you get the facts discussion often stops.

"Society has a right to expect that its children are going to be taught to read, write, to figure, and to know something about the world they live in. The theory that children will master this knowledge as a by-product of the purposeless following of their own inclinations is nonsense. It doesn't work.

"We are eternally rewriting the curriculum, usually with scissors and paste. I believe the best way to improve the curriculum is to improve the teacher. I am inclined to think that if you could get all your history teachers to read Charles A. and Mary Beards' 'Rise of American Civilization' you would do more to improve your history curriculum than you could do in any other way.

Teacher Still Necessary

"My objection to much of modern educational theory is that it tends to push the teacher, with his maturity, and systematic knowledge farther and farther into the background and to focus attention exclusively upon the whims and purposeless activities of the highly suggestible child."

Discussion of Dr. Reisner's address in the headquarters staff meeting indicated general acceptance of his ideas, but several members expressed the hope that they would not be generally interpreted as reactionary.

"The great advance we have made has been in the direction of focusing attention upon learning and not upon teaching, upon the capacities and necessities of the child, and not upon the teaching process," one staff member said. "It will be fatal to progress if attention is again focused upon the teacher and teaching to the exclusion of the child and learning."—*Exchange.*

The First Thirty Minutes

WE HAVE ALL tried it at least once by now, and though the place and the time may differ I think our feelings on that occasion were about the same.

The children who during our observation periods had seemed so interesting and at times so amusing, had suddenly changed into malicious judges who were about to check up on our knowledge and—horrible thought!—find us wanting. For those first few minutes, before the lessons began, we sat there in cold, and fidgety terror, wanting to get it all over, and at the same time, afraid to begin. Probably we saw some of our classmates called to the front, but they seemed so composed that instead of sympathizing with them we found ourselves envying them. Then, just as we were beginning to contemplate escape at any cost, we heard our teacher address the class, "Now, Miss ——— is going to teach a ——— lesson." All our past fears seemed very trivial compared with the feeling of absolute terror that gripped us when we heard those fatal words, and realized that our time had come. Somehow we reached the front of the room, and turned to face all of those curious, young eyes. We were no novelty to them, but Oh! What a horrible experience they were to us. Questions such as, "Suppose they won't pay attention? What if they ask me a question that I can not answer? Why, oh why, doesn't the fire gong ring? I wonder why I ever thought I would like to be a teacher, anyway," rushed through our minds. In a voice seeming curiously unlike our own we began the "Introduction," planned so very carefully at an earlier date. In rather a stiff manner we continued until at last, feeling weak with relief, we discovered that it was all over.

across the synapses in order to register comprehension at the terminus which is station B R A I N.

Patiently, we sat there and awaited the time of the children's dismissal. Our feeling of terror had been replaced by one of the deepest gloom. Now our fate was sealed—we had made so many mistakes. Stupid things that we had been warned about, and were positive we should never do had somehow seemed to happen. We hated to face our training teacher but it couldn't be helped.

Imagine our delight when we were told that our case was not hopeless—even that mistakes like we had made were rather to be expected on the first occasion—and were complimented on the good things we had done without actually being conscious of them. Teaching was not such an unpleasant experience after all.

Before we shall be able to consider ourselves really experienced teachers many difficulties will have to be overcome, but nothing will be quite as fearful as our first experience. Now that it is all over we wonder why we were so terrified, and are rather inclined to laugh at ourselves. But even while we are laughing, we have a feeling of decided relief that those first thirty minutes are now past history.

MARY E. HANLEY, *Junior 7*

A BALLAD OF BALLADS

We hereby relate of the ballads old
Of English and Scottish lore,
Which by word of mouth were told and retold
Of adventuresome days of yore.

And after the work and the toil of the day,
Men, women and children small,
They gathered around the bonfire gay.

Then up rose the minstrel and his refrain
Of warriors bold and ladies fair;
Of triumphant knights and enemies slain,
And maidens with long, golden hair.

The language, indeed, you may deem very strange
With such words as "skaith" and "gane";
But they understood them you need not fear,
When they meant "moan" they said "mane."

Sandburg, Longfellow, Kipling and Pound
Have written ballads of art
In times gone by it was ballad of sound,
Now it is ballad of art.

The Teacher—An Actor

By Dollars and Cents

WE HAVE OFTEN heard the expression—"A person in order to be a good teacher must be a good actor." Nowhere, however, have we found the type of teacher-actor referred to as comedian. Let us leave out the instances in which a teacher plays the part of a fool (this is not putting it too strongly because teachers are stuck with worthless stocks and other such purchases more than any other class of people, proportionally speaking). From this we are to draw the conclusion that a teacher's role is a serious one, one from which there should emerge something instructive and educational. How we gnash our teeth and wail at the mere mention of these two words. To quote a familiar sprech-vordt (by-word) wherever you throw a stone you hit these words.

Now if it is so important that a teacher be a good actor, what does Normal School, in its position as teacher-concern, do toward helping its students to obtain proficiency in tripping the boards? (actorially speaking)—no, I do not mean stumbling over strips of lumber, although plenty of stumbling is done during student teaching.

Let us make an attempt at answering the questions or more correctly question interrogated in the preceding paragraph. Let us look for such organization or places in the student's schedule which are devoted to this activity of actor-making. Ah, that's easy—bring on the dramatic club. But no, this organization is limited to the talented few, and in these days of democracy our worries are about the masses. We'll have to chalk up the first attempt on the wrong side of the book and seek anew. As the wise men say (wise men is not a refined way of saying wiseacres) everything comes to the seeker (provided you know the hiding place). Those who seek trouble oftentimes get married, those who seek fame get divorced, and blah, blah, etc. Now I think that it is reasonable to say that whenever you have carefully looked at the beginning and the end and have been unsuccessful then it is perfectly all right to look for success in the middle.

The activities of the dramatic club usually come at the end of the day (school-day) and although I have examined the beginning of the day it is not the makeup but the actual acting in which we are interested so I will not reveal any of the secrets which go on in the early morning but will immediately concentrate upon the middle. In this case if we were to divide the day (still a school-day) into two parts more or less equal we would find the assembly in the middle. Ah, here I can see gleams of light in the eyes of my readers and just feel the electric current being rushed along the nerve currents and jumping across the synapses in order to register comprehension at the terminus which is station B R A I N.

As most of you already know these assembly periods are given over, to an extent, to various academic departments in order that they may display their wares, their accomplishments, the results of their labor? These so-called exhibitions must possess color in order that they may appeal, therefore, they take the form of plays, tableaus, tabloids. Classes work extremely hard and long to make these presentations exceptional. Students scour their brains, the books in libraries also receive a much-needed dusting when these poor "studes" go on a rampage in search of suitable costumery, stage effects, "props," etc., at the very minimum or perhaps entirely devoid of cost. Beards are made of hemp, a towel does for an apron, wind is stirred up by an electric fan, and you probably know of many more such transitions, substitutions, and fakes. I will burden you with no more of these but will immediately proceed to the next and perhaps the most important part of the entire business.

How about the casts. Who are the participants?

Attempts are made to make the casts large so as to include the majority of the members of the classes.

Let us summarize now. We go to an assembly program which is put on, on short notice by a great number of people for the smallest expenditure. What should be our attitude toward a performance of this kind? If we come with the idea of viewing a display of professional talent we shall surely be disappointed. We all admit that we would hardly come with such expectations. Do we come with the idea of being entertained? We might hope for that. What form should this entertainment take? We have already admitted that buffoonery is not one of a teacher's or embryo teacher's attributes. Say, you're not trying to tell me that we are not supposed to laugh in assembly.

Have you ever stopped to think or analyze things which have given rise to your display of mirth during an assembly? An actor's embarrassment, brought on by a momentary unconscious lapse of speech, an awkward movement, a mistake in property adjustment. To the person before you this laugh of yours has a cynical or superior ring. Were he a veteran that scraping on his ear drums might cause him to do greater things—to reach, perhaps, dizzy heights in an effort to show you up. But, being a novice this untimely gesture of yours stimulates further error and leads him to be suddenly conscious of an ordeal through which he is passing. How his every move is being scrutinized by his friends. Suddenly, a wave passes over him—a desire to flee and leave that unpleasant situation behind. If we are going to laugh at those things which are of small consequences surely a new channel or outlet will have to be invented when we are brought face to face with something which really is humorous.

If there is room for improvement, and there nearly always is, let us save our criticism and give it in a correct manner. Laugh heartily at what's funny. Smile at what's queer, but, save those cynical giggles—for to the ears on the platform they are The Third Degree.

SIDNEY N. CHERNAK '28

Postlude

THE STUDY of history affords us many interesting tales of curious majority rites, ceremonies marking the passage from youth to manhood, as performed by many peoples. Even today, although we have as a civilized race dropped the ceremonial rites, we still consider a certain age as marking the passage to manhood. In fact, the government has set aside the age of twenty-one as indicative of manhood and the full rights of citizenship. Let us pause a moment and consider manhood in another light.

We, as Normal School students, have traveled long in the ways of education. From many and widely separated sections we have come together, unified by a single purpose, to become a member of the teaching profession. Though numerous when we started, many of our comrades, for various reasons, have fallen by the wayside. We, the survivors, are now approaching the goal, the meridian years of our teaching life. Our long journey lies behind us, manhood in the teaching profession is at hand.

Is it not right that at this stage of life, we step, look back down the trail which was Normal School, and judge what we have accomplished? Ask yourselves these questions. Have I used the facilities of Normal School to the fullest extent? Have I followed all suggestions given me for the betterment of my person? Have I realized the most possible out of each course? If I had to start all over, what changes would I make in my habits? Do I really wish to be a teacher or is there some other phase of the work which attracts? Be square with yourself when answering these questions, and if you find yourself wanting, do not stop to sorrow, but profit by your experiences and press onward. The past, with its mistakes of youth, is behind us, irretrievable; the future, manhood, is before us. Let us meet it with a brave heart and upright head, ever remembering those words of Dr. Kilpatrick: "The chief aim of teaching, in fact the only aim in teaching, is to enable others to live more abundantly." If we, as teachers, can help our pupils to live more abundantly, then, and only then, may we taste the joys which come from worthwhile teaching.

CARL E. BULL.

THE TOWER LIGHT

Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson

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A MOVING PICTURE

Dad had just finished settling himself in his big arm-chair. Laying his book on his knee, he searched his pockets, finally bringing out a match. When his pipe was lighted, he lay back with an audible sigh of comfort. His shoulders hunched forward in relaxation, while one hand lay heavily across the arm of the chair. Two little puckers appeared between his brows. His mouth set in a straight line. (Evidently, the story was exciting.) His mouth twitched spasmodically; he rubbed it. He uncrossed his legs, only to recross them again a second afterward. He wriggled his foot and puffed his pipe incessantly. He squirmed from one lolling position to another. A little later, I left him sprawled in his chair and snoring noisily.

VIRGINIA SMITH, *Senior* 8

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND: THE DOG

Of all domesticated animals the dog occupies first place in the affections of man. His usefulness may be proportionately less than that of the horse, cow, reindeer, elephant, but none of these show the all-absorbing sympathy that endear a dog to his master. The dog displays a disinterested affection for human beings, not one that is actuated by a desire for food or protection. A horse will sometimes follow his owner about, whinny at his coming and going, and show other signs of attachment. These, however, are not genuine. They do not spring from a longing for the company of man, but from some baser, material motive. Starve a dog, beat him, maltreat him in every way, and he will yet fawn upon you and lick the very hand that struck him. Then there is that other household companion of man, the cat. She is a personified Ego. With a saucer of milk to lap and a warm rug to doze upon she could worry through life without so much as seeing her benefactor. Her center of interest is the house and its comforts, not its denizens. To her inanimate surroundings she bears a devoted attachment. But a dog is the true altruist of the animal world. He acknowledges the most abject beggar as his lord. Honest fellow that he is, he shares all the trials of his master's lot from a pure attachment to him, and though but a brute he will show the deepest grief at his death. No one ever heard of a horse or a cat haunting their master's grave and there laying themselves down to die as a mute exhibition of their distress and lifelong fidelity. And how placable and forgiving the dog is. A smile or word from his master will atone for the most severe chastisement. He bears no grudges to those he loves. We draw a wholesome lesson of industry from the ant; may we not learn something from the dog?

E. L. W.

A SPRINGTIME FANCY

My love is all things fair—
A bird's heart-beat;
Fresh, lovely flowers, tipped with morning dew;
Gay young leaves against a sky of blue;
A tender chord of music,
Heavenly sweet;
She is the Spring itself
On dancing feet.

M. G. B.

THE FEELING OF SPRING

The feeling of spring is within me,
It has clasped and lifted my soul;
It has brought me love of the highest,
And beauties of earth all untold.

It has opened to me the meaning
Of life at its fullest and best;
It has taught me the beauty of love
After a long winter of rest.

AIMEE BELLE DUVALL, *Junior* 10

The children at Fullerton were told to write a "story" about the signs of spring. This little girl wrote hers in rhyme and Miss L. M. Cobb submitted it.

SPRING IS HERE

Spring is here! Spring is here!
I know because I saw the birds,
Spring is here! Spring is here!
I know because I heard the birds.
I know because I sa wthe flowers,
I know because I saw the flowers,
Spring is here! Spring is here!
That is how I know.

Spring is here! Spring is here!
I know because the trees are blooming,
Spring is here! Spring is here!
I know because the trees are blooming,
I know because the grass is green,
I know because it's a beautiful scene.
Spring is here! Spring is here!
That is how I know.

INGA LOUISE JEFFERSON, *Third Grade*, Fullerton School

SPRING

Spring buds are bursting and blooming
Forth from a cushion of green,
Filling the air with their fragrance,
Spreading a feeling serene;
Trimming the earth with gay colors
Of pink and yellow and gold;
Blending with a sky of azure
Making a beauty untold.

AIMEE BELLE DUVALL, *Junior* 10

HAPPINESS?

Some people think that happiness
Is ease and rest from care,
If this were so, then happiness
In humans would be rare.

The only individual known
Who measures up to this,
Is our old friend, the cow, whose life
Is one long round of bliss.

She rises in the morn and then
She stands on all four feet,
She flicks her tail and then you know
Her toilet is complete.

She does not have to brush her teeth,
Nor comb, nor curl her hair,
She doesn't need a new compact
To make her face look fair.

She never, never has to think
To light the kitchen fire,
The green grass is her cereal,
She has no cooks to hire.

When she has grazed an hour or so
She walks to yonder stream,
She wades knee deep and drinks her fill—
To her it tastes like cream.

She lies down in the cool green shade
And starts to chew her cud.
The meaning of perplexities
She never understood.

It's not for her to fret at all
About her income tax.
She never racks her quiet brain
With League of Nations facts.

Since this bovine is happy so,
As we have proved just now,
With all her ease and comfort, too,
Would you be just a cow?

LOUISE JAMES

SCHOOL NOTES

APRIL BIRTHDAY PARTY

A birthday party was held for the city students Tuesday, April 16, in the biology room, which was completely changed into a social room. Chairs were placed in the background, and tables grouped together at one side of the room. These tables were delightfully decorated with yellow crepe paper, yellow candles, yellow flowers, and plates filled with delicious food, its color corresponding with the rest of the color scheme. In the middle of the room was a large open space, given over to dancing. This was made possible through a well-toned victrola and well selected records. Forty-five city students attended the party and, we think, enjoyed the fun. We hope that such parties will be carried on next year.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

On Thursday night, May 9, Normal School will become a place of fairy sprites, elfin music, queenly dignity and pert mischief making! On this night the Glee Club, Orchestra and Dramatic Club are combining their efforts in producing the best of all fairy lore, Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." This play will be interpreted through dramatic action, singing and dancing. If success depends upon untiring effort—"A Midsummer Night's Dream" should be a delightful presentation. The directors are: Mrs. Stapleton, Miss Weyforth and Miss Prickett.

THE ANNUAL ALUMNI DAY AND DINNER

THE ANNUAL Alumni Day and Dinner which will be held on Saturday, June 8, this year is scheduled especially for the reunion of classes ending in years four and nine. Already some of these classes have made provisions for this gathering. The main features of the afternoon will be the reception, class reunions, and the annual business meeting. These will be immediately followed by the dinner and dance. Come yourself! Pass the word along to other alumni.

ANNUAL NEW YORK TRIP

On April 17, fifty-six students and eleven faculty members left on the annual trip to New York for the purpose of visiting schools, and seeing some of the interesting sites that the metropolis has to offer. Dr. Snyder, head of the educational department, was in charge of the trip.

JUNIOR PROM

The annual Junior Prom was held on Saturday night, April 27.

Before one entered the auditorium he was in the highest of spirits, probably caused by the attractive colors of the programmes, beautifully designed in blue and gold, those being the colors of the Junior Class.

As one stepped his foot inside the door, possibly the first thing that attracted his attention was the stage. The whole stage was a Japanese garden. Too much emphasis cannot be put on this scene. In the far background was a Japanese bridge. At one end we saw a colorful parasol placed as if someone had grown tired of carrying it while strolling through the garden. Vases, palms, and other Japanese articles made up the contents of the garden. To enclose the garden, and, to make it more private for the beautiful Japanese maiden, with whom we imagine ourselves to have been strolling, just before the Juniors appeared, a lattice of bamboo poles, covered with wisteria and lanterns, completed the most effective scene.

Down the aisles and swinging gracefully from the balcony were many Japanese lanterns which furnished color and gave the pleasing effect that made us feel as if we were many miles across the sea into the land where we find swinging lanterns and soft breezes whispering through the palms.

In the corners of the room wicker furniture, bridge lamps, and ferns made up the cozy little corners for our chaperons and those wishing to chat.

Last but by no means least, Jack Lederer must not be forgotten, without Jack himself and the snappy members of his orchestra, the Prom would not have been such an overwhelming success. The music was the type that all dancers love, snappy, new and full of expression.

The Junior Prom of 1929 was one of the best ever held at M. S. N. S. Too many words of appreciation and thanks cannot be said to the Seniors for giving us such a lovely Prom.

LOUISE DUER, *Junior* 6

ATHLETICS

BASEBALL NEWS

TOWSON NORMAL opened its baseball season Wednesday, April 17, by smothering the Franklin High School team under a barrage of hits and runs. On Friday, April 19, the situation was completely reversed. Mt. St. Joe outclassed our boys to the tune of 17 to 3.

It is expected, however, that the team will hit its stride and a very successful season is anticipated. From last season's team we have Capt. Seamon, Stull, Goldstein, Barlow and Evans. Reinforcements from the Juniors consist of Delinsky, Bowers, Denaberg, Peregory, Wolf and Henry.

The following games remain on our schedule:—

May 1—Tome
May 6—Forest Park
May 8—Beacom
May 14—Blue Ridge
May 21—Blue Ridge
May 24—Loyola Frosh
May 29—Calvert Hall

The line-up of each game will closely follow this plan:

Capt. Seamon—Shortstop
Peregoy—Catcher
Bowers—2nd Base
Delinsky—1st Base
Denaburg—3rd Base
Stull—Center Field and Pitcher
Evans—Left Field
Kepler—Right Field
Henry—Infield
Goldstein—Catcher
Wolfe—Pitcher

H. EVANS, *Manager*

JOKES

HAPPY ANTIPATHY

"Like Lettuce, Pat?"

"No, oi don't. And I'm glad oi don't. For if oi liked it oi'd ate it, an I hate the darn stuff."

LAY OFF

"* * * the young man slid into the restaurant, ordered three eggs and fell into melancholy brooding." (From a current short history.)

Once upon a time a child who was asked on an examination paper to define a mountain range replied, "A large-sized cook stove," also to "What is the office of the gastric juice?" he answered "the stomach."

Farmer: Samanthy, do you want me to bring you anything from the city to-day?

His Wife: Yes, Si; you might bright me a few jars of that traffic jam I see mentioned in the papers.

EUPHONIC MELODY

Mother: Surely you did something else but eat at the Sunday School treat.

Matilda: Yes, mummie. After tea we sang a hymn called, "We can sing, Though full we be."

Mother learned later that the hymn selected had been "Weak and Sinful Though We Be."

"The time will come," shouted the speaker, "when the women will get men's wages."

"Yes," said a little man in the corner, "next Saturday night."

PATIENT

A stranger entered a church in the middle of the service, and seated himself in the back pew. After a while he began to fidget. Leaning over to the white-haired man at his side, evidently an old member of the congregation, he whispered: "How long has he been preaching?"

"Thirty or forty years, I think," the old man answered, "I don't know exactly."

"I'll stay then," decided the stranger, "He must be nearly done."

HIS AVERAGE WAS O. K.

A Scotchman, not feeling so well as usual, called on his family doctor, who looked him over and gave him some pills to be taken at bedtime. Whiskey was also prescribed for his stomach's sake. A small glass to be taken after each meal.

Four days later Sandy again called on the doctor, stating he was feeling no better.

"Have you taken the medicine exactly as I instructed?" the doctor inquired.

"Well, Doctor," replied the patient, "I may be a wee bit behind wi' the pills, but I'm six weeks ahead wi' the whiskey."

Minister: I hear, Paddie, they've gone dry in the village where your brother lives.

Paddie: Dry, Mon! They've parched. I've just had a letter from Mike, an' the postage stamp was stuck on with a pin.

Daughter: Mother, do you want me to put the parrot on the back porch?"

Mother: Positively no! Your father is repairing the car in the back yard."

Modern Girl: I understand that the girls of your time 'set their caps' for men, Grandma.

Grandma: Yes, child, but not their knee-caps."

Servant: There's a man to see you, sir.
Master: Tell him to take a chair.
Servant: He has, sir. He's taken them all, and they're moving out the piano now. He's from the furniture store.

Wife: I want to do some shopping today, dear, if the weather is favorable. What does the paper say?"
Husband: Rain, hail, thunder and lightning!

A New York State teacher writes that the following incident happened in her own class. A history pupil was writing a test. At the top of the paper appeared:

"Lord God of Hosts, be with me yet, lest I forget, lest I forget."

At the close of the paper the boy wrote:

"Lord God of Hosts was with me not, for I forgot, for I forgot."

Mother: In my day we never thought of doing such things.
Flapper: Well, don't you wish you had?

Maryland State Normal School must be haunted, because the students are often talking about the school spirit.

A grapefruit is a lemon that saw it's chance and made good.—*Satyr.*

Doctor: "Your husband must have absolute quiet. Here is a sleeping draught."
Patient's Wife: "And when do I give it to him?"
"You don't give it to him; you take it yourself."

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These phrases were found on some of our English papers:
"A girl with ravine black hair stood in the doorway."
"To understand the 'Marble Faun', one must consecrate very thoroughly."
"Next to one of these salons was a diary, which supplied the milk of the district."

Bredren, we must do something to remedy de Status Quo," said a negro preacher to his congregation.
"Brudder Jones, what am de Status Quo?" asked a member.
"Dat, my brudder," said the preacher, "am Latin for de mess we's in."

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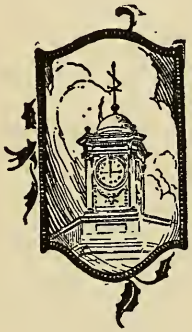

Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

Towson, Md.

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The Tower Light

Vol. II June 1929 No. 9

What Makes Success in Teaching?

IN THE MATTER of success as in the matter of learning, there is no "royal road." Of course in every business and profession there are certain conditions and factors which make for a more certain measure of success—all other things being equal. The profession of teaching is no exception. In it there are certain underlying factors which, if present in the proper proportions will make success more likely than if those factors are not present or if they are present in a distorted pattern.

I shall not attempt to name the fundamental requisites of success in teaching in order of value or importance because I have not thought of them relatively; but I believe that these are the larger basic foundations upon which success in teaching is built.

First: *Scholarship*. By scholarship I mean a well-grounded foundation in Literature, History, Geography, written and spoken English. The schoolmaster of the past generation did not live in vain. He turned out of the schools men who were well schooled in mathematics, history and literature. A teacher cannot expect to teach what he does not know. No teacher can expect to succeed if he keeps just one step ahead of the class in basic knowledge. And in this present day of quick transportation and communication where the whole world is one big community, our need of knowledge has increased. We are living more with the world and less with ourselves. Today, in addition to the usual subjects taught in schools the teacher should have a wide acquaintance with music, art and science. "Be prepared with a broad and abounding store of knowledge" is one of the fundamentals.

The second requirement is *Training*. The need of training is evident. It is necessary in every other art; so why not in the art of teaching which is the fundamental art underlying all art. Just as the musician, the painter or the actor must study and develop a technique underlying his art—so must the teacher. Training furnishes the teacher with the mechanics of his art—the tools with which he is to work. One might teach without training—certainly—hundreds and thousands have done it—but one cannot hope to reach the point where his teaching is true and artistic and has substance as quickly and as surely without the benefit of training as with it.

The third requisite is Religion. One must have religion. I mean religion in its broadest sense. I do not refer to any faith, denomination, sect or creed. I do not care whether the teacher is Jew, Catholic, Protestant or a disbeliever. But I maintain that one must have a feeling—a consciousness of the brotherhood of man—the close interrelationship and interdependence of all peoples. One must have a highly developed sense of justice and fair play.

Industry, too, is essential. To be a successful teacher one must be industrious, alert and wide awake. The teaching profession is no place for a lazy man or woman. One must be a hustler. Teaching is a work in which the swivel chair jobs are becoming fewer and fewer. Industry implies that one must not only do his work well day by day but that one must constantly grow—improve oneself and learn more and more about the great work in which one is engaged. Thus teaching becomes the teaching—learning—teaching process.

The fifth measure which determines success is *love of children.* Not only must one love individual children but one must love all children. This is not a slushy, sentimental love but a deeply rooted love of the idea of children. Love them because they need your teaching and your guidance, and because they are the coming generation, and because fifteen years from the time they first enter school the responsibility of the nation rests upon them. Have faith in childhood and in children, depend upon them and let them know it and they will not fail you. Remember that each child contains illimitable possibilities.

This brings me to the question of *leadership.* As a teacher you are the leader of your classroom, the leader of your school and often the leader of your community. A school-teacher is "looked up to." He is the example to which all eyes, especially the young eyes, are turned. He must exercise the type of leadership which makes the school and the community better by progress and growth towards right thinking and right living. The best kind of leadership is the kind that inspires leadership in others and makes them carry on after you are gone. This is the type of leadership that a teacher must have.

A teacher—a real teacher—must be inspired. Now that isn't as bad as it sounds. It simply means that you must have felt the calling. You must have felt an inner urge that made you want to teach in spite of everything. A real teacher should approach his children each day feeling that the work that he is doing is the most important work going on in the world at that moment. He should feel that about every lesson every day. He must at all times realize that his is the work of dealing with immortal souls, brains and character—and that it must never be slighted. One must feel an all-consuming love for teaching and for guiding children. It does not tire one as you might expect because you get back from teaching all of the energy that you put into it.

Personality, too, is a necessary requirement. I do not intend to say much about personality because no one knows much about it. Of course you'll be saying that it is "that indescribable something"—(I know the phrase)—I was brought up on it. But I prefer to call it "that invisible inner grace"—which is just as vague and indefinite. By the invisible grace I mean the outward signs which are caused by the internal "x" quantity. The signs are brightness, cheerfulness, being active, alive, alert—keen and quick—being dynamic and vital—sparkling with happiness and enthusiasm to the nth degree. It means living fully not only in one's work but living fully in the world.

These, then, are the factors which make for success:

1. Scholarship
2. Training
3. Religion
4. Industry
5. Love of children
6. Leadership
7. Inspiration
8. Personality.

What are the results of these qualities? What do you get out of teaching? Not much honor or glory. Not much money—but there are finer compensations: there is a peculiar kind of glory that comes from dealing and living with children. This is the joy that keeps one buoyed up and happy and eager. It makes a teacher love his schoolroom, love his work and love his children. It makes you glad when each morning comes. It is the game spirit. Like an athlete who plays hard. The athlete is really working but the game is filled with the play spirit and work is not work, but play.

Teaching shows such large and noticeable results. The teacher sees children growing physically and mentally and morally. This adds joy—the joy of seeing the result of one's efforts.

Realizing the importance of the work, too, brings to the teacher added returns. To know that you have done your work well—however small the task. Remembering always that the future of America lies in the hollow of the teacher's hand, that the future of America is going to be what the teacher makes it, that the scepter of power is held by the teachers of America. A recent number of a farm journal says, "Look at your farms and I can tell you what kind of a nation you are." But I believe that one can say, "Look at your schools and I can tell you what kind of a nation you are going to be."

These are some of the factors that to me make teaching the highest, biggest and most far-reaching work under high heaven.

WILLIAM RODGERS PHIPPS

Pilgrims Progress

ONCE UPON A time there was a great castle situated on a pleasant hill. This wonderful hall commanded a fine view of a beautiful tree-lined road which wound its way on and on through a gentle valley to a lovely little village.

In the castle lived the beloved lady of the hall and her many lords and ladies.

Along the road passed many pilgrims on their way to the town and far beyond. They looked at the beautiful buildings with their towers, turrets and numerous mullioned windows, but they passed hurriedly on for their quest carried them far beyond the environs of the great hall and few of them knew of the wealth hidden therein.

The lords and ladies of the manor would shake their heads and sigh. "Why do they not tarry here?" they said to each other. "Do they not know of the wonderful treasure which they are passing by in their haste?" And then again they would sigh and turn back into the hall, since no one stopped, but looked carelessly up the hill and hurried onward.

Then one day,—it was a September day—a crowd approached the postern gate. Numbers of pilgrims, young, eager, happy youths and maidens. They knocked at the gate.

"Let us in," they cried. "We have come such a long way to secure some of the wealth of which we have heard. Do let us in."

The gate keeper shook his head. "Why do you knock so loudly and so long? Do you not know that not every one who comes here is allowed to enter? I shall see the great lady of the hall and if she says the word, you may approach. But you will have to overcome many difficulties which lie in your path to the inner sanctuary."

Tremblingly the youthful pilgrims entered, and were amazed at the strange sights which greeted their eyes.

On every side lords and ladies, and—standards. Wonderful were these banners and still more wonderful were the mottoes embroidered thereon. "Register here" was worked into the silky fabric of one, while others bore the legends, "See the physician at the table on the right"; "Pay class dues here"; "Subscribe for the TOWER LIGHT here"; "Keep your money in the bank." One immense standard seemed to tower over all the others, "Pay the Registrar," and all other legends seemed insignificant in comparison with the menacing tone of this one.

With faltering steps, weary, worn and sad, the youths and maidens made their way from booth to booth, awed by the almost insurmountable difficulties which confronted them. They became weaker in body, spirit and scrip as they passed onward trying to con the meanings of each standard and to follow its directions.

At last they reached the end. "Now we are to live in this won-

derful castle," they shouted joyfully. "Now we have fought the fight and won the battle."

But, alas! This time they encountered even a greater difficulty than they had met before. Just as they were yearning to refresh their drooping spirits with a gambol on the green, a scroll was handed to each by one of the lords. "Meet in room 219 for your tests," they read.

"Tests? Have we not overcome all the obstacles? What further test is required of us?"

"This," said the haughty lord, "is the greatest of all tests. If you cannot true and false, and complete, and best answer, and multiple response these several thousand questions which will be put to you, you will be cast into outer darkness, and never shall you have chance to enter these doors again."

So the young, happy, eager, aspiring youths and maidens trued and falsed, and completed, and best answered, and multipled responsed for three days and nights, and all that was left of them was the class of TWENTY-NINE. Now Twenty-nine began its search for the hidden treasure of which they had so often heard and in which they wished so earnestly to share.

Three hundred strong they attacked introduction to teaching, professionalized subject matter courses, psychology, and survived. They fought over class songs, class officers, class banners, and class mottoes.

After they had resided in the castle for a year they were sent on pilgrimages to other parts of the domain where they motivated lessons, studied children and conferred with the learned magicians.

Once again they knocked loudly and long at the postern of the great manor. "Let us in again, oh beloved lords and ladies. We have much news for you. In our search for the wealth of which we have heard, we have used your tools and implements; yea, even your methods, and we have as yet found only a small part of it. Aid us further in our search."

Suddenly a loud noise was heard abroad in the sanctuary, like the flapping of great wings! A thunderous voice rang through the hall, "Help you further in your endeavor? There is nothing further that these can do for you. INCREASE BY GROWING."

And the class banner flapped exultingly.

NELLIE BIRDSONG

Speaking of Concentration

By Anonymous

Concentration is an elusive faculty which few of us possess, some of us want, and all of us should have at least once in our lives for the experience of the thing. It is variously regarded as a gift from the gods, a psychic blessing effective when we are "in the mood" for it, and a quality which enables us to screw our thoughts upon some idea and hypnotize it into our possession. Actually, it is a matter of habit, the acquisition of which is at least desirable in this age of multitudinous distractions. We see, hear, feel and do twenty things where our grandfathers did one, with the result that our efforts are scattered, and our final state is one of sad mental confusion unless we deliberately approach each undertaking with the idea of doing that thing and doing it right.

Some folks remind one of the man in London who had a sign over his shop as follows, "Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beaten and poetry composed on any subject"; or of Monsieur Kenard of Paris, "a public scribe, who digests accounts, explains the language of flowers, and sells fried potatoes." Many of us are like Douglas Jerrold's friend, who could converse in twenty-four languages, but had no ideas to express in any of them. When we commence to aimlessly acquire all kinds of knowledge because we may need it later on, someone ought to remind us of the woman who bought at auction a brass door plate with the name of Thompson on it, thinking it might be useful some day!

The factors necessary for concentration are quiet, interest, memory, will-power and physical relaxation. While some people can hold their attention on the matter before them in spite of any distraction, it is the more common experience that we are disturbed by street noises and people talking, so that we seek quiet as our only recourse when work of a difficult nature is to be done. Major business executives do their hardest thinking in quiet offices, and some of them have been known to retire to separate offices especially rented for this purpose or to some other favorite retreat.

The easiest way to concentrate is to get interested, the only alternative being a considerable and unpleasant exercise of will-power. Ordinarily, a student can tell you the full names of the members of his football team and very likely the names of the players of the teams played during the year as well as the scores and outstanding plays of each game. Why? Simply because he was intensely interested in watching the games, and through this concentrated attention and the vivid impressions obtained he remembered. Baseball fans, for the same reason, know the batting and fielding averages of dozens of players on the home team and on opposing teams. The romantic student of history or literature can recall all the knights and their deeds, but it is

very unlikely that he can remember the commonplace people in history or what they did. As soon as we become very interested we subconsciously concentrate and remember with no effort what we saw or read or heard. What is more, routine becomes pleasure and dull tasks are done effectively and quickly under the stimulus of interest.

To develop interest we first need a strong stimulus, which sometimes manifests itself in the form of "ambition," a keen desire to excel; and sometimes in the form of "duty." We can generally provide ourselves with the stimulus if we begin by ascertaining WHY the tasks we are tempted to evade SHOULD command our attention and best efforts. At this point we may resort to the idea of the questionnaire to help us decide either that the matter concerned is not worth our while and should be CHUCKED, or else that it is important and deserves to be pursued with our best mental resources.

INTEREST QUESTIONNAIRE

A

1. Will a study of this subject, or application to this business matter benefit me financially, now or in the future?
2. Will it be to my intellectual advantage, making me capable of dealing with other problems or studies?
3. Will it be to my moral advantage to face this subject and master it?

B

1. What to me is the most interesting thing in this subject?
2. Why is it interesting?
3. What is the relative importance of this feature to the whole subject?
4. How does this subject relate to my every-day life?
5. Will a knowledge of this subject help me to understand my fellow-man better? Will it help me to understand life better?

C

1. What parts of this subject are hard for me to master?
2. Are they hard because of my limitations in education?
3. Are they hard because the subject itself is of no intrinsic importance?

D

1. If it is to my advantage to master this subject, what steps shall I take to accomplish this?
2. What competing interests must I shut out because they interfere with my own best ultimate interests?
3. What courses of study should I pursue, and what experience should I acquire, to prepare myself intellectually for this problem that I have decided to master?

It is assumed, of course, that once a person has answered these

questions and decided to take up the problem and see it through, he will apply the best mental resources he can muster toward making good on that decision. As a result of effort, with a clear understanding why this effort is desirable, he will become INTERESTED in the task and its efficient performance. Now comes the discovery that there is in every person something which enables him to adhere to the execution of a fixed purpose in the face of competing interests and desires. In what at first he may have regarded as an obligation, he will discover—opportunity!

Our imagination should be used in answering the above questions and also in creating interest in any subject. As an example, many students find History a dull subject because they always think of it in terms of dry facts and dates. They would find it fascinating if they would quietly meditate on the fact that History is Man's record of his progress from the beginning of recorded time; that it tells how he has fought, worked, thought and achieved against physical dangers and hardships and against serfdom, slavery, oppression, tyranny, ignorance and superstition and has risen from the condition of a barbarian to his present enlightened state in our wonderful age when the great forces of Nature are utilized to give him food, shelter, light and through machinery a good living and all the comforts of our present civilization. It is a wonderful privilege for us to be living today and to be able to study this triumphant march of Man-called History—and visualize the tremendous changes.

Memory is inseparable from concentration. Memory is assisted by three things: intensity of impression, or observation; repetition; and association of ideas. When we are interested, lasting impressions are easily obtained; but when we are not much interested, we fall back upon repetition to help us. If we keep mentally reviewing the steps by which we reach a conclusion on a business policy, or if, in studying history, we keep mentally reviewing the steps leading up to a great historical crisis, we shall have them well fixed in a logical order and can recall them, whereas just reading or thinking over these steps once will leave a vague and disordered memory. A good illustration of the association of ideas as an aid to memory is shown by the ability of a good salesman to remember hundreds of customers by name due to some peculiar facial characteristic or some particular mannerism or habit of the individual. When we concentrate we always use this factor of associating ideas by comparing and contrasting, testing theories and accepting or rejecting them.

When doing our hardest thinking we should have a general relaxation of the body and serenity of mind. If our concentration is complete there will be absolutely no tenseness in any part of the body, but there will be a great degree of tenseness in the mind itself. In this

connection, concentration does not mean fixation, it means controlled movement within a circle of related ideas, in which we move our attention from one aspect of the subject to another, then back again to the starting point, then to another aspect of the problem, always associating the ideas reached on each phase of the problem to help us reach a logical conclusion.

Comparatively few people really concentrate and it can be stated as a positive fact that practically all men of achievement of the past and present have had this ability well developed and it is furthermore certain that all men of achievement in the future will be good concentrators. No matter whether these men were tall, short, lean or fat; whether they had blue eyes or brown eyes; thick, thin, or no hair at all; physically strong or weak; different in appearance, temperament, tastes, education or experience—they were all concentrators. We may have energy, ability, integrity, courtesy, health, and many other desirable qualities; but if we lack the ability to select one job and go after it "hammer and tongs" we will never reach the heights.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge possessed marvelous powers of mind, but he had no definite purpose; he lived in an atmosphere of mental dissipation which consumed his energy, and exhausted his stamina, so that in many respects his life was a miserable failure. He lived in dreams and died in reverie. He was continually forming plans and resolutions, but to the day of his death they remained simply resolutions and plans. He was always just going to do something, but never did it. "Coleridge is dead," wrote Charles Lamb to a friend, "and is said to have left behind him above forty thousand treatises on metaphysics and divinity—not one of them completed!" Let us be thankful for the "Ancient Mariner."

A well-known educator recently said, "The longer I live, the more deeply I am convinced that that which makes the difference between one man and another, between the weak and the powerful, the insignificant and the great, is the ability to choose wisely a few things from among the many that clamor noisily for attention and to pursue these chosen things with a minimum of wasted energy, mental and physical." St. Paul had the right idea when he said, "This one thing I do." Again,

"The man who seeks one thing in life and but one,
May hope to achieve it before life is done,
But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows,
A harvest of barren regrets."

OWEN MEREDITH

If a salamander be cut in two, the front part will run forward and the other backward. Such is the progress of him who divided his purpose. Success is jealous of scattered attention.

"The only valuable kind of study," said Sydney Smith, "is to read

so heartily that dinner time comes two hours before you expected it; to see with your own eyes the Carthaginian sutlers gathering up the rings of the Roman knights after the Battle of Cannae, and heaping them into bushels, and to be so intimately present at the actions you are reading of, that if anyone knocks at the door it will take you two or three seconds to determine whether you are in your own study or on the plains of Lombardy, looking at Hannibal's weather-beaten face and admiring the splendor of his single eye."

Hazlitt, in his admirable essay, "On Application to Study," says: "It is wonderful how much is done in a short space, provided we set about it properly, and give our minds wholly to it. Let anyone devote himself to any art or science ever so strenuously and he will still have leisure to make considerable progress in half a dozen other acquirements." He goes on to show how this explains the versatility, or rather the multi-capacity, of men like Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo.

Finally, although versatility is to some extent a pleasant quality to possess, we should avoid carrying it to the extremes of one man of whom it was said:

"His talk is like a stream which runs,
With rapid changes from rocks to roses,
It slips from politics to puns,
It glides from Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws that keep,
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep,
For skinning eels or shoeing horses!"

A SOUND 1878 OPINION

It would be far better to have the three R's taught in the way I have suggested, by a zealous, intelligent, sympathetic teacher, who would bring his mind into contact with the minds of his pupils, and develop thereby the "living fire of thought," than a whole cyclopedia taught by a stupid book-worm or a rigid pedagogue of the lesson-hearing school. The instruction of our common schools should enable one who has attended them from his sixth to his sixteenth year to understand *what* he reads; to form an independent judgment on questions which he *understands;* to express his thoughts correctly—both in speaking and writing, on subjects within range of his knowledge, and to refrain from expressing or forming an opinion on matters about which he has not sufficient information.

PETER NEWELL,
State Superintendent of Education, 1878.

The New York Trip

According to the faculty members who went to New York with us, this year's visit was better in every way than the trips of previous years. We went through our schedule without a hitch and everyone in the party came back to school with memories of a good time that will linger for many moons. However, we brought back with us not only pleasant memories from the conferences which we attended, but also many ideas for improvements in our school life.

Our party of over sixty, made up of faculty members, practice teachers, and students, left Mt. Royal Station in a special car at four o'clock on the afternoon of April 17. We established ourselves in small groups to observe the scenery flashing past the windows, but soon card games were in progress. Not much later the welcome call to dinner came and we repaired to the special diner that had been provided for us. The dinner was all that we could have desired and, needless to say, we kept the waiters busy.

Dinner over, Mr. Goldstein, reverting to his gypsy type, began to tell fortunes. It is probably unnecessary to mention that he lived up to his reputation as a diplomat.

At 8.00 o'clock we arrived at the Jersey City terminal of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. We transferred to busses and boarded the ferry, from the deck of which we saw, many of us for the first time, the skyline of New York city. As the water of the Hudson gurgled under the bow of the ferry, we pointed out the buildings that we could identify. By a fortunate coincidence, we saw three of the largest transatlantic liners within a few hundred yards of each other. At the Cunard piers, the Majestic and the Mauretania were docked; and a little farther up the river, at the French Line, we saw the Ile de France.

Off the ferry again, our busses drove to the Hotel McAlpin, where we were to stay. But not yet! Alighting from the railroad busses, we immediately boarded sightseeing coaches for a tour of the city. There is not space here to tell all that we saw but one of the most interesting of the places we visited was Chinatown. Because the streets were not wider or straight enough to permit driving the busses through them, we walked. We visited the famous Chinatown Mission where the evening service was being held, and then a Confucianist temple. Here the high priest pronounced upon us, in Chinese, the Confucianist benediction.

We returned to the hotel and, after providing considerable business for the Post Office Department, turned in. That is, we got into our respective beds, but little sleeping was done until the day's activities had been recalled and discussed.

At 6.30 Thursday morning we were called and at 8 o'clock, after breakfast, were on our way to the schools, some to the New York Train-

ing School for Teachers, some the Ethical Culture School, and still others to Angelo Patri's. All of these visits were interesting and instructive.

Those of us who visited the New York Training School for Teachers had an especially enjoyable time exchanging experiences with the students there. In response to our question as to whether or not they prepared units, they replied that they had never heard of them. However, we found that they really were acquainted with them as well as we were, but that they called them, instead, "projects." Among other things, we found that they have a course in Visual Education and many of our party expressed the opinion that such a course would be of considerable value to us.

After leaving the school, we had lunch and journeyed back down town to the French Line pier where we met the other groups and boarded the great, new liner we had seen from the ferry the previous evening. In describing the ship one can use nothing but the superlative degree. Indeed, the beauty and magnificence, the utter splendor of the ship and the furnishings, really surpasses the most vivid imagination.

The steward who conducted us about the vessel spoke very little English and Frank Fowble realized his long cherished ambition when he found that here was an opportunity to converse with an honest-to-goodness Frenchman. But, sad to say, this Frenchman, Frank found, couldn't even understand the French they use around Towson.

We returned to the hotel, dressed, and rode up Fifth Avenue to The Sevilla, where we dined. As its name would indicate, this restaurant is decorated in the Spanish style. Indeed, it is arranged to represent a Spanish village, the waitresses and musicians further carrying out the scheme by wearing Spanish costumes.

After dinner we attended Schubert's Theatre where we saw Helen Gilliland in one of the musical hits of the season "The Red Robe." This production very much resembled "The Three Musketeers" and was very well acted and staged. We returned to the McAlpin once more, and so to bed!

Friday morning saw us off for the school visits once more, this time to the Horace Mann and Lincoln Schools. Both of these visits proved quite instructive, those of us who went to Lincoln being particularly fortunate. There, one of the teachers we met was Miss Barnes, a graduate of our own school, who explained to us in a very complete and interesting way how the system of the school operates. We saw, among a great many other things, a display of musical instruments, including violins, drums, xylophones, pipes of Pan, and bells, all of which had been made by the children and upon which they were to play a symphony of their own composition.

We left the school, had lunch and visited the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, a magnificent structure which has been in the process

of erection for a number of years but which is still incomplete.

Meeting the Horace Mann group, we went to Teachers' College, on the Columbia University campus. Here we attended various classes and met several of the former members of our faculty who are studying there. Leaving Teachers' College, we walked to International House on Riverside Drive, where we met our friends of the International Institute, with whom we had tea.

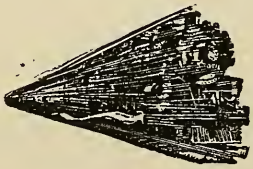
Friday's dinner was the banquet and conference of the students of the Normal Schools and Teachers' Colleges of the United States. The banquet was held at the Pennsylvania Hotel. Among the speakers were Mr. W. J. Cooper, United States Commissioner of Education, Mr. Cameron Beck, Personnel Director of the New York Stock Exchange, and student representatives from many of the schools, including our own Mr. Hackmann.

Saturday morning, at the main student conference, Miss McGurty, representing us, spoke on our system of sending the city students on a series of visits to the Baltimore schools to learn more about the intricacies of administration. Miss Gara M. Morris, one of our alumni, spoke briefly about the activities of the Far Horizon Club. This conference and the banquet on Friday evening were especially rich in worthwhile suggestions and reports of activities carried on in other schools.

We lunched in Greenwich Village, the well-known Bohemian quarter of New York, and spent the afternoon shopping. The main party left for Baltimore that night, a few remained to visit the Roxy Theatre, while others prepared to stay over until Sunday.

Our trip is ended, but the memory lingers. Everyone who went along was a real sport. A better, more congenial, and more friendly group would be hard to find. From the moment we boarded the train in Baltimore until we returned, we had one continuous, glorious, good time.

JOHN H. FISCHER.



The Increase in School Costs

WE HEAR much about school costs. Some say they have increased too rapidly. Others say we should be expending more than we are for the education of our children. Who is right? Let us examine some of the facts.

It is true that school costs are greater than before the war. What are the reasons for this increase? First, attendance has increased approximately 70 per cent since 1914. Since we have not found a way to educate children by machinery, an increase in attendance involves a proportionate increase in school expenditure. Of course, we could have prevented the growth in costs due to increased attendance, by allowing fewer children to attend school or by forcing them out of school at an earlier age. Most of us, however, would question whether such a policy would mean a real saving in the long run.

Second, school costs have increased because the dollar buys less. The 1928 dollar had 58 cents purchasing power when compared with that of 1914. The dollar's loss in purchasing power applies whether one is buying a meal, an overcoat or schooling for a child. It has been necessary, therefore, to increase the number of dollars spent for each child in school. Could this increase have been prevented? Only by lowering the quantity or quality of schooling provided. Less well-trained teachers could have been employed. We could have constructed school buildings which were more inflammable and less healthful. Most of us would question whether such practices would mean a real saving.

When these two factors are evaluated—increased attendance and the depreciated dollar—most of the increase in school costs is accounted for. The typical school board now has approximately 30 per cent more purchasing power with which to buy education for each child in school than it had in 1914. How does this 30 per cent increase in what might be called the "standard of educating", compare with the increase in our "standard of living?" Since 1914 the purchasing power of the average income of all gainfully occupied persons in the United States has increased approximately 35 per cent. Therefore, the increase in average income has been slightly more rapid than the cost of keeping a child in school. What does this fact mean in relation to school costs? Have they increased more than they should? Answer the question for yourself.

One answer which has been given is of interest. The National Industrial Conference Board, a research agency supported by a number of great business organizations, recently investigated the whole question. Their investigation may be summed up in the following two sentences quoted from their report: "The increase in school expenditures measured in relation to school needs has not been excessive. The annual increase was less than two per cent."

Another Angle on School Costs

We are told by some that we place too much store in education, that we too greatly exalt our schools, and particularly that we spend too much for them. To what extent is this true?

Here is a man, the head of a family, whom we have in mind. During 1928 this man had rendered to him a number of bills. One bill was for the protection of his family's future through life insurance. It totaled $270 for the year. Another was for the family automobile. Its cost, including all items—depreciation, operation and repairs—was $1,200 for the year. Another sizable bill came in for luxuries which he and the members of the family had consumed. The principal items covered were candy, ice cream and similar confections, theatres, and tobacco. The bill for these luxuries came to $700.

This man, we will agree, was pretty well off. He was wisely protecting his family through life insurance. He was able to purchase $1,200 worth of automobile transportation. He and his wife and children were able to enjoy the luxuries of life to the tune of $700 a year. How much should such a citizen be willing to pay for the schooling of his children? If he expended $250 a year for this purpose would he be giving education too high a place in his scale of values?

Answer this question as you will. The man described above is really Uncle Sam. If you will take the preceding figures and add seven zeros to them you will have what Uncle Sam paid in 1928 for four important items of national expenditure:

Life Insurance	$ 2,700,000,000
Passenger Automobiles	12,000,000,000
Certain Luxuries	7,000,000,000
Public Education	2,500,000,000

It is true that most families are not as well off as the one described above. Most families in 1928 were not able to spend $270 for life insurance, $1,200 for automobiles, or $700 for luxuries. But neither did most families pay as much as $250 a year for the schooling of its children. Speaking in averages, if a family spent less for the first three items, it spent proportionately less for education. It is the proportion which counts, not the actual amounts spent.

Assume any kind of a family you wish. Take the figures given above and make your own divisions. Then look at your results and you will find that, on the average, every time we spend a dollar for schools we spend $1.09 for life insurance, $4.80 for passenger automobiles, and $2.80 for articles clearly in the luxury class. What do you think about it? Does the cost of schools indicate we are placing education too high in the scale of values?

SELECTED.

Why Attend N. E. A. Conventions

EVERY TRUE teacher has high ideals of her chosen profession, and also ideas of how she wants her work to materialize for good in the lives of those whose characters she is helping to mould. Her training, reading, and teaching experience are helpful agencies in her development but to attend local, state, and national conventions gives an impetus and an urge far surpassing that derived from written excerpts of the messages from leaders in the profession.

Emerson says, "We are students of words." The great teachers of the world had the same ideals and goals that we of this age have, but we have to interpret our teaching today in terms of "skills," "attitudes," "abilities," and "appreciations." What material difference is there in these terms and in "knowing" and "knowledge?" Have we something new, or has the style in words changed? Where can we better learn and assimilate this new style in words than by attending the N. E. A. meetings and listening directly to the leaders and promoters of the NEW in educational thought? Here we broaden our own perspective, and catch glimpses of how teachers in other sections do the things we are trying to do every day.

The true teacher is not content to be self-satisfied and to present her subject-matter exactly as it was presented fifteen or twenty years ago. She wants to live with each succeeding year, keeping pace with the gradual evolution of things. How better can this be accomplished than through the social contact that is experienced in attending the great national gathering and being identified as a part of it.

Our aim is to do better each year the tasks allotted to us. Professional reading helps to keep us informed of the changes in the making, but it is the change of environment, the touching of elbows with the leaders themselves, the convention discussions, that enable us to come home refreshed and filled with a zeal and a puropse to do better our allotted tasks. It makes the effort to attend such gatherings worth our while. It may not be within the reach of every individual teacher to take part in these assemblages, but we can always send some one from our local associations to bring back the ideas and inspiration from the convention to the other members.

In the "Unknown Teacher" Henry Van Dyke says: "He shares with the boys and girls the best treasures of his mind." We cannot all be leaders in our profession, and those who are not, make up the rank and file of the profession. It is *they* who have hearts fired with zeal to go forward and keep in touch with the changing trends in the profession and with the best ideas suggested. It is *they* who have their ideals and ideas of tomorrow's citizenry. It is the true teacher's philosophy of life with its many baffling obstacles to conquer, that will find expression directly or indirectly in the lives of our youth.

In conclusion may I say, let us go to the National Education Association meeting in Atlanta this summer: To check up on our ideas and ideals of teaching; to meet the leading educators of the day and hear their viewpoint on pertinent problems; to keep abreast of changes gradually crystallizing in educational matters; to broaden our horizon and vision by touching arms with educators from every state and getting their viewpoint; to make new acquaintances; to visit new places; for the social contacts; for the inspiration we may gain to help us start another school year with higher ideals and ideas.—*Jennie Daughtrey, Norfolk, Virginia.* EXCHANGE.

BUILDING A TEMPLE

A builder builded a temple,
He wrought it with grace and skill;
Pillars and groins and arches
All fashioned to work his will.
Men said as they saw its beauty
"It shall never know decay.
Great is thy skill, O builder:
Thy fame shall endure for aye."

A teacher builded a temple
With loving and infinite care.
Planning each arch with patience.
Laying each stone with prayer.
None praised her unceasing efforts
None knew of her wondrous plan,
For the temple the teacher builded
Was unseen by the eyes of man.

Gone is the builder's temple,
Crumbled into the dust;
Low lies each stately pillar,
Food for consuming rust.
But the temple the teacher builded
Will last while the ages roll,
For that beautiful unseen temple
Is a child's immortal soul.

To a builder of the enduring temple with best wishes from the National Education Association.

THE TOWER LIGHT

Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson

STUDENT EDITORS

Chief

ESTHER LOUISE WEINBACH

Associate

BLANCHE JACHMAN

Social
MAE ROBERTS

Athletics
MAY COFFAY
WILLIAM KINNERSLEY

Jokes
OTTO SVENDSON

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Miss Tall's Message to the Seniors

THE CLASS OF 1929 will soon take its next step in life. Its motto, "We grow as we go," is most significant, for that is really all there is to life. It is the dead soul, the dead mind, the dead heart, that fails to cope with life and lays it down in a dead way; but if one grows then there is no stagnation from the cradle to the grave. A growing thing is a living thing. And so has the Class of 1929 impressed us as a living thing—pulsating, vibrating, dynamic,—showing real power and the spirit out of which the everlasting is made. We believe in you. Make the field into which you are being transported productive and again more productive.

Sincerely,

LIDA LEE TALL

Campus Seventh Grade Write for Us

THE WIND

The wind, it whistles, roars and soars,
A velocity of a hundred miles or more,
It makes the leaves fall from the trees,
It makes me think of nests of humming bees.

The wind that shakes the falling leaves,
The wind that chases the bees,
The wind that can blow a boat,
The wind that can blow anything that floats.

JONATHAN KIRKPATRICK.

POEMS

(After the Chinese and Japanese)
As the happy birds build their nests
In the tree tops
They sing a song of glee
To the listening world.

VINCENT ROLLER.

I hear the bees droning
Among the cherry blossoms.
I am refreshed by the breeze
And cool water which ripples
And splashes on nearby rocks.

MYRICK PULLEN.

The bird that has been away all winter
Has returned with a mate
And is building a nest
Of feathers and straw.

RHODA BROOKHART.

As the birds fly upward
It looks as though they fly
Into the white clouds.

EMERSON THOMAS.

I was overjoyed at the sight of a beautiful bird carrying a token of love to his mate.

WILLIAM KOCH.

The day was yet new,
The sun had not dried the dew
Off the tender grass.

In a busy manner
The birds were building their nests

JESSE SACHSE.

The bird selects his materials carefully before using them in building his nest.

BILL SKEEN.

The sight gave me joy
When I saw a beautiful bird
Carry a gift to her young.

KARL SAUERBREY.

The bird flew back and forth
From tree to ground.
Since then I've watched
And soon I found
The hidden nest among the leaves.

Gliding down the dark, still waters of a river came a junk. The moon lighting it up.

HENRY THOMAS.

The dogs are barking as their master draws up in his carriage from a visit in the mountains.

ROBERT HERRING.

The river Hivang runs lazily; winding in and out past fields; across plains, through towns; and beside meadows; through wooded glades and under bridges,—always coming closer to its destination—the sea.

MELVIN SCHMEISER.

A little bird on the fence looking for a nest,
Little bird I have a house for you.
A little wren, a brown little wren looking for a nest.
The little bird sees my house and takes possession of it.

ANGELA YESTADT.

BEYOND THE HORIZON

As the old sea captain and his grandson were looking over the seas, a ship disappearing over the horizon made the old man think of his early days at sea.

There was a moment's pause. Then the little boy said, "Grandfather, tell me a story of one of your trips."

"Well! when I was on the largest ship afloat, a storm came up. The life boats were thrown overboard. Everybody jumped but me. The captain must always be the last one off the boat. As the boat sank faster and faster, I jumped over with a life preserver. While I was being bounced roughly on the waves I looked around. There were many dead bodies in view.

For ninety-six hours I floated, with only a can of water and a few pieces of hard tack. Although I was bound for Australia the ship that picked me up was bound for China.

It was five years before I saw my family again. They had already given me up for dead. My! how glad your Grandmother and father were to see me.

That was the last long voyage I made."

ANGELA YESTADT.

A KIND PROTECTOR

One day I was walking down a country road, when Laddie, my collie dog, growled. I put my hand on the dog's neck instantly and I could feel the hair stiffen and rise until it looked as if the dog wore a stiff collar.

My first impulse was to run, but as I glanced down at Laddie, whose muscles were tight as a bow string, my lost courage returned. I looked around and saw in the bushes a black figure coming toward me.

I opened my mouth to scream, but I was so frightened, the scream died in my throat. Laddie stepped in front of me as if to protect me.

The bear, for that is what I thought it was, came on. Suddenly it emerged and there stood a Shetland pony which belonged to a neighbor of mine. Laddie's muscles and long, sleek hair relaxed and he waved his bushy tail in a friendly way.

I led the pony home by its halter for it was very tame and my neighbors were very grateful to me and my protector for bringing home the "lost."

My family had many laughs at my fears, but I felt sure they were glad it was no worse than it was, and glad I had Laddie with me.

RHODA BROOKHART.

THE STOLEN PAPERS

One night as I was coming home from a party I saw a dark figure crawling out the window of a house nearby. Quickly I remembered that the house was rented by an army officer who had in his possession several papers that were valuable to the government. Instantly, I decided that I would chase the man but he escaped on a motorcycle.

I went into the house and groped about in the dark until I stumbled upon an obstruction and fell. Reaching to see what the obstacle was, to my horrors, I drew my hand back covered with blood. I reached for the light but I missed it. Finally, when I found the light I rushed to the telephone and called the doctor. When he arrived he pronounced the man dead. I called the police who took charge of the body.

They also searched the house and found that the man's papers were gone. A guard was put at every port and three days later the thief was caught and it was proved that it was Rubinoff, a famous Russian spy. The papers were found on him and he was later executed.

JACK RAINE.

APPRECIATIONS

THE TOWER LIGHT wishes to extend its sincere appreciation to the Misses Jean Gibbons, Elizabeth Gilpin, Ellen Bartol and Gladys Adams who so efficiently carried on the work of the TOWER LIGHT while the members of the regular staff were doing their Student Teaching. We also wish to extend our sincere thanks to the persons who throughout the year have assisted in typing contributed articles, and in any other way have helped to uphold the standards of the TOWER LIGHT.

"Principals of 'Midsummer Night's Dream'."

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

THURSDAY night, May 9, Normal School became a place of fairies, sprites, elfin music, queenly dignity and pert mischief making! How? Well, by the interpretation of Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream through the combined efforts of the Mummers' League, the Glee Club, and the Orchestra. The actors rose to the occasion and gave all they possessed, which was a great deal. Although every single member of the cast was good and especially suited to his or her part, there were several who not only arose to the occasion but reached great heights. The play was beautiful and well done. As I heard any number of the appreciative audience say "It was an enjoyable evening well spent."

The play's success can't possibly be mentioned without speaking of those who were the hidden powers behind the curtain, so to speak. It is to Mrs. Stapleton, Miss Prickett, and Miss Weyforth to whom we must really look, for with their earnestness, enthusiasm, sincerity, good nature, and ability anything may be done. So it was with the Midsummer Night's Dream. We thank them all very sincerely.

S. W. G.

SCHOOL NOTES

CHI ALPHA SIGMA ELECTS

The following students have been elected to the Chi Alpha Sigma honorary society.

Seniors

Charlotte Eader
Maysie Armstrong
Jean Gibbons
Gladys Milton
Virginia Smith
Paul Goldstein

Juniors

John Fischer
Marion Gibbs
Muriel Fox

CAMPUS DAY

The traditional rites of campus day were observed at the M. S. N. S. with a slight variation, on Wednesday, May 22. Instead of starting the day with the customary "spring house cleaning," regular classes were followed until twelve. After lunch everyone hastened to the North Campus which was then the scene of action. Here the program for campus day was presented.

The crowning of the Queen of May soon took place, which was followed by a lovely May Pole dance. The campus school then entertained the Court and audience with many delightful creative rhythms.

Everyone was then given an opportunity to test his physical ability by the many P. A. L. tests. Many and of varied degree were the awards.

The customary Faculty-Senior baseball game brought the day to a very hilarious and happy close.

DORMITORY BIRTHDAY PARTY

You shall hear how our last party,
Birthday party of this year,
Took place on the sixth of May
I shall tell, oh friends, pray hear—

By the doors of Newell Hall
On that rainy Monday night,
Outside lanterns dripped with rain,
Inside tho' the lights were bright.
We had planned to have our party
Out upon the campus green.

Splendid time was had by all
Tho' the weather man was mean.
After dinner at six-thirty
The festivities began.
First the couples in the Grand March
Introduced the night of fun.
Breathless then we played the game
Which is called "A Round We Go,"
Walking, hopping, skipping, running
Up so high and down so low.
Then the people who had birthdays
(Whom we call the birthday people)
Play the jolly game called "Poison."
Jolly, tho' the name sounds evil.
Then we played that we were soldiers
English, Roman, both were we.
To each other we were saucy
Singing very saucily.
Playing then that we were hunters,
And friends of the "Muffin Man."
Round the floor we skipped, then singing
Round the floor we gaily ran.
We concluded this bright evening
Sad to hear the ringing bell.
Ended thus a lovely evening
Which with pleasure I retell.

MARGARET LEITCH, SR. 4

SENIOR BANQUET AND PROM

AT the magic hour of half after six on May nineteenth every Senior heart was filled with the joy that comes with a glimpse into Fairyland.

The first hour of the Senior Banquet and Prom had come and "all was well." Our foyer was a real and actual living garden which of course meant to us the growing symbol of our class.

On the walls, as if from the trees, gray moss hung in waves. Here and there for color were tucked green and white balloons. At the entrance to the dining-room was the most picturesque part of the garden. Here was a picket fence over which hung green window boxes filled with gaily colored tulips and many flowers of different hues. In one corner stood a tiny white stone bench, then secluded safely in another corner, a sun-dial and bird bath. The same idea was carried out in the dining-room. The lights were covered with shades on each of which was painted a green and growing tree. Prettiest and best of all a lovely rose tree stood before the Speaker's Table just whispering to every guest and Senior: "I am the symbol which will give the Class of Twenty-nine the courage to go on."

Against this lovely background, two hundred people consisting of our own faculty members, practice teachers, notable guests, and Seniors, did justice to a delicious dinner. Strains of soft music, furnished by our orchestra were wafted to us from the balcony. The garden idea was very effectively carried out by toasts—witty, humorous and serious—under the direction of our toastmaster, John Seamon.

After the banquet the guests repaired to the foyer, where the Prom was held, or strolled on the campus, and visited Miss Tall's house.

The hour of twelve came too soon, but it was with a happy sigh of realization that our Banquet and Prom had been more than a mere success. It is a never-to-be-forgotten night!

Commencement Activities

June Sixth to Twelfth, 1929

Program

Thursday, June 6

Visiting High School teams arrive (Our guests at Newell Hall)

Friday, June 7

9:00 A. M.—State Volley Ball Meet (Homewood Athletic Field)

6:00 P. M.—Supper on the Campus

7:00 P. M.—Campus Singing

8:00 P. M.—Visiting Teams entertained by the Athletic Association

Saturday, June 8—Alumni Day

3:00 to 3:30 P. M.—Reception at Sarah E. Richmond Hall

3:30 to 4:30 P. M.—Class Reunions

4:30 to 6:00 P. M.—Business Meeting

6:15 to 8:30 P. M.—Dinner, Music by School Orchestra and Glee Club

8:30 to 11:45 P. M.—Dancing

Sunday, June 9

4:00 P. M.—Baccalaureate Service

Monday, June 10—Class Day

6:00 P. M.—Campus Supper

8:00 P. M.—Council Fire

Tuesday, June 11—Commencement Day

10:30 A. M.—The Procession of Guests, Faculty and Students will form

11:00 A. M.—Commencement—Campus (weather permitting)
Speaker: Governor Albert C. Ritchie

ATHLETICS

GIRLS' SPRING ATHLETICS

THE SPRING ATHLETIC program is full—so full, in fact, that for a time we thought we might have to revise the calendar and call a few more days for each week in order to have enough days for all the electives.

First and foremost of our spring sports—by popular choice—is Tennis. The tennis fever has gripped Normal with the fury of an epidemic. The courts are in a splendid condition and are so much in demand that the daily attempts to get a court resemble the famous gold rush of '49. There are one hundred and forty-eight girls in the tennis elective class. One hundred and forty-eight would-be tennis players of varying ability, from those who think that "love" is an expression used to keep your opponent in a good humor when he's losing, to those who think they could easily defeat Helen Wills if they had the opportunity. The tennis tournament is being played in three flights. The preliminaries have already been played off in each flight. There is much anticipation as to who the new "Champ" will be. Under Miss Godwin's coaching Normal bids fair to send forth several of the world's future champions.

Rainy days may come and rainy days may go, but practice goes on forever—and out in the rain sometimes, too. If you are seeking a thrill, or more appropriately a chill, let me suggest a game of volley or baseball on a slippery field while the rain pours down like Morton's Salt. There are two volleyball teams and one baseball team in each class. The opposing teams will play two matches, and a third one, if necessary, for championship.

The Hiking Club has had several special features on its program this term in the form of Treasure Hunts. Unlike the usual treasure hunts, our hikes usually end with a marshmallow roast, but even marshmallows are a treasure when one has acquired a deep-rooted hunger from hiking through several miles of woods.

Yes, the spring athletic program is full—of both athletics and fun! And if a few more days are added to the calendar, may they be filled with as much sport and fun—yea! even a little more fun.

G. MILTON.

JUNIOR-SENIOR VOLLEYBALL GAME

Just some more pep, a little better team work, some competition, and decidedly all-around playing was needed at the first game on May 8. Maybe it was lack of sleep, or the effects of student teaching (since five out of eight were teaching) which accounted for the Senior drag. The Juniors in all probability depended on the laurels of hockey and basketball, and expected no keen competition. By the next game some of the "strong chains" may pass over to the Senior volleyball team. We'll see.

First Team Lineup

C. Johnson	L.N.	M. White
R. Charles	C.N.	L. Scott
N. Thomas	R.N.	A. Herold
A. Kolk	R.C.	F. Dryden
M. Leitch	C.	M. Riley
H. Clark	L.C.	J. Frankenfield
L. Akers	L.B.	Hanshman
M. Coffay	R.B.	A. Chiodi

SCORE: Seniors, 8; Juniors, 20.
REFEREE: Miss Roach.

Second Team Lineup

M. Stratman	R.N.	L. Gist
Miller	C.N.	Woollen
A. Heller	L.N.	Hays
Bowen	R.C.	J. Meyer
Young	C.	C. Merryman
Atkinson	L.C.	N. Martin
G. Milton	L.B.	Renshaw
H. Kestner	R.B.	Kexel

SCORE: Seniors, 4; Juniors, 18.

JUNIOR-SENIOR BASEBALL GAME

"A chain is as strong as its weakest link" is sound logic in the eyes of the Senior Batters. '29 baseball team is a mighty strong combine, and where there are no weak links there is apt not to be any slips. That's the way the Senior team stands, and the way it showed up May 8 when it won from the Juniors in masterly style. The Juniors roll a hockey ball down the field while the Seniors watch, and they can shoot baskets to the dismay of the Seniors, but they can't run bases. Maybe next time they'll buckle down and offer more serious opposition.

(*continued on page* 40)

BASEBALL

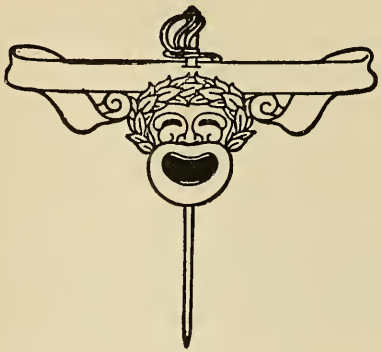
The Normal team has had a very difficult time getting going this year. Coach Minnegan opines that it would be a good plan to take the team on a one-week training tour in future seasons. Wednesday, May 1, the team traveled to Wilmington and suffered a reverse at the hands of the Beacom boys. This defeat was due primarily to the fact that Glenn Stull wasn't in the best of shape and consequently unable to deliver his customary brand of ball. The star of the game was our young junior catcher, Peregoy.

May 8, the Normalites visited Tome School and lost a hard-luck game in spite of some very nice pitching by Phil Aaronson. Everyone played good ball. Seamon demonstrated some spectacular fielding and Glenn Stull led in hitting.

Not to be discouraged, the Normal boys came back strong on Tuesday, May 14, by whipping the Blue Ridge Team in a thrilling ten-inning game. Everyone hit the ball when hits were needed. Glenn Stull and Wolfe lead the hitting attack, both getting home runs. Goldstein scored the winning run in the tenth inning after a nice Texas Leaguer into center field. Aaronson pitched a handsome game and received good support.

Peregoy is playing a bang-up game behind the bat, Bower is digging them up very nicely at first, Goldstein has finally arrived, Capt. Seamon plays his old heady game at short, and Jerry Denaburg is doing very well at third. This infield is adequately bolstered by Henry and Wolfe. In the outfield we have the incomparable Stull, Normal's heavy hitter, Kepler and Evans. Aaronson is the mainstay of the pitching staff and is ably assisted by Wolfe.

HENSON EVANS, *Manager*



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It's Time to Retire.....May Herbert
I'd Walk a Mile for a Date.....Joe Barlow
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Mum's the Word.....Aaron Rosen
The Wake Up Food.....Wilson Valentine

WAS USEFUL

Lady (to friend at the art exhibition): "Oh, if only I could meet the man who painted that picture."

Flattered Artist (standing by): "Allow me to introduce myself, madam."

Lady: How charming—could you tell me the name of your model's dressmaker?"

Teachers' responsibilities seem to be lessening. The latest invention is a device which will automatically turn on artificial light in the school room when daylight falls below the necessary intensity. And it will turn them off when their services are no longer needed.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT

A chap was arrested for assault and battery, and brought before the judge.

Judge (to prisoner): What is your name, your occupation, and what are you charged with?

Prisoner: My name is Sparks, I am an electrician, and I am Charged with battery.

Judge: Officer, put this guy in a dry cell.—*Commercial Telegrapher's Journal.*

Heard in geography class: A student once asked Mr. Walther if anthropolgy had anything to do with ants.

AN AWFUL THOUGHT

Peters: I know a man who resembles you so closely that it's practically impossible to tell one from the other.

Burns: Great guns! I hope you haven't paid him those ten bucks you borrowed off me three months ago.—*Detroit News.*

LIGHT LUNCH

"My druggist has an apothecary's scale that will weigh the pencil mark on a piece of paper."

Well, I suppose he needs a delicate instrument like that to weigh the sandwiches."—*Washington Star.*

Senior (about two weeks before Professional examinations): All I live on is worry and love.

Another Senior: You're one better than I. I live only on worry.

Placard for a bridegroom: Under new management.

AN ASSEMBLY ANNOUNCEMENT

There will be a baseball game today at 3 o'clock on the North Campus providing it doesn't rain between Beacom College and Normal

Father: "Shall I take a look at your homework, son?"
Mother: "Let him alone, Jim. Let him get it wrong himself."

Algernon: "This chap thinks a football coach has four wheels."
Percy: "Haw, haw, and how many wheels has the bally thing?"

Pearl: "What does 'White Elephant Day' mean on this Bazaar list?"
Lavinia: "On that we're supposed to bring something seemingly of value, that we have no use for."
Pearl: I wonder if I might bring my brother?"

"Did you know that Bob nearly drowned last week?"
"How was that?"
"He flunked out of the Floating University."—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

Sad plight—A Hahvahd student whose five foot bookshelf was discovered to be only four feet nine inches long.—*West Point Pointer.*

One: "At last I have discovered what they do with the holes in doughnuts."
Two: "What?"
One: 'They use them to stuff macaroni with."

We are waiting to hear of the first girl to visit Paris on a non-shop flight.

Edna: I will always be a sister to you.
Rejected Suitor: Not if I know it! My ties and sweaters go fast enough as it is.

Jinks: "I've bought the little lady a machine of her own."
Binks: "Packard, Lincoln, Marmon or Buick?"
Jinks: "Maytag."

CAMPUS SEVENTH GRADE WRITE FOR US

(Continued from Page 22)

THE YOUNG TREES

The young trees are growing tall,
They look like ladies dressed for a ball,
In their long green dresses
With long green tresses,
The young trees are growing tall.

JANE CLARK.

MY BED

As I go up to my trundle bed,
With sheets as white as snow,
I pretend I am an Eskimo,
All doubled up in a heap of snow.

I dream of cakes, ice cream and candy,
Of everything that is just dandy,
And when I dream I have all of them to eat,
I wake up and find that I was asleep.

NANCY YINGLING.

JUNIOR-SENIOR BASEBALL GAME

(Continued from Page 31)

Lineup

Score by Innings

Seniors	6	3	5	7	7	4	32
Juniors	2	2	2	1	2	4	11

Umpire: Miss Sammis.

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Her: "Yes."
She: "But he's engaged."
Her: "Well he wrote that the girl threw him overboard so I'm just dropping him a line."

MAKING HIM WELCOME

The Collector: I shall call again next week, and, remember, I shall expect you to pay at least half of this bill on account.

Mr. Everbroke: I'll be delighted to have you call. It will be a pleasure to entertain an optimist like you.—*Detroit News.*

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